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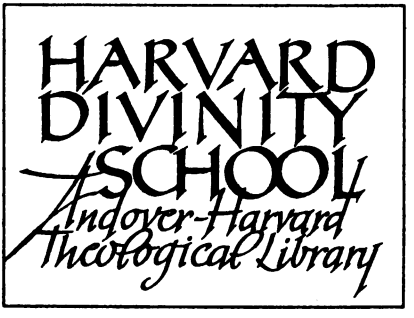

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5

Preface.

To supply a want for a collection of hymns of spiritual aspiration, of unselfish love and charity, of trust in the Love divine, submission to God's will, and perfect resignation in all apparent affliction; for hymns that emphasize the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the human heart, and the certainty of man's unfoldment to divine perfection and power by untiring effort in the overcoming of selfish and worldly thought and desire; for hymns that incite mankind to greater faithfulness to duty and loving service in the daily life; this collection has been gathered from many sources.

Many of the sweet old hymns and tunes have been chosen for the uplifting influence of devotion which ineffaceably clings to them, for they have voiced the intense longing of many hearts for the manifestation of divine love and power.

The editors desire to make grateful acknowledgment of their obligation to Dr. Alfred Beirly, of Chicago, Ill., for free permission to use twenty-one of his new tunes, to some of which new words have been set, and the words and music of "Victory," "My Country," "Matheson," "Hayes;" also for most valuable assistance and suggestions in the preparation of this work. The editors wish also to thank Dr. Charles H. Richards of New York, compiler of Hymns of Christian Praise, for his assistance and for the use of the tunes "Jubilee" and "Macdonald;" Mr. Oscar Weil of San Francisco, for "Deus Nobiscum," "Weil," and "Spirit of Prayer;" and Miss Frances E. Phelps of San Francisco, for "Angelo Juvante," new tunes written expressly for this collection; Madam Jeannette W. Crawford for "Bradford," "Lasea," "Live in Earnest," "Oswald," "God in the Flesh," "Choral," "O Come and Dwell in Me," also written for this work; Mrs. Ruth Macdonald for "Thou Only," "Heart, Soul, Mind," "Rest," "To-day;" Mr. N. K. Griggs for "Thanksgiving," "Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old," "Were the Days but One." Thanks are due to Prof. H. W. Parker for the purchase of permission to use the copyright tune "Garden City," and to The Biglow & Main Co. for "Lo, the Day of Rest."

The editors also acknowledge with gratitude their obligation to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for copyright poems of John G. Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phœbe Cary, and others; Dr. Washington Gladden; Rev. Minot J. Savage; Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer; Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Miss Augusta Larned, and others.

Effort has been made to ascertain if hymns and tunes used are copyrighted, that none might be inserted without permission of the author and composer. In case any copyright has been unknowingly infringed apology is offered to the owner, and assurance is given that if the error is brought to the attention of the editors it will be corrected in future editions.

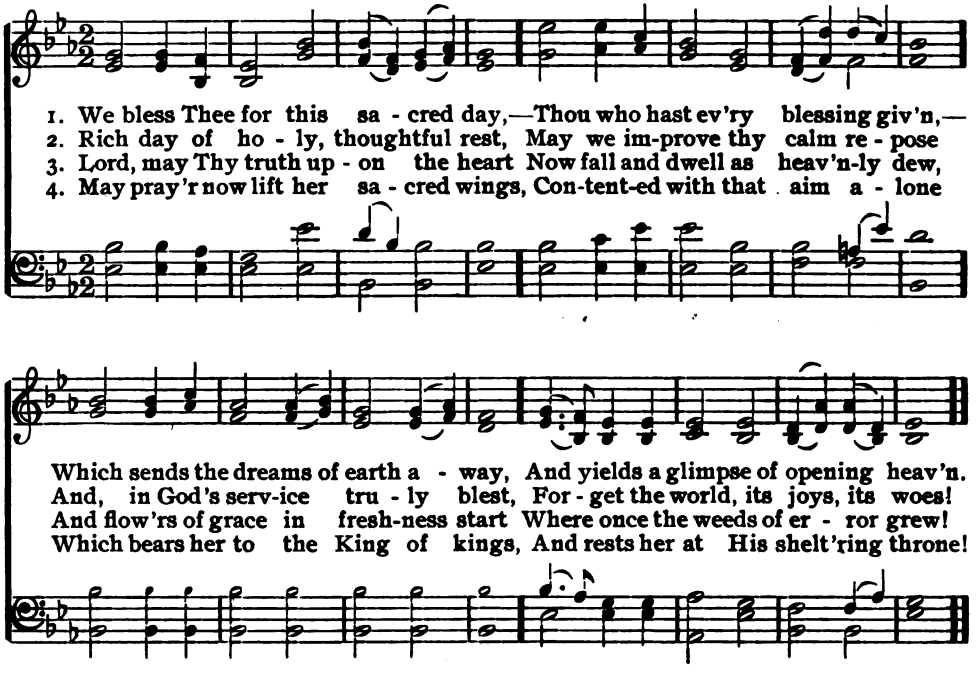
THE EDITORS.

True Life Hymns.

SABBATH WORSHIP.

1 Vera. L. M.

CAROLINE GILMAN. JOHN EDGAR GOULD.



2 Perfect Peace.

1 In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

2 The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

3 Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest in God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

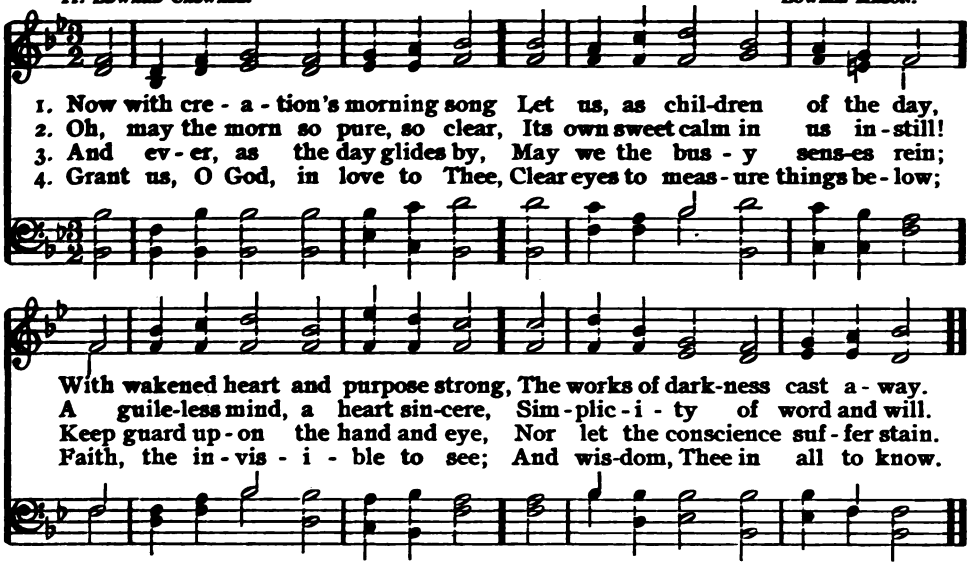
4 His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up, with still delight,
We catch the glory of His face.

—*Augusta Larned.*

3 Hebron. L. M.

Roman Breviary.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

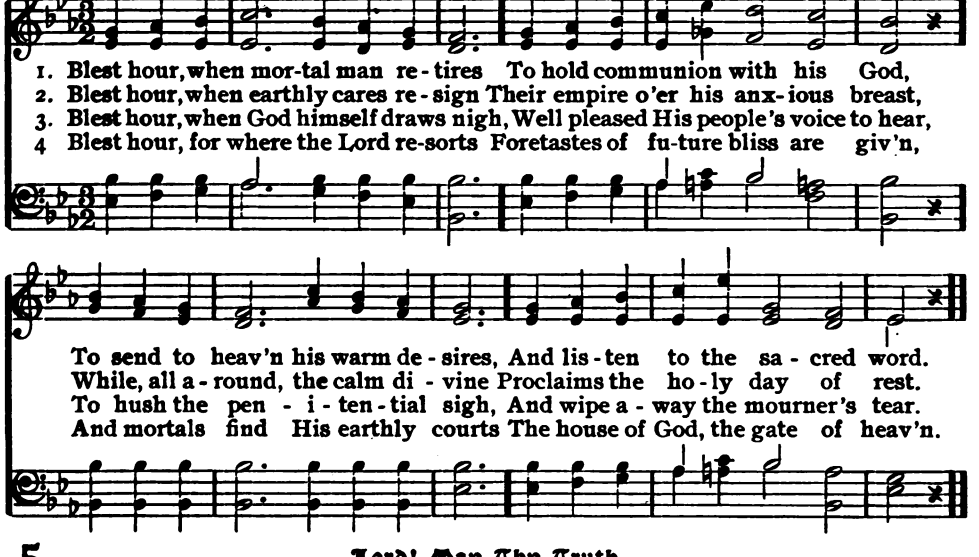
LOWELL MASON.



4 Beethoven. L. M.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



5 Lord! May Thy Truth.

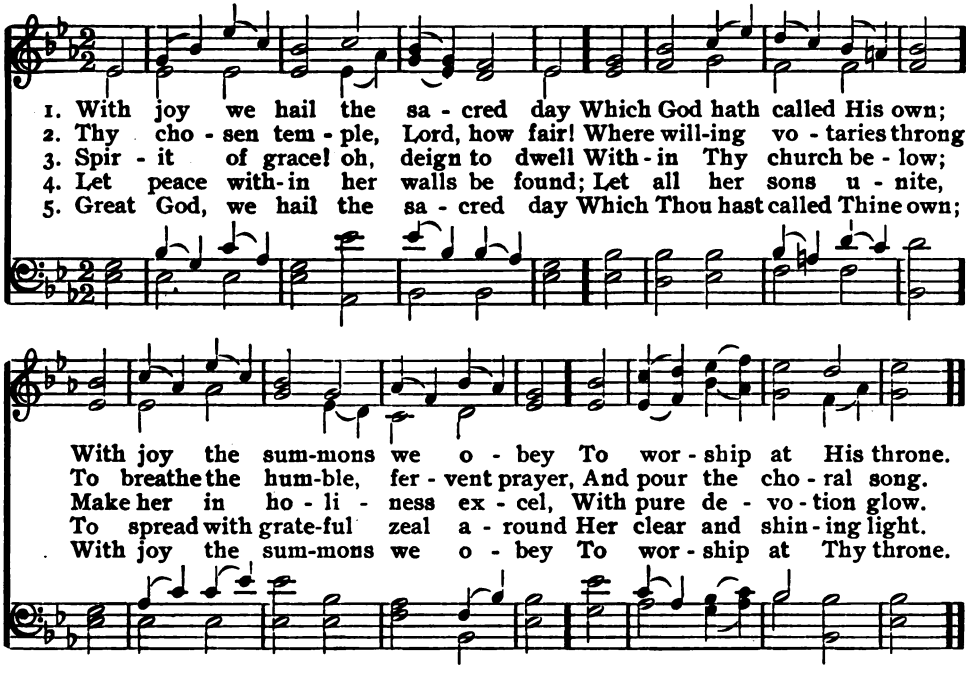
1 Lord! may Thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
'd flowers of grace in freshness start
'ere once the weeds of error grew.

2 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at His sheltering throne.

—*Caroline Gilman.*

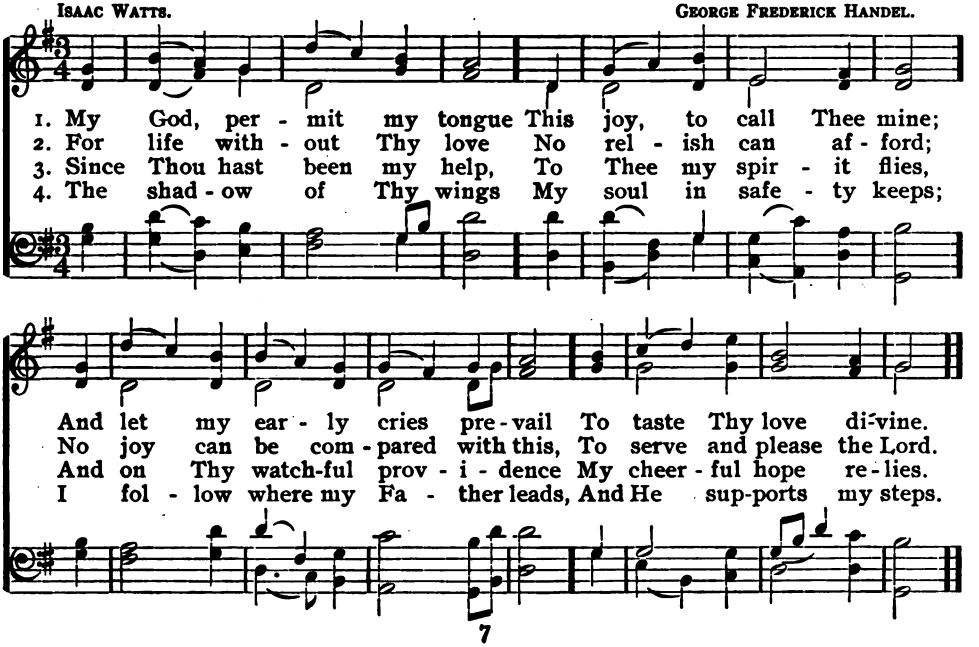
6 Warwick. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. SAMUEL STANLEY.



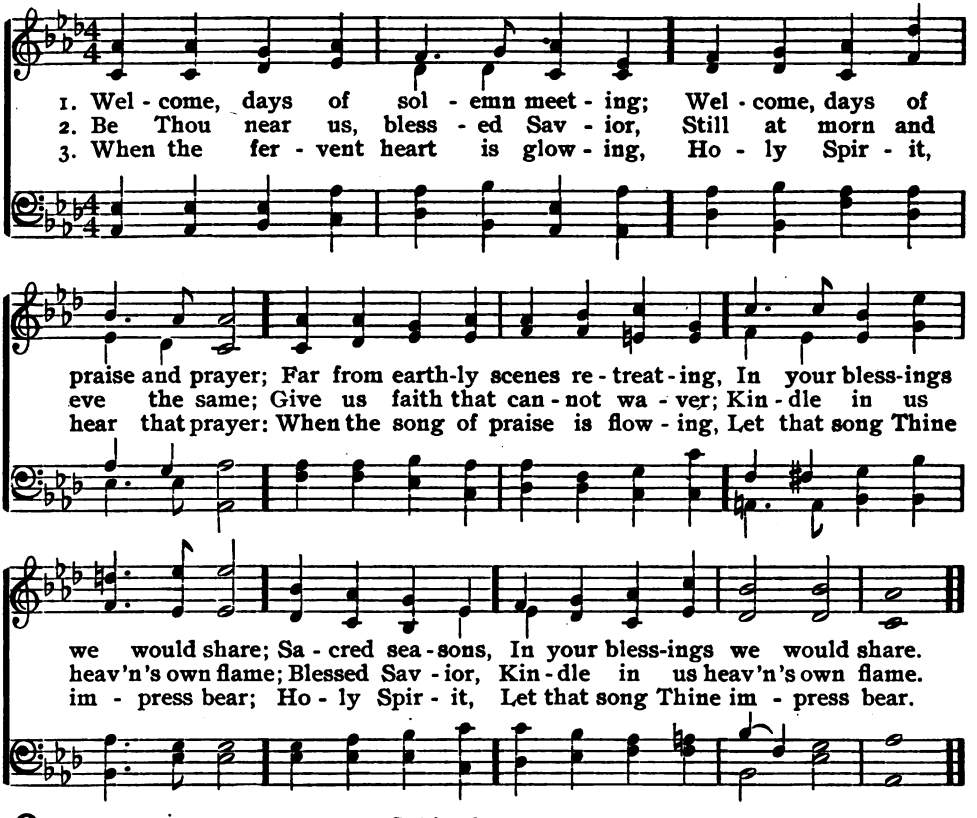
7 Thatcher. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



8 Raphael.

S. F. Smith. 8, 7, 4. E. J. Hopkins.



9 God's Presence.

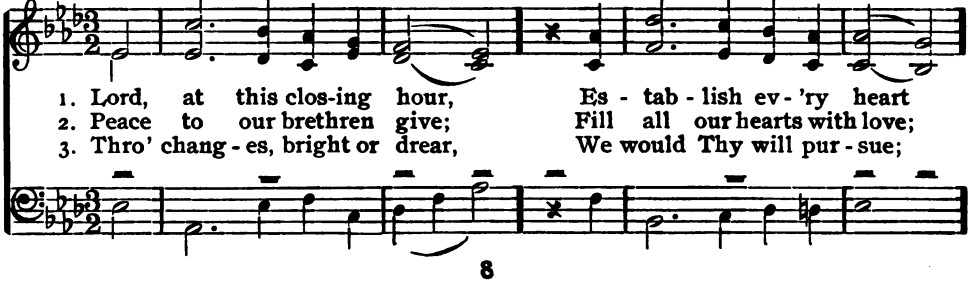
1 God is in His holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship Him in truth and spirit;
Reverence Him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at His feet.

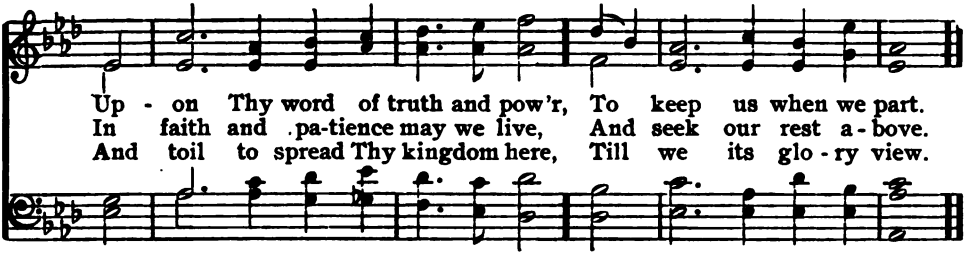
—*James Montgomery.*

10 Haydn. S. M.

E. T. Fitch. Arr. from Haydn.

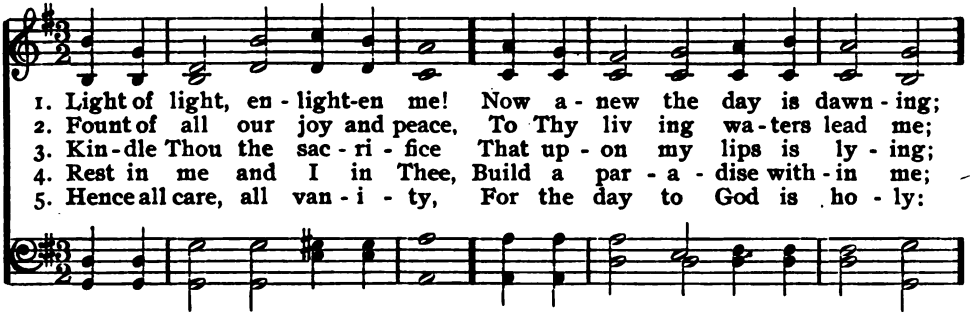


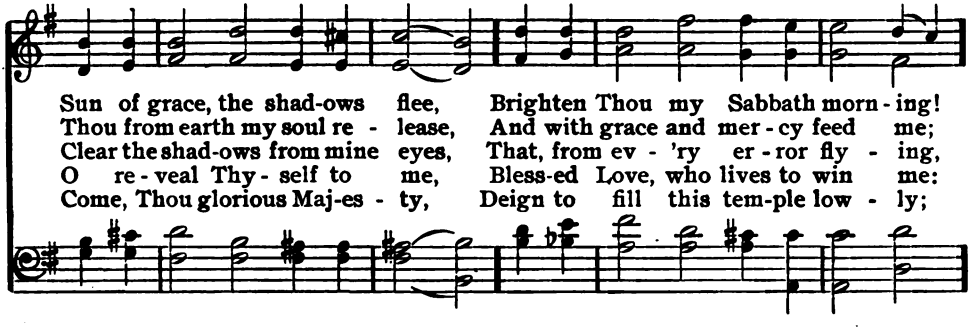
Haydn.

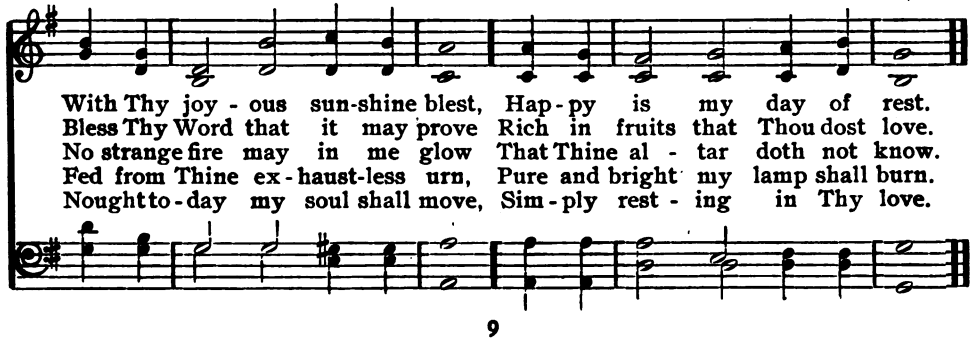


II Hinchman.

SCHMOLKE. Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. 7, 8. U. C. BURNAP.







12 Lischer. L. M.

HAYWARD. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.

1. Welcome, de-light-ful morn,—Thou day of sa - cred rest: I hail thy kind re-
2. Descend, ce - les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Dis-close a Sav-ior's

turn; Lord, make these moments blest. From low delights and mor - tal toys, I
love, And bless these sacred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor

soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain.

13 Divine Mercies.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings!
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace are still the same;
And let His name have endless praise.

2 Give thanks aloud to God,—
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides Thy word.

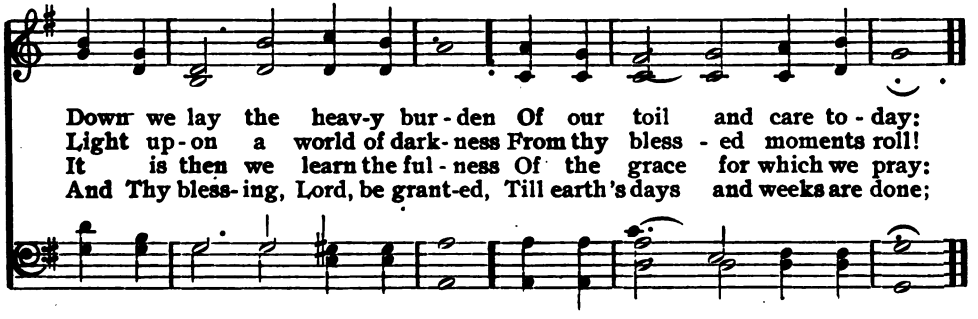
—*Isaac Watts.*

14 Cheer.

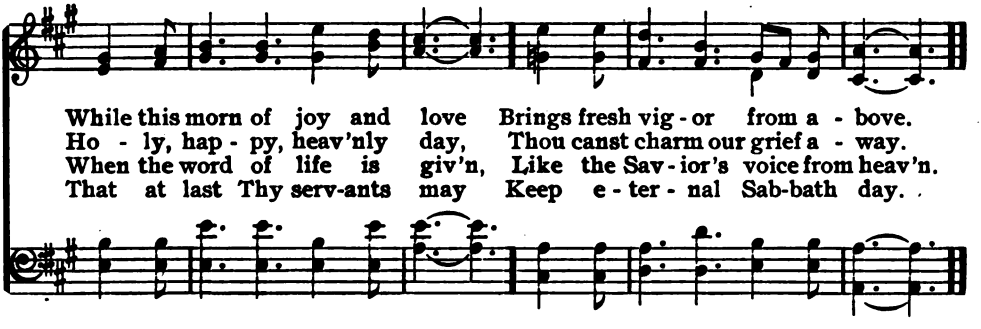
JANE BORTHWICK, tr. 8, 7, 7. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah! fair- est morn-ing! Fair - er than our words can say!
2. Sunday, full of ho - ly glo - ry! Sweet-est rest - day of the soul!
3. In the glad - ness of God's wor-ship We will seek our joy to - day:
4. Let the day with Thee be end - ed, As with Thee it has be - gun;

Cheer.



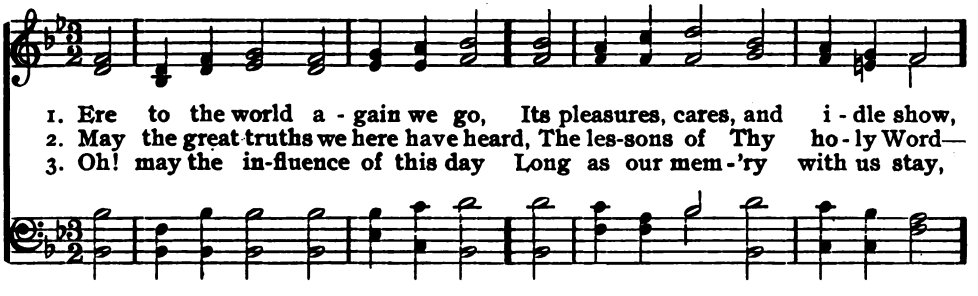
Down we lay the heav-y bur-den Of our toil and care to-day:
Light up-on a world of dark-ness From thy bless-ed moments roll!
It is then we learn the ful-ness Of the grace for which we pray:
And Thy bless-ing, Lord, be grant-ed, Till earth's days and weeks are done;



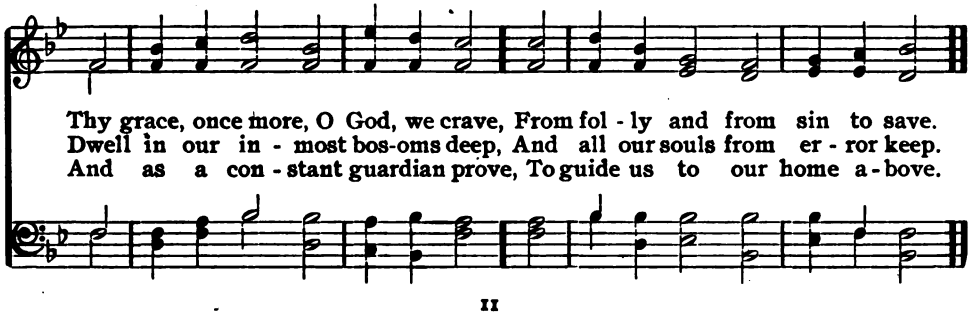
While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig-or from a-bove.
Ho-ly, hap-py, heav'nly day, Thou canst charm our grief a-way.
When the word of life is giv'n, Like the Sav-ior's voice from heav'n.
That at last Thy serv-ants may Keep e-ter-nal Sab-bath day.

15 Hebron. L. M.

Anon. LOWELL MASON.



1. Ere to the world a-gain we go, Its pleasures, cares, and i-dle show,
2. May the great truths we here have heard, The les-sons of Thy ho-ly Word—
3. Oh! may the in-fluence of this day Long as our mem-'ry with us stay,



Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave, From fol-ly and from sin to save.
Dwell in our in-most bos-oms deep, And all our souls from er-ror keep.
And as a con-stant guardian prove, To guide us to our home a-bove.

16 Leighton. S. M.

JOHN JOHNS. Unknown.

1. Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love;
2. O - ver our spir - its first Ex - tend Thy heal - ing reign;
3. Come, king - dom of our God, And make the broad earth Thine;
4. Soon may all tribes be blest With fruit from life's glad tree,

Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove.
There raise and quench the sa - cred thirst That nev - er pains a - gain.
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flowers with grace di - vine.
And in its shade like broth - ers rest, Sons of one fam - i - ly!

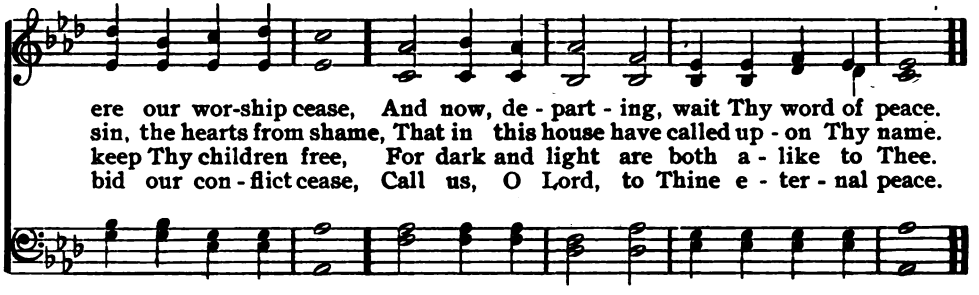
17 Ellerton.

JOHN ELLERTON. 10. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

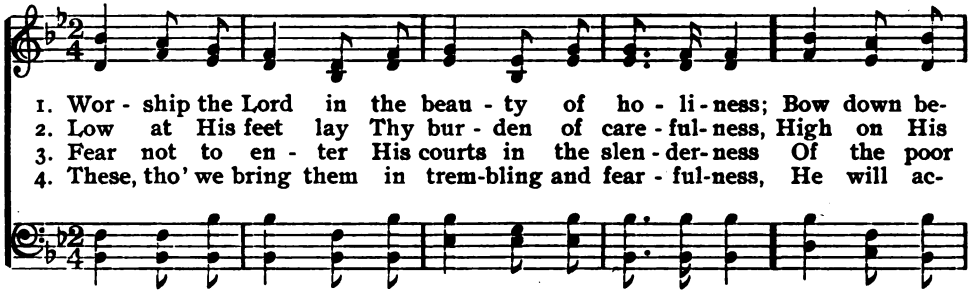
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

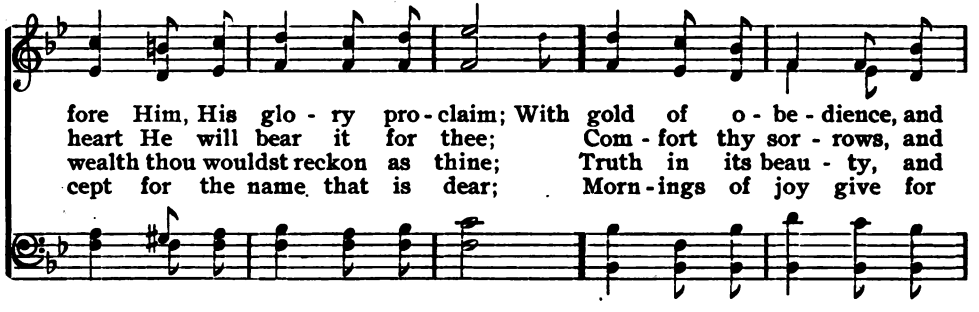
Ellerton.

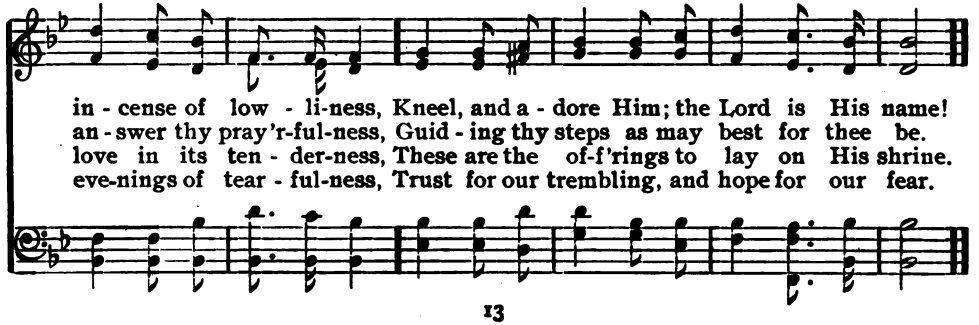


18 Monsell. P. M.

J. S. B. Monsell. W. F. Sherwin.







19 Gladness.

ADA C. CROSS. 7, 6. J. BARNBY.

1. The dawn of God's new Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As
2. Lord, we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful tho't and deed, In
3. Yet still, O Lord long - suf - f'ring, Still grant us in our need Here
4. Un - til in joy and glad - ness We reach that home at last, When

As some

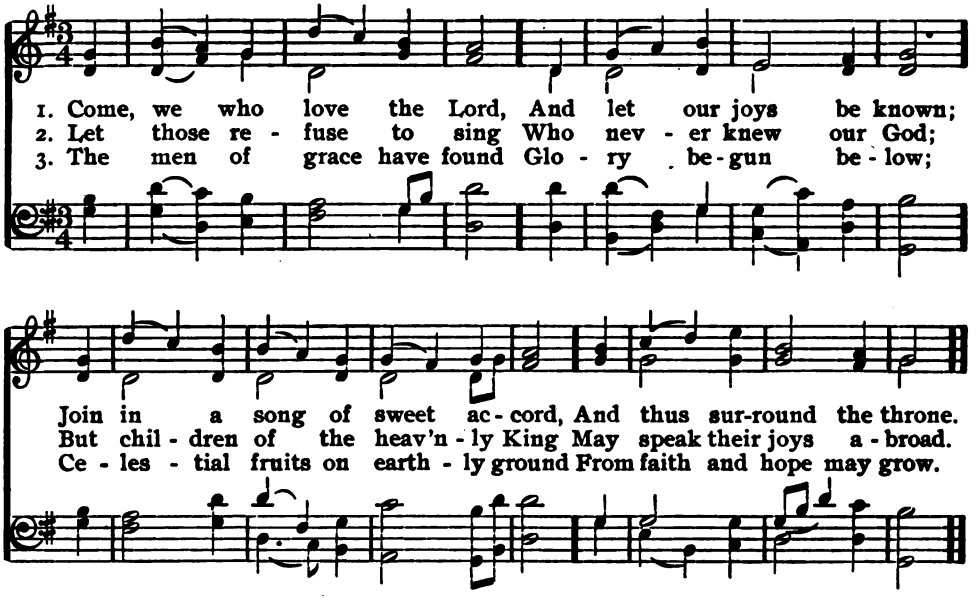
some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Aft - er a night of pain.
Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing From bond - age to be freed;
in Thy ho - ly pres - ence The sav - ing name to plead;
life's short week of sor - row And sin and strife is past;

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To cheer a thirst-ing land,
Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all our work un - done,
And on Thy day of bless - ings, With - in Thy tem - ple walls,
When an - gel-hands have gath - ered The first ripe fruit for Thee,

As shades of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wear - y wastes of sand.
So man - y tal - ents wast - ed, So few true conquests won.
To fore - taste the pure wor - ship Of Zi - on's gold - en halls:—
O Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Most Ho - ly Trin - i - ty!

20 Thatcher. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GEORGE FREDERICH HANDEL.



4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's [ground
To fairer worlds on high.

21 The Sabbath.

1 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts, we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light!

—*Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.*

22 Hymn of Praise.

1 With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

—*Thomas Jervis.*

23

The Coming Day.

WM. DENTON. E. H. B.

SOLI.

See the twi-light on the hills! See the leap-ing moun-tain rills!—

Comes the wished-for, longed-for day Roll-ing on its sun-ny way,

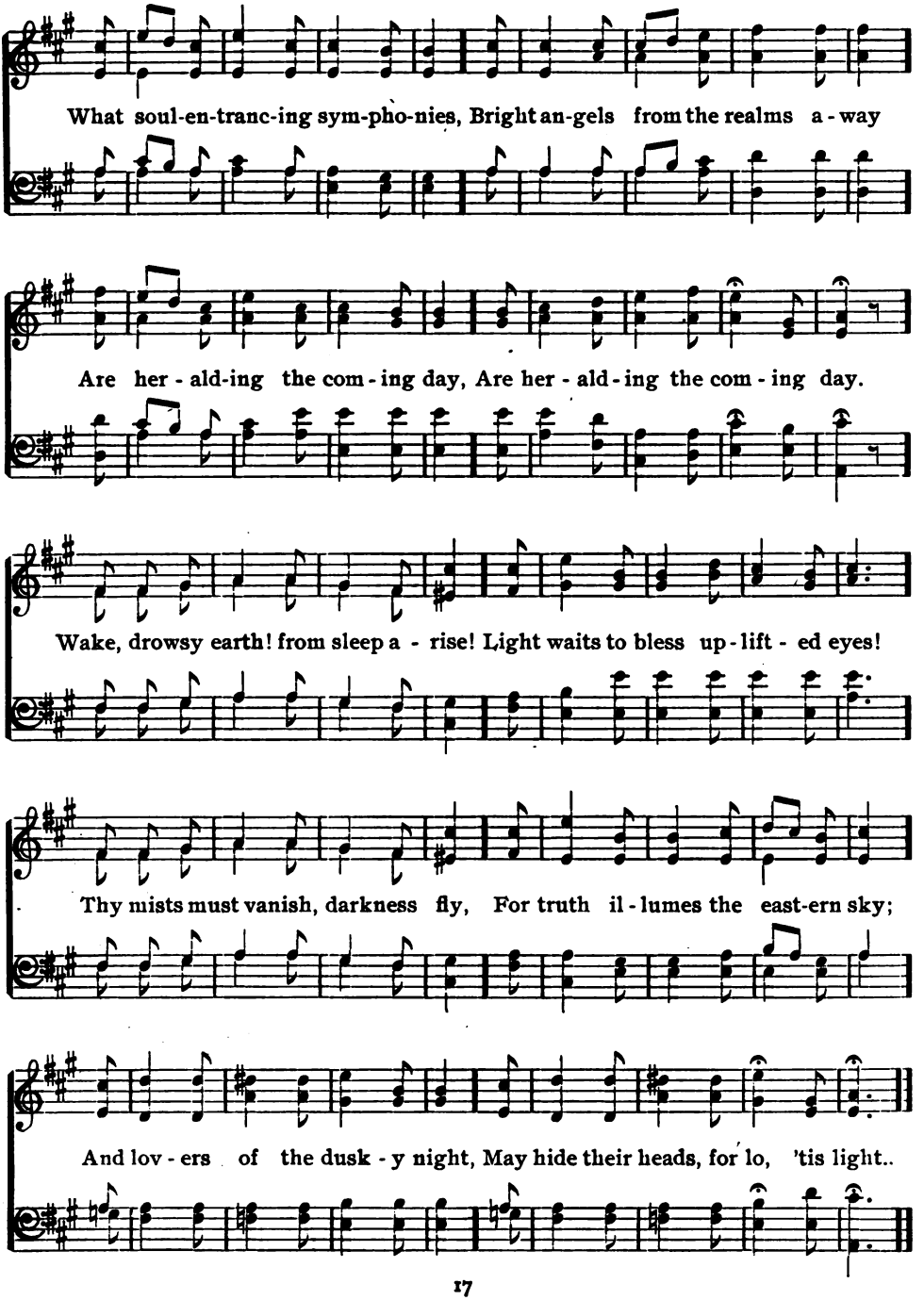
FULL CHORUS.

Roll-ing on its sun-ny way. The world's long night is fleeing now,

For young day tints the mountain's brow; And er-ror's i-cy chains give way

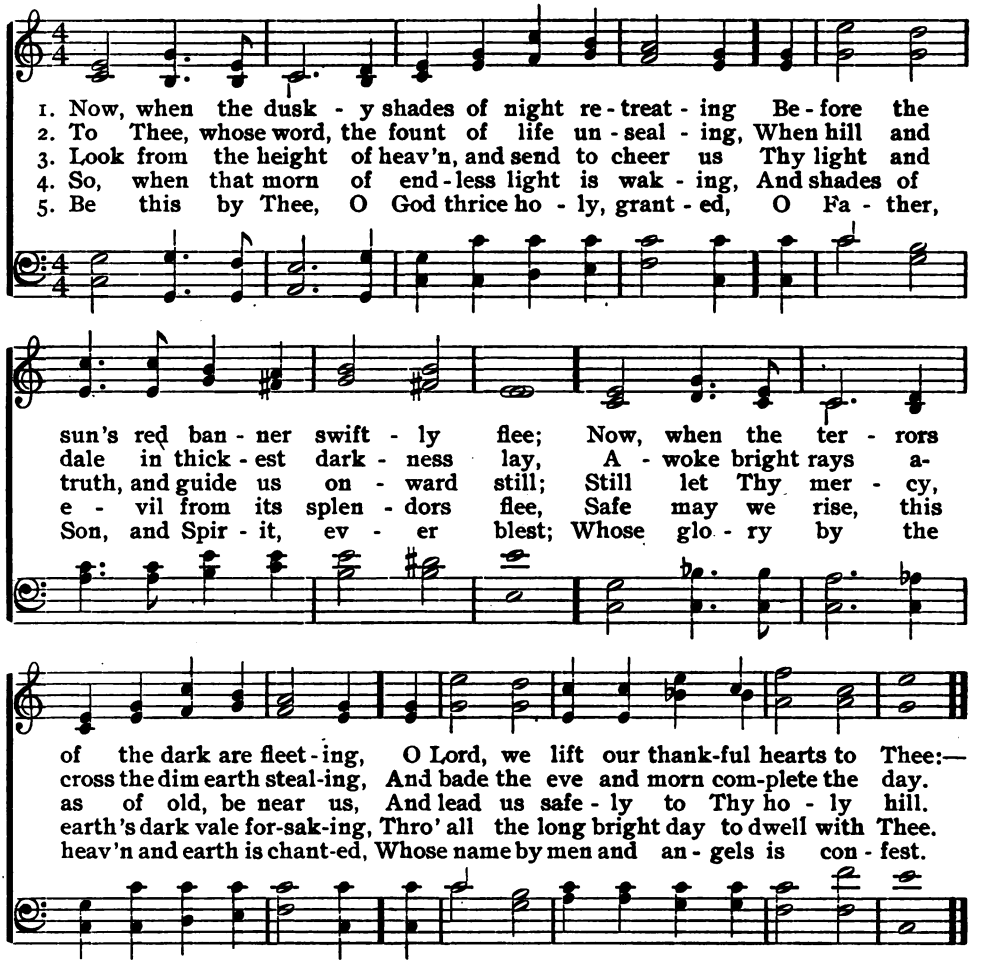
Be-fore his warm and gen-ial ray. Hark! swelling on the morning breeze

The Coming Day.



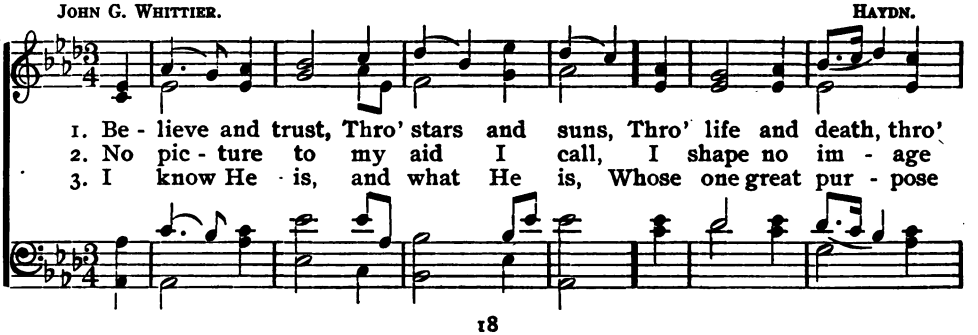
24 Dawn.

Anon. 11, 10. J. STAINER.

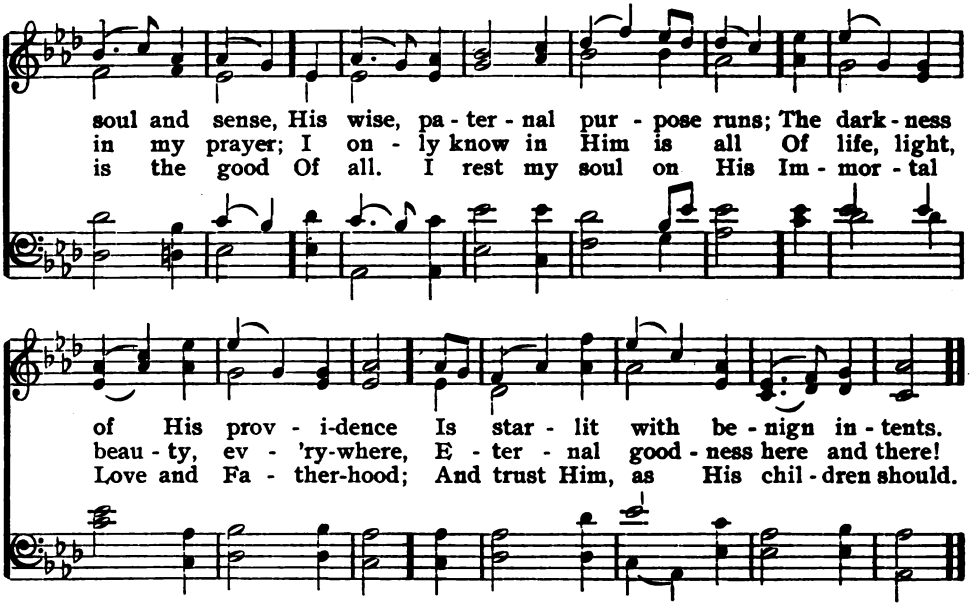


25 Crawford. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. HAYDN.



Crawford.



26 New Every Morning is the Love.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

—John Keble.

27 A Morning Prayer.

1 Lord! feed our hearts with daily bread;
Be truth and mercy on us shed,
Like rain and sun to seasons given,
Or manna from the clouds of heaven.

2 Make us to grow in order's forms;
Calm in the midst of strife and storms
Fixed in Thy being's harmony,
And feeling and revealing Thee.

3 The morning shines: our Father! pour
An inward morning more and more,
Till, with illumined spirit-eyes,
We see the use that near us lies.

4 In work, with soul intention bent,
Like Jacob wrestling in his tent,
Help us to labor, till we blend
Our functions with Thy glorious end.

5 So shall the bread Thou givest rise,
Transformed, through life's great sacrifice,
To acts of use by angels known
Who work and worship near Thy throne.

—Thomas L. Harris.

28 Lynton. C. M.

Mrs. F. A. Percy. A. J. Jamouneau.

1. O Fa - ther, hear my morn - ing prayer, Thy aid im - part to me,
2. May this de - sire my spir - it rule, And as the mo-ments fly
3. Some grace that seeks my heart to win, With shin - ing vic - t'ry meet;
4. That so thro'-out the com - ing day The hours shall car - ry me

That I may make my life to - day Ac-cept - a - ble to Thee.
Something of good be born in me, Something of e - vil die.
Some sin that strives for mas - ter - y, Find o - ver - throw com-plete.
A lit - tle far - ther from the world, A lit - tle near - er Thee.

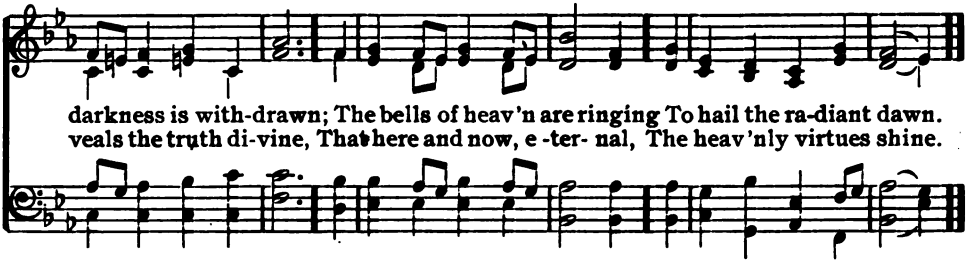
29 Whitfield.

Clara L. Hayes. 7, 6. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. The heav'nly light is streaming To greet up- lift - ed eyes; The glorious morn is
2. There's sight where once was blindness; Let all the people sing, For in His love and

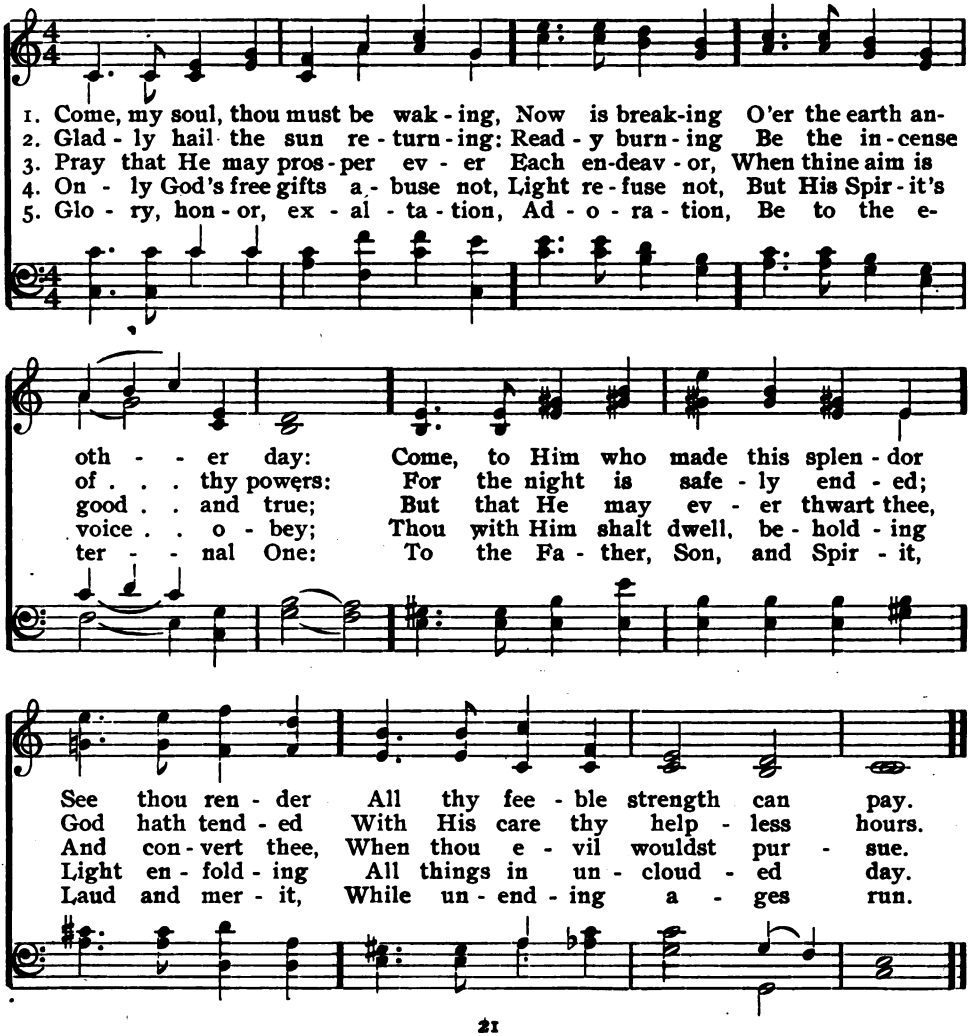
beaming, Be - hold the bright sunrise! With joy the soul is sing - ing, The
kind-ness He comes—receive the King! Rejoice! His light su - per - nal Re-

Whitfield.



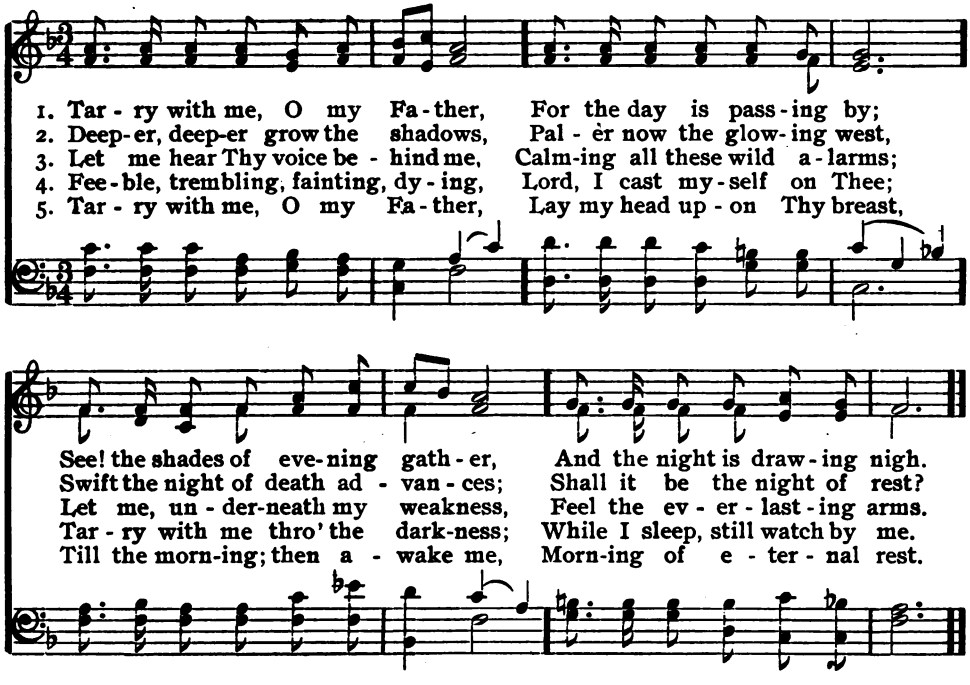
30 Sunrise. P. M.

H. J. Buckoll, tr. J. Stainer.



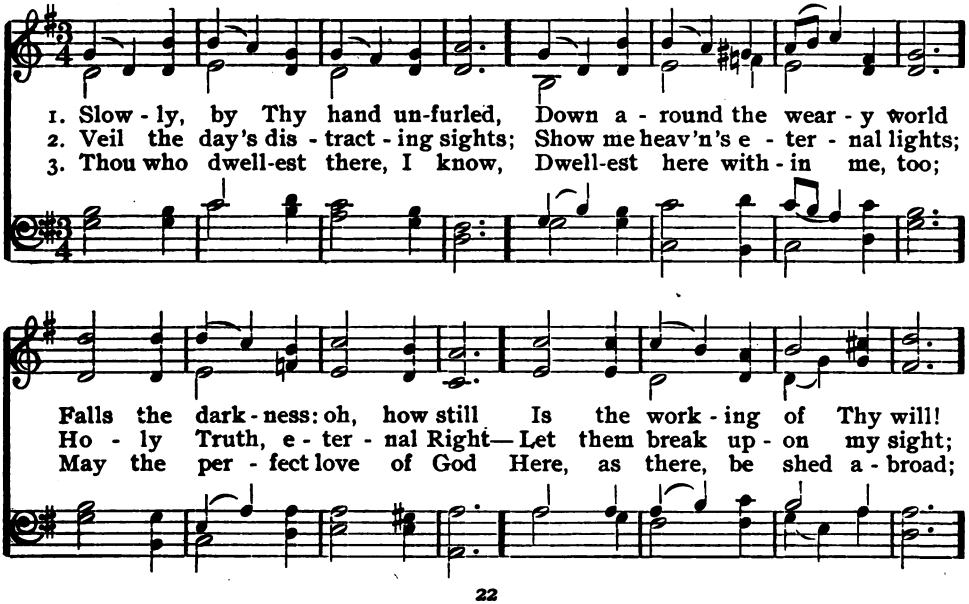
31 St. Sylvester.

CAROLINE L. SMITH. 8. 7. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

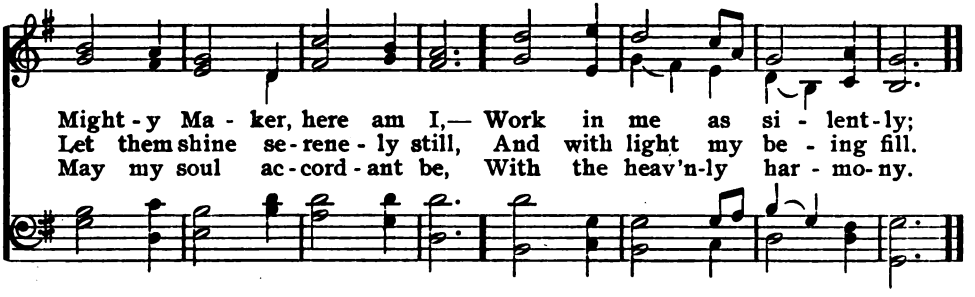


32 Even.

W. H. FURNESS. 7. Arr. from HAYDN.

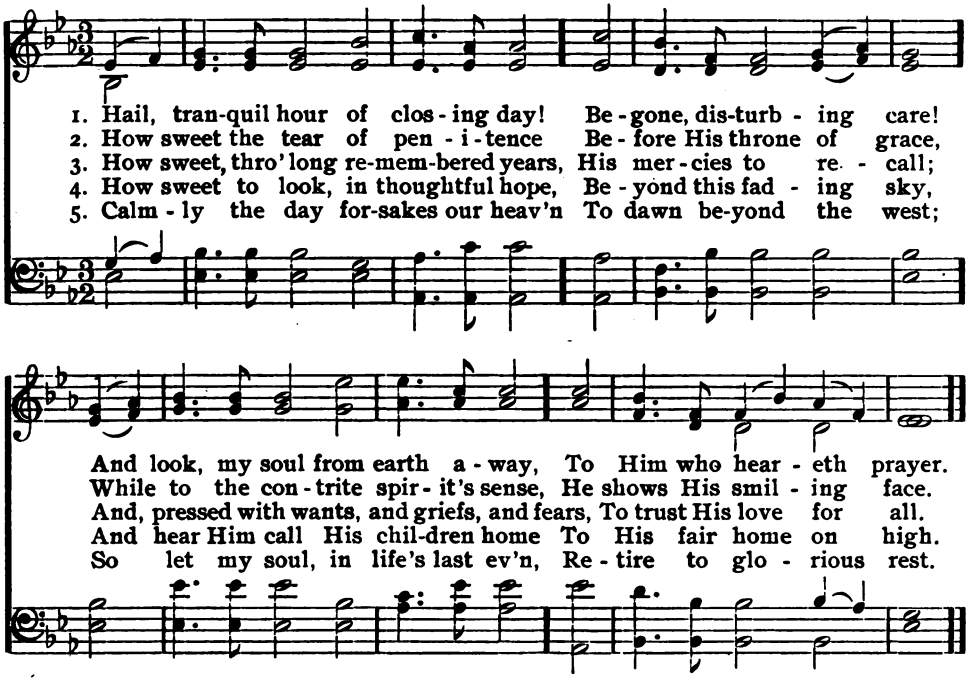


Even.



33 Southport. C. M.

LEONARD BACON. GEO. KINGSLEY.



34 Prayer Has Power.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

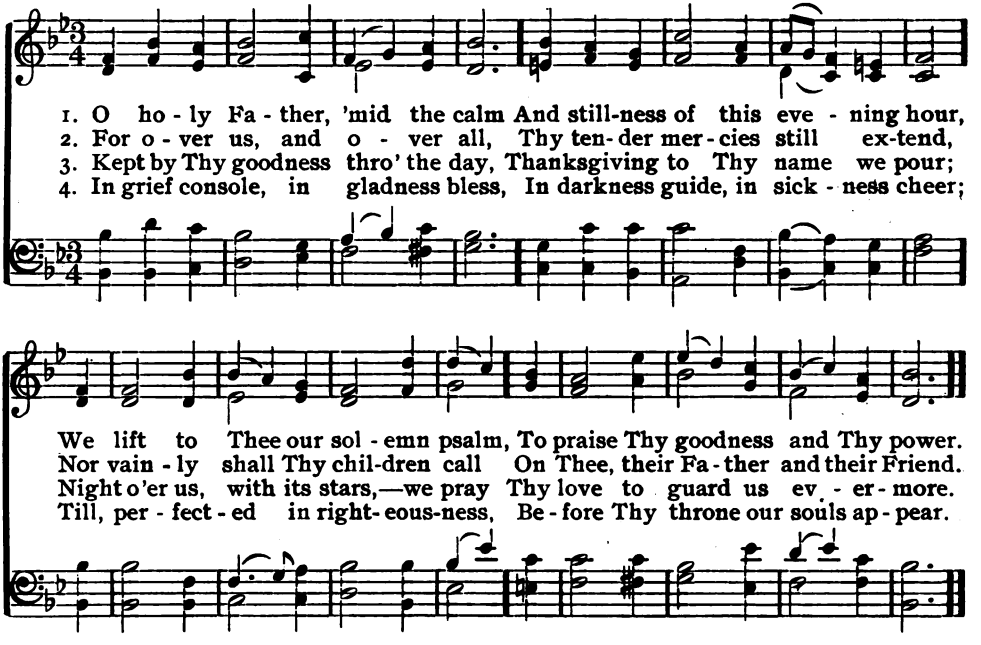
3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 The power of prayer which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love will reach,
That listening ear will gain.

—*John A. Wallace.*

35 Germany. L. M.

W. H. BURLEIGH. BEETHOVEN.



36 Vesper Hymn.

1 Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

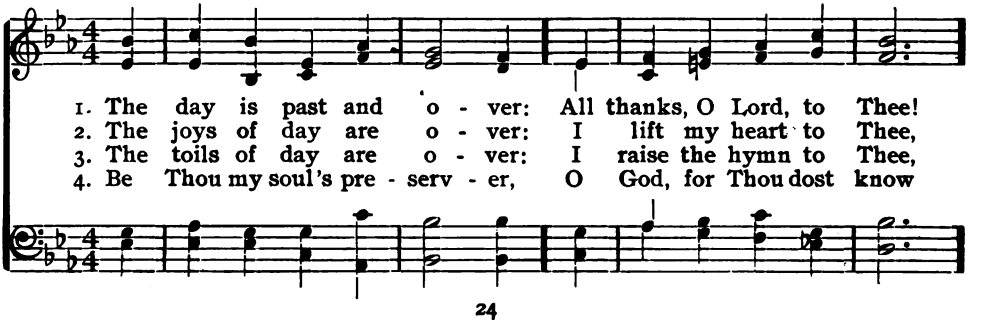
3 O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

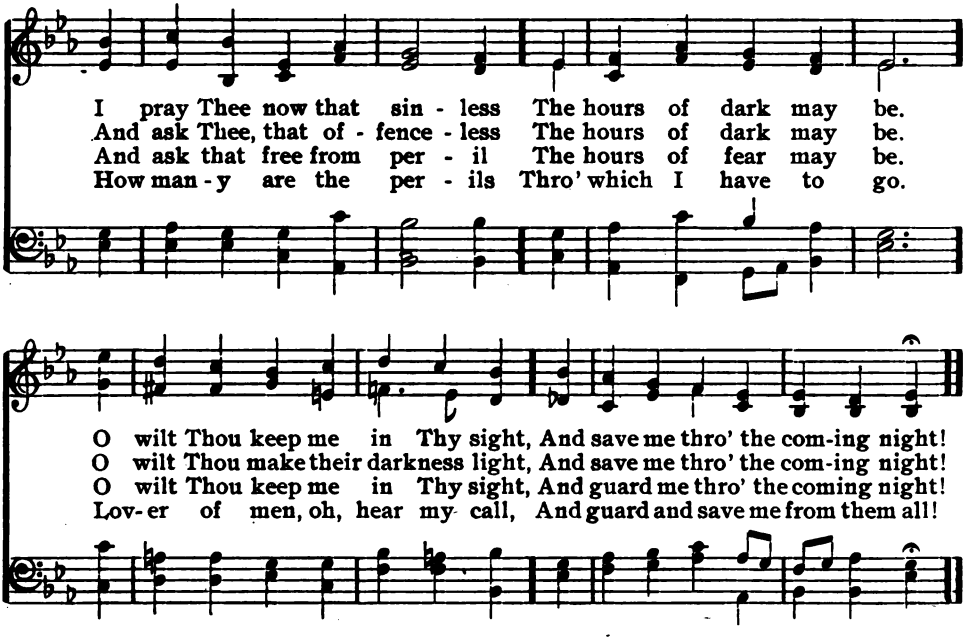
—*Samuel Longfellow.*

37 St. Anatolius.

ANATOLIUS. Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 7, 6, 8. A. H. BROWN.

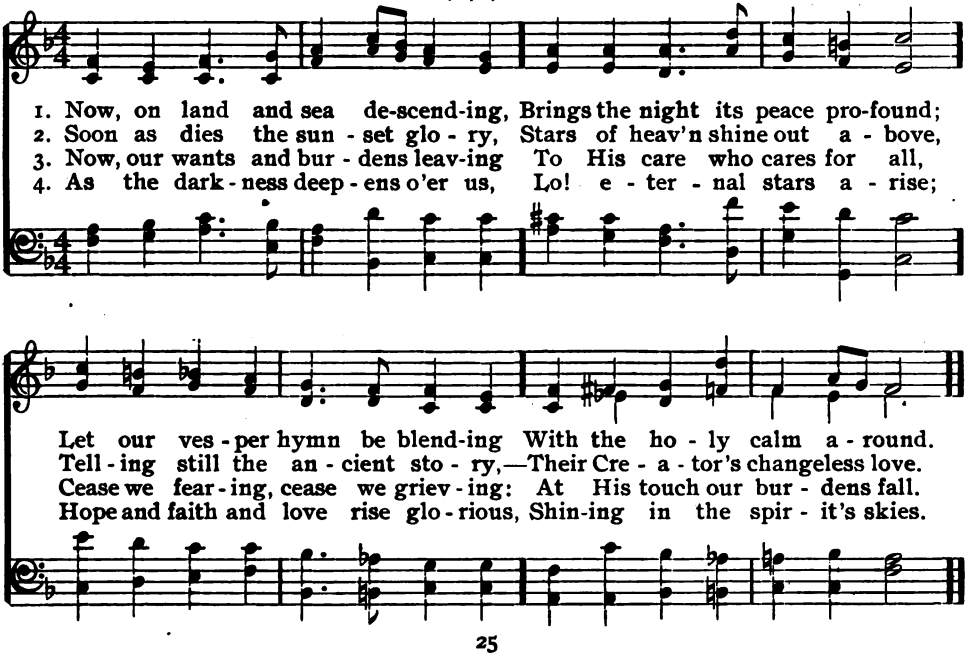


St. Anatolius.



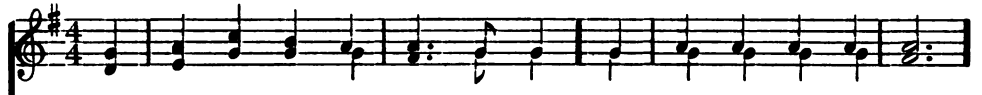
38 Sardis.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. 8, 7, 8, 7. BEETHOVEN.

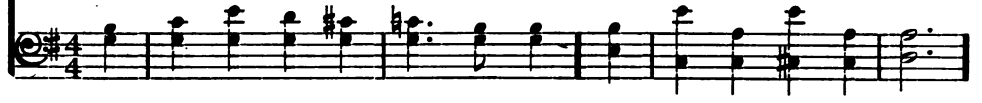


39 St. Leonard. C. M.

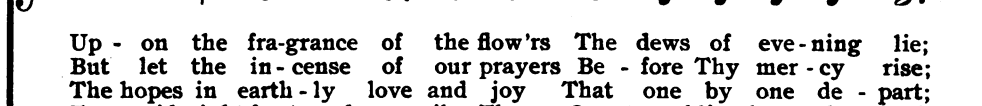
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. (*First Tune.*) HENRY HILES.



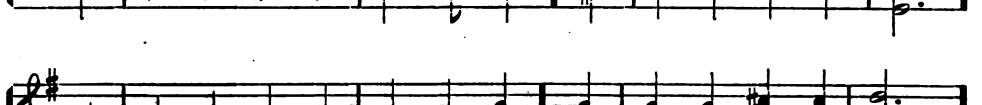
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky,
2. The sor-rows of Thy serv-ants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de-spise,
3. Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in the heart
4. Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God! Up-on our souls de-scend,



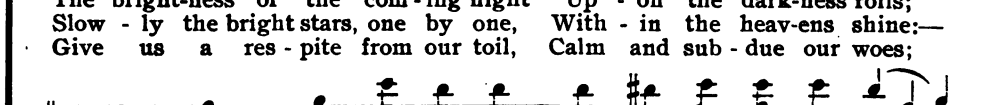
Up-on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie;
But let the in-cense of our prayers Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise;
The hopes in earth-ly love and joy That one by one de-part;
From mid-night fears, and per-ils, Thou Our trem-bling hearts de-fend:



Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n! We kneel at close of day;
The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up-on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heav-ens shine:—
Give us a res-pite from our toil, Calm and sub-due our woes;



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The shad-ows from our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di-vine.
Thro' the long day we suf-fer, Lord, Oh, give us now re-pose!



40 Carol. C. M.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. (*Second Tune.*) RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky,
2. The sor - rows of Thy serv - ants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de - spise,
3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with-in our heart
4. Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God! Up - on our souls de - scend,

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;
But let the in - cense of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise;
The hopes in earthly love and joy, That one by one de - part;
From mid-night fears, and per - ils, Thou Our trem-bling hearts de - fend:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n! We kneel at close of day;
The brightness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav- ens shine:—
Give us a res - pite from our toil, Calm and sub - due our woes;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad - ows of our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.
Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord, Oh, give us now re - pose!

41 Evening Hymn. L. M.

Bishop THOMAS KEN. THOMAS TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. Be Thou my guardian while I sleep; Thy watchful sta - tion near me keep;
3. Lord, let my heart for ev - er share The bliss of Thy pa - ter - nal care:
4. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shad - ow of Thy wings!
My heart with love ce - les - tial fill, And guard me from th' ap-proach of ill.
'T is heav'n on earth, 't is heav'n a-bove, To see Thy face and sing Thy love.
Praise Him, ye an- gels round His throne; Praise God, the high and Ho - ly One!

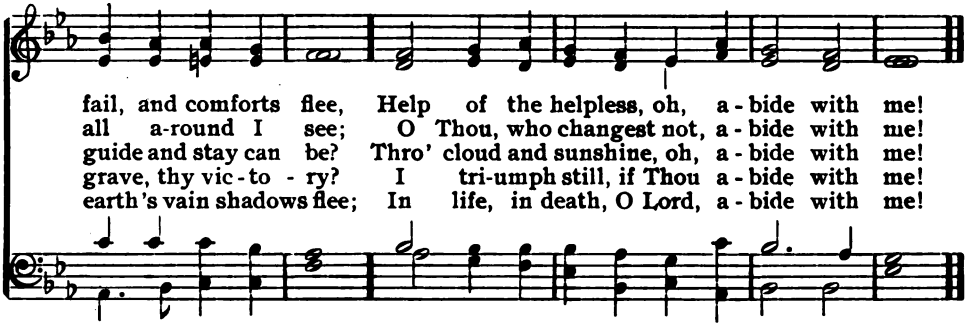
42 Eventide.

HENRY F. LYTE. 10. WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

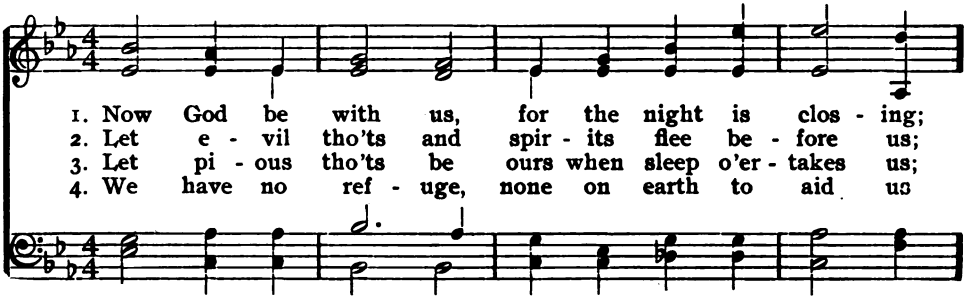
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim; its glo - ries pass a - way: Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where,
gloom and point me to the skies, Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

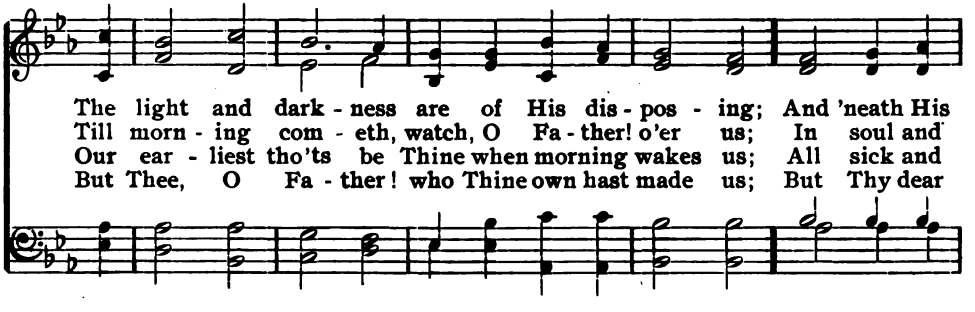
Eventide.

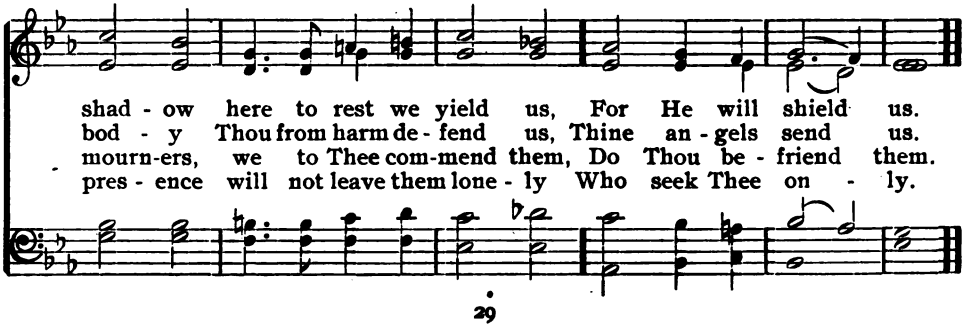


43 Nightfall.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr. 11, 5. J. BARNBY.

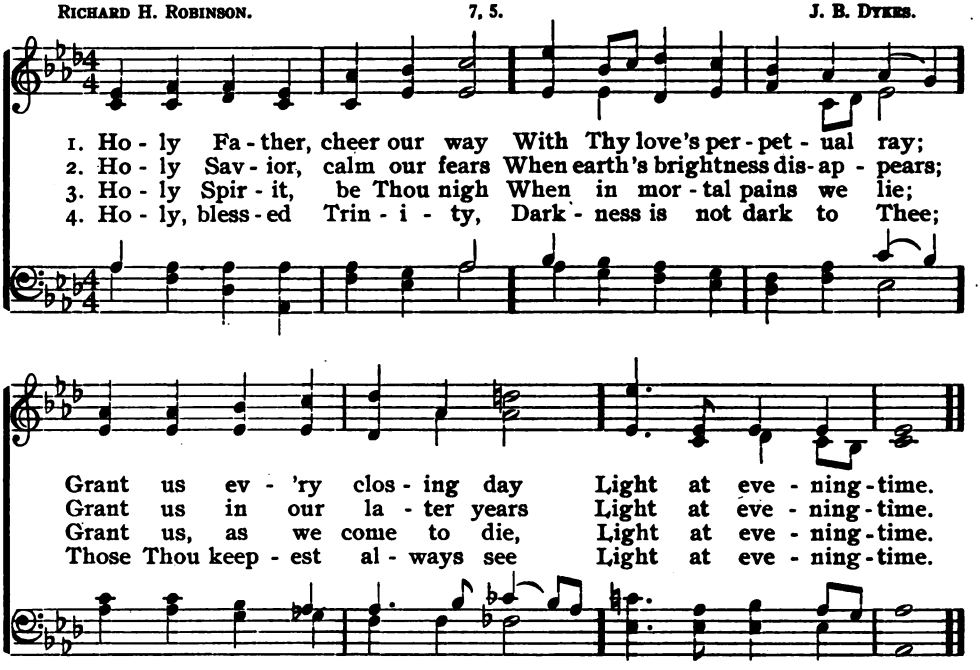






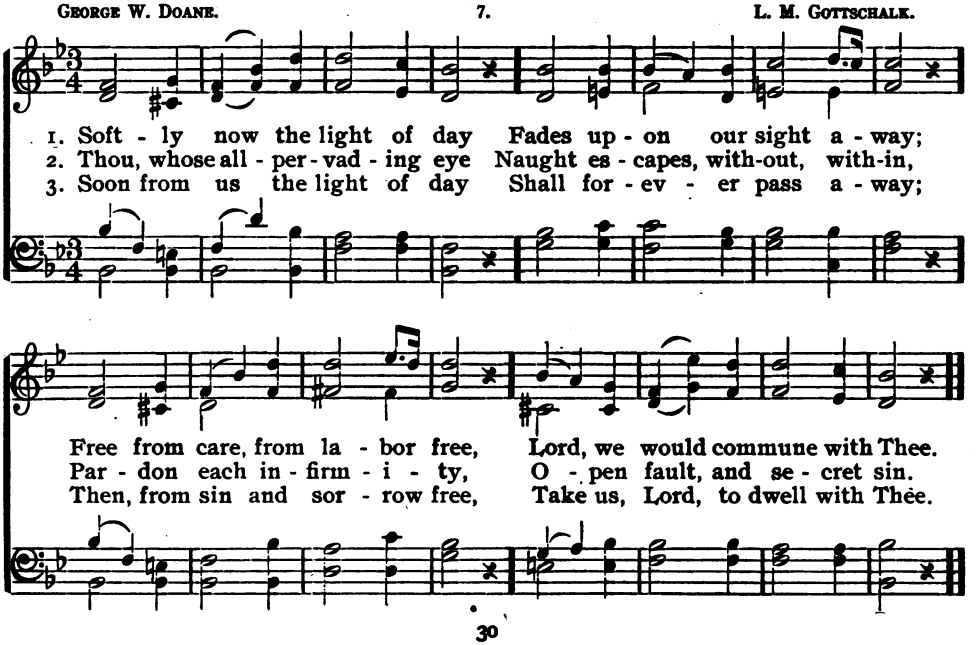
44 Vesperi Lux.

RICHARD H. ROBINSON. 7, 5. J. B. DYKES.



45 Last Hope.

GEORGE W. DOANE. 7. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



46 Bailey.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX. 8, 7. English.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;
2. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
They, unlinked with earth - ly troub - le; We, still hop - ing for its end.

O the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
How such ho - ly mem - 'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past,

O the shrouded and the lone - ly!— In our hearts they per - ish not.
Pointing up to that far heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

47 Savior! Breathe an Evening Blessing.

1 Savior! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

—*James Edmeston.*

48 Nina.

Unknown. 7, 6.

1. The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west;
2. The eve - ning star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high;

So, ev - 'ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest.
So, when in death be - night - ed, May hope il - lume the sky.

The wood - land hum is ring - ing The day - light's gen - tle close;
In gold - en splen - dor dawn - ing, The mor - row's light shall break;

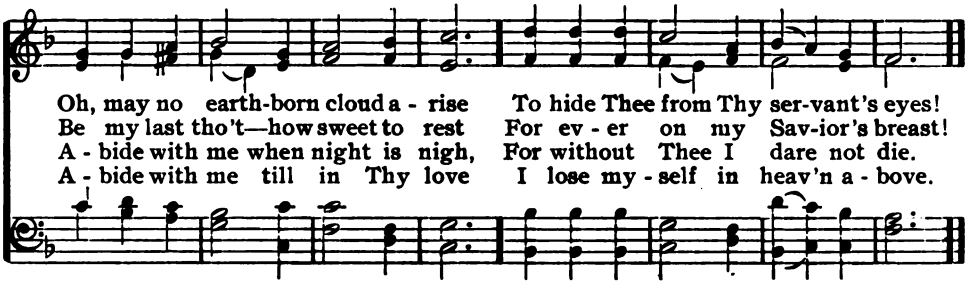
May an - gels round me, sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.
Oh, on the last bright morn - ing May I in glo - ry wake!

49 Bursley. L. M.

John Keble. Arr. by William H. Monk.

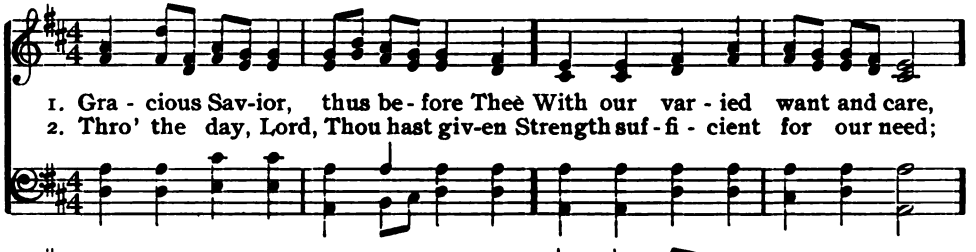
1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

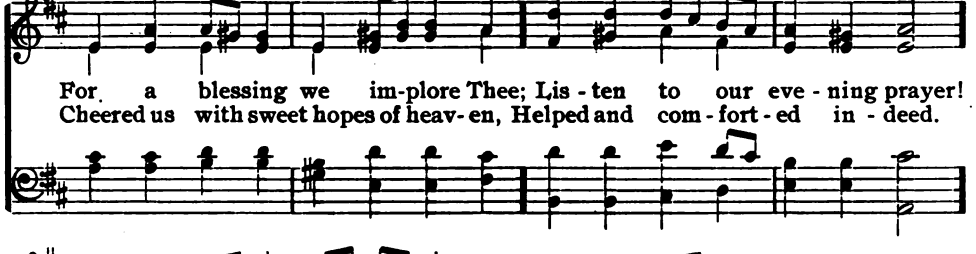
Bursley.

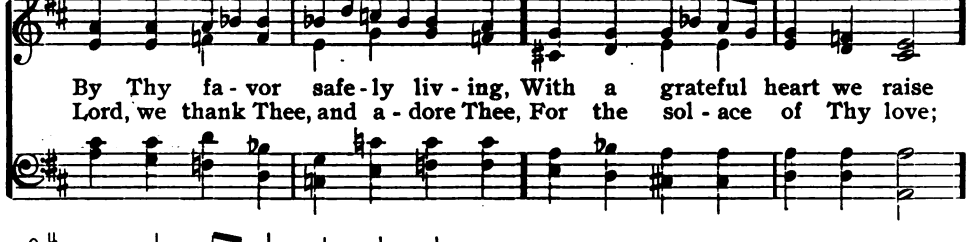


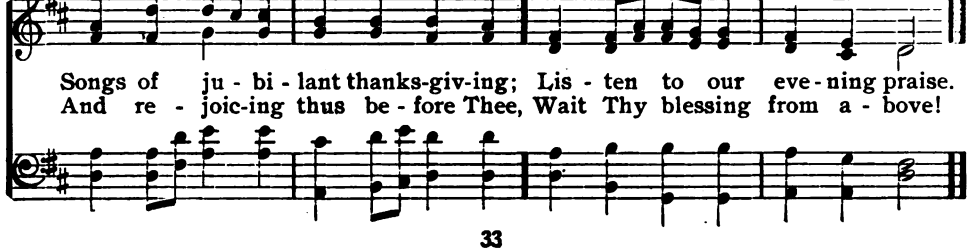
50 Love.

HENRY BATEMAN. 8, 7. JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



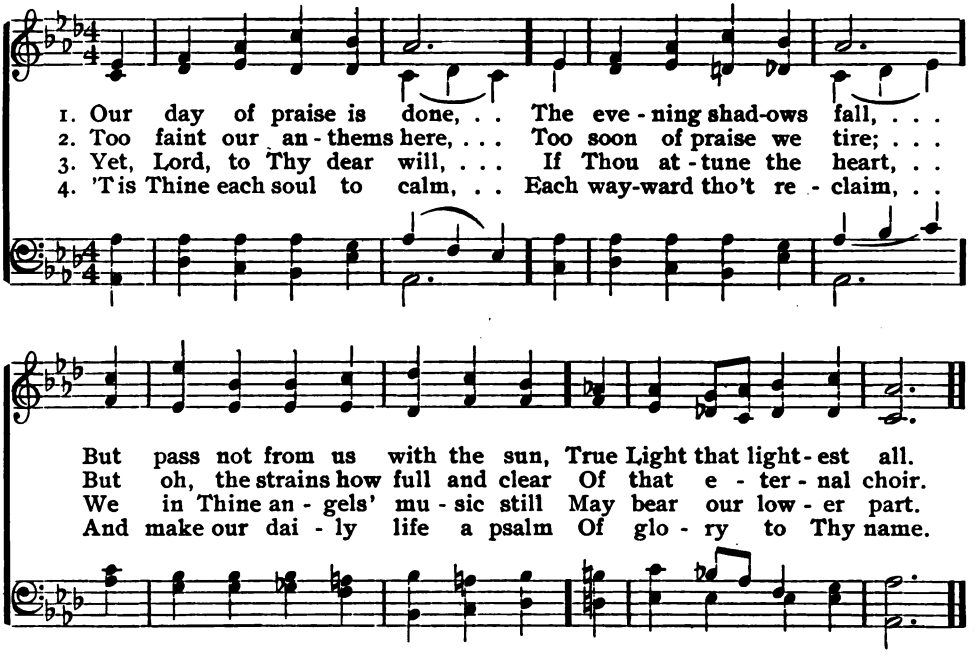






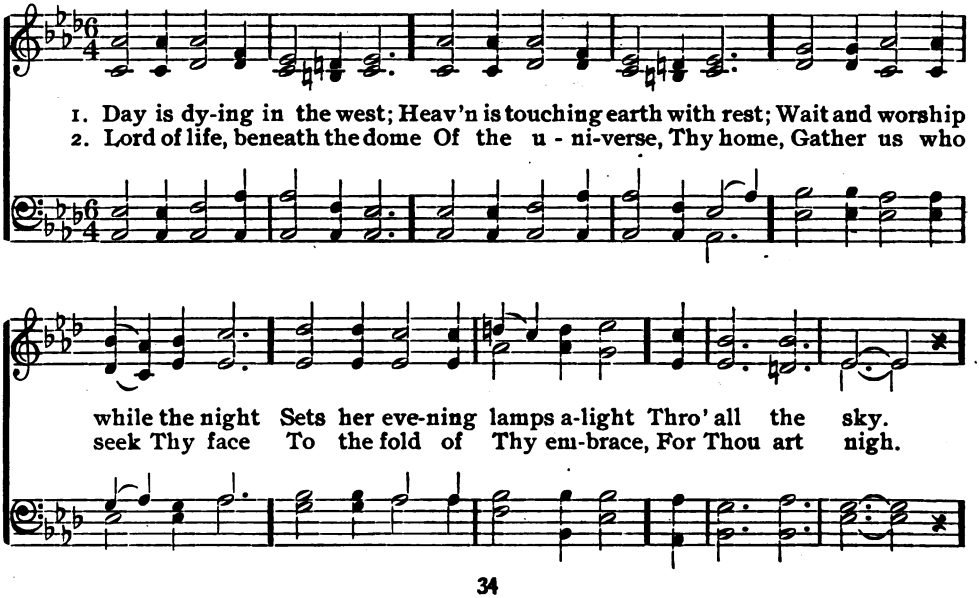
51 Garden City. S. M.

JOHN ELLERTON. H. W. PARKER.



52 Evening Praise. P. M.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



Evening Praise.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

53 Twilight.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. 6, 5. J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep; . .
3. Fa - ther, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose; . .
4. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; . .

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers, Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a cross the sky.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

54 Philippi.

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 7. ARR. fr. M. COSTA.

1. Fa - ther, by Thy love and pow'r, Comes a - gain the eve - ning hour:
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, breath of balm, Fall on us in eve - ning's calm;
3. Bless-ed Fa - ther, be Thou near Thro' the hours of dark - ness drear;

Light has vanished, la - bors cease, Wear - y crea-tures rest in peace.
Yet a - while, be - fore we sleep, We with Thee will vig - ils keep.
Then, when shrinks the lone- ly heart, Thou, O God, most pres - ent art.

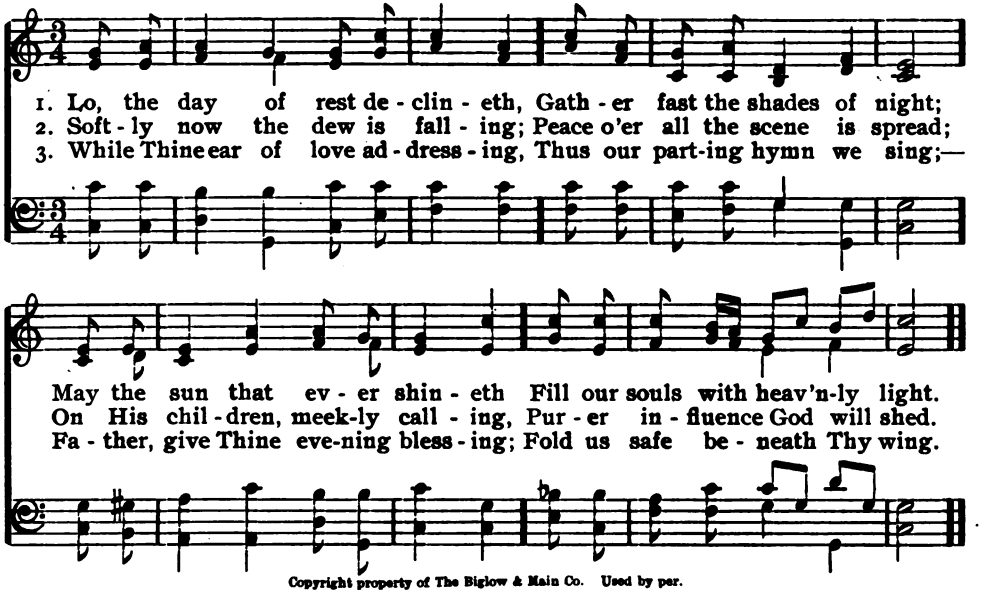
Thou, whose gen-ial dews dis - til On the low - liest weed that grows,
Lead us on our sins to muse, Give us tru - est pen - i - tence;
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Watch o'er our de - fence - less head;

Fa - ther, guard our couch from ill, Grant Thy chil - dren sweet re - pose:
Then the love of God in - fuse, Breath-ing hum - ble con - fi - dence;
Let Thy an - gels' guar - dian host Keep all e - vil from our bed;

We to Thee our - selves re - sign, Let our la - test tho'ts be Thine.
Melt our spir - its, mould our will, Soft - en, strengthen, com-fort still.
Till the flood of morn - ing rays Wake us to a song of praise.

55 Lo, the Day of Rest.

CHANDLER ROBBINS. 8, 7. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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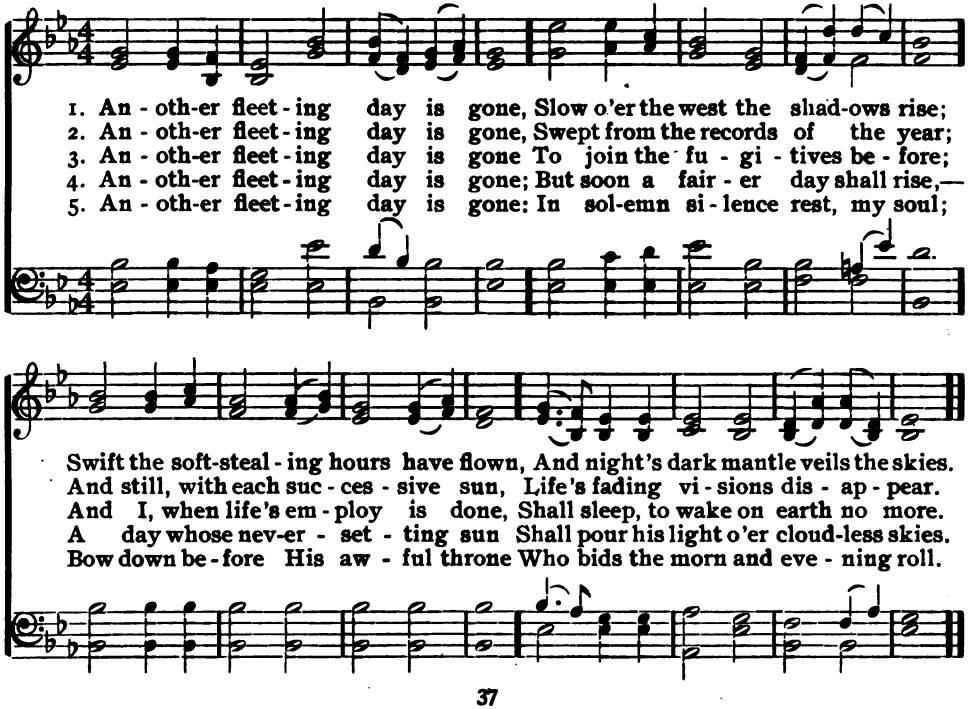
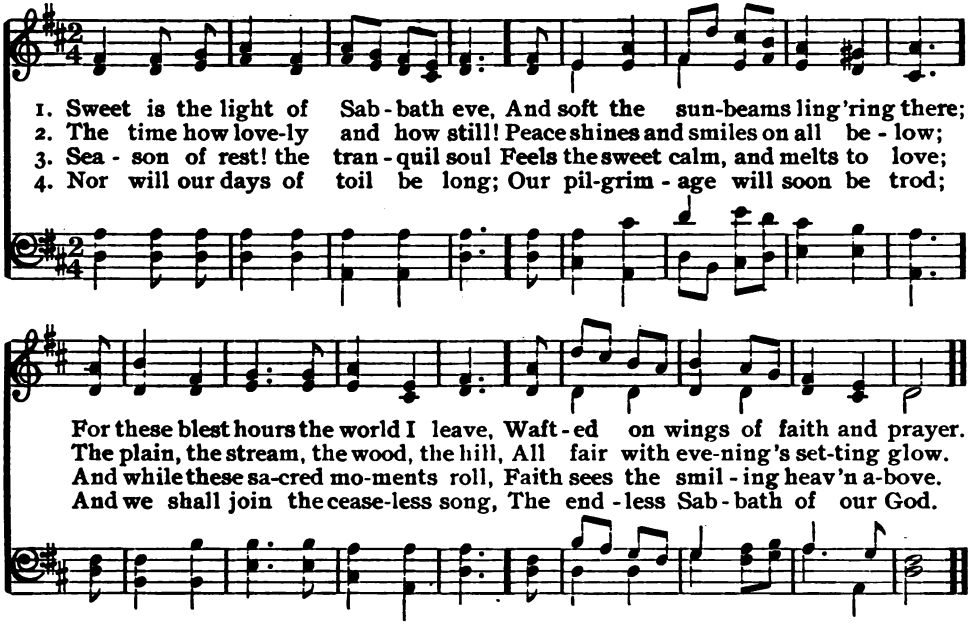
56 Vera. L. M.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER. JOHN EDGAR GOULD.



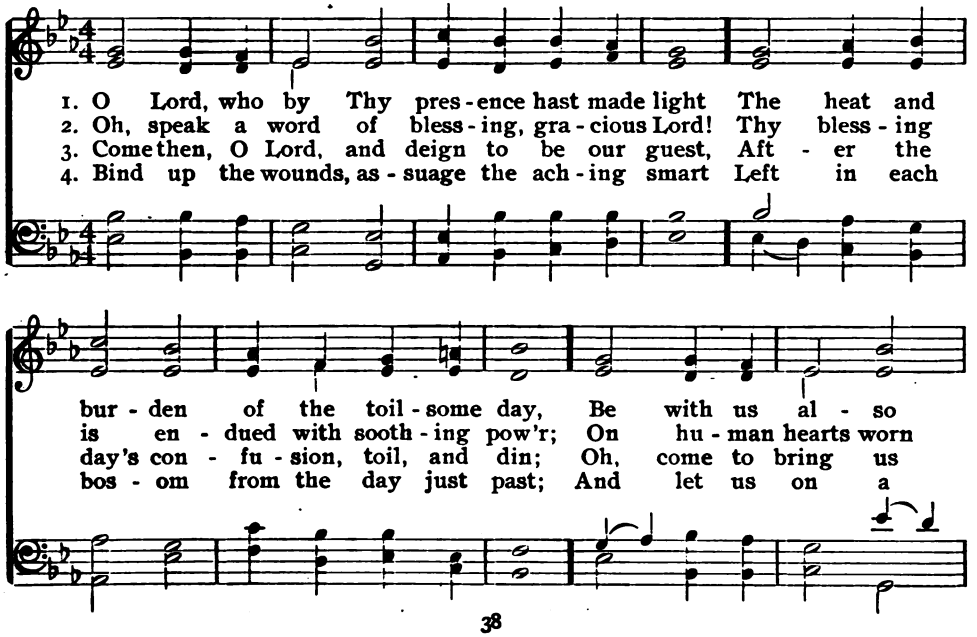
57 Overberg. L. M.

JAMES EDMESTON. JOHANN C. H. RINK.

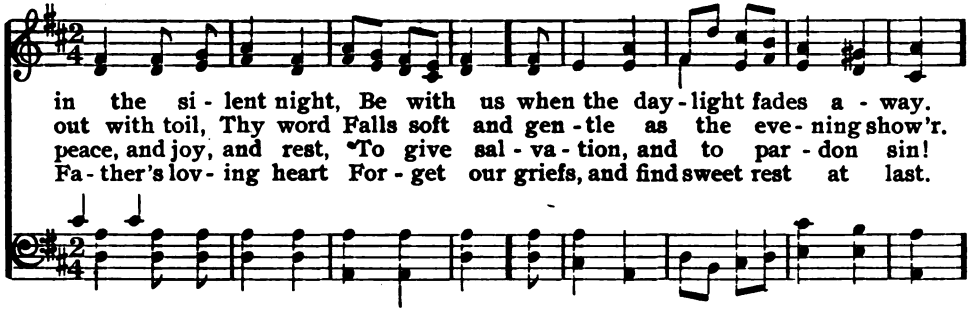


58 Eventide

RICHARD MASSIE, tr. 10. WILLIAM H. MONK.

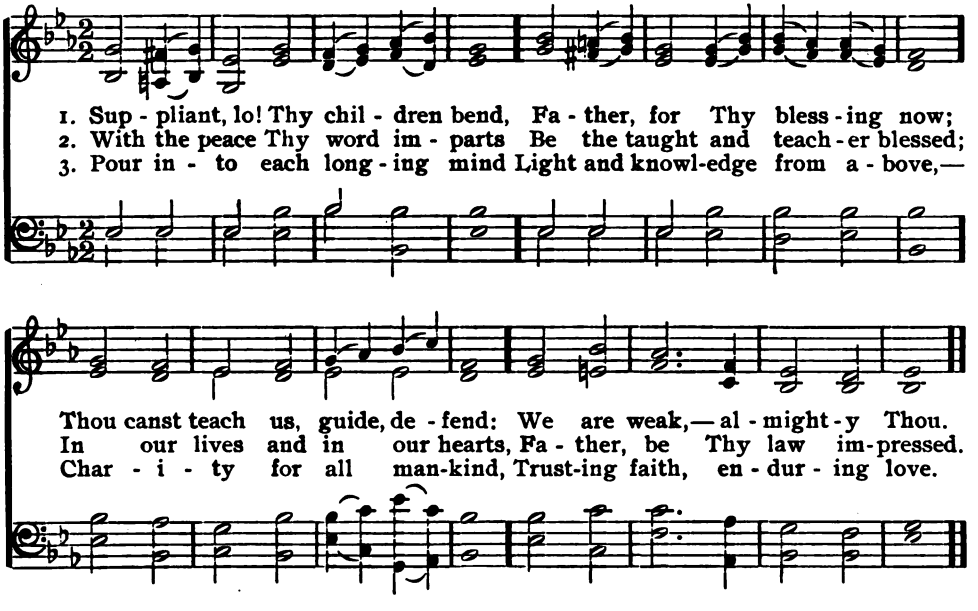


Eventide.



59 Holley.

THOMAS GRAY. 7. GEORGE HEWS.



60 Sabbath Evening.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad:
'T is the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Father, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

—*George W. Doane.*

61 Seasons. L. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. O make my soul Thy Spir-it's shrine; Thy tem-ple, Lord, this heart of mine:
2. With Christ in heart and life con-fessed, My soul shall dwell with an-gels blest;
3. Help us, our Fa-ther, still to prove Thy promised grace, Thy per-fect love;
4. Fain would we think Thy tho't di-vine, And have no oth - er will but Thine;
5. With Thee within, how sweet to find Our constant guide Thy per-fect mind;

There let me all Thy mer-cies prove, And know Thy word, and feel Thy love.
And when the lan-guid puls-es fly, I shall not die, but seem to die.
In us Thy soul's de-sire ful-fill, Make us the work-ers of Thy will.
Our hearts, O Lord, from self set free; Give us love's per-fect lib - er - ty.
While deeds of pur - est love de-clare Thy Ho - ly Spir-it's presence there.

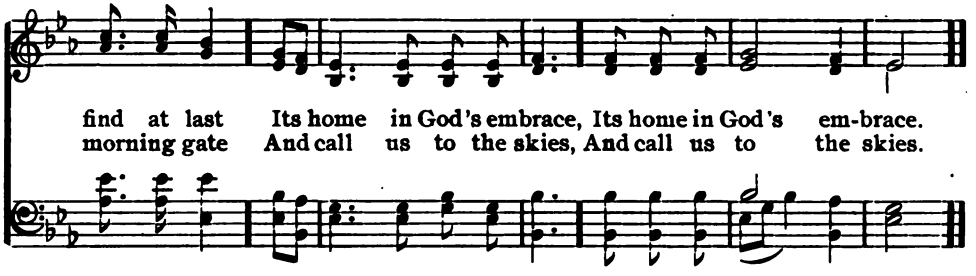
62 Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. In ev - 'ry hu-man soul we find Some trace of God's indwelling mind, Some
2. Give us, O Lord our God, to be The mediums of Di-vin-i - ty, Like

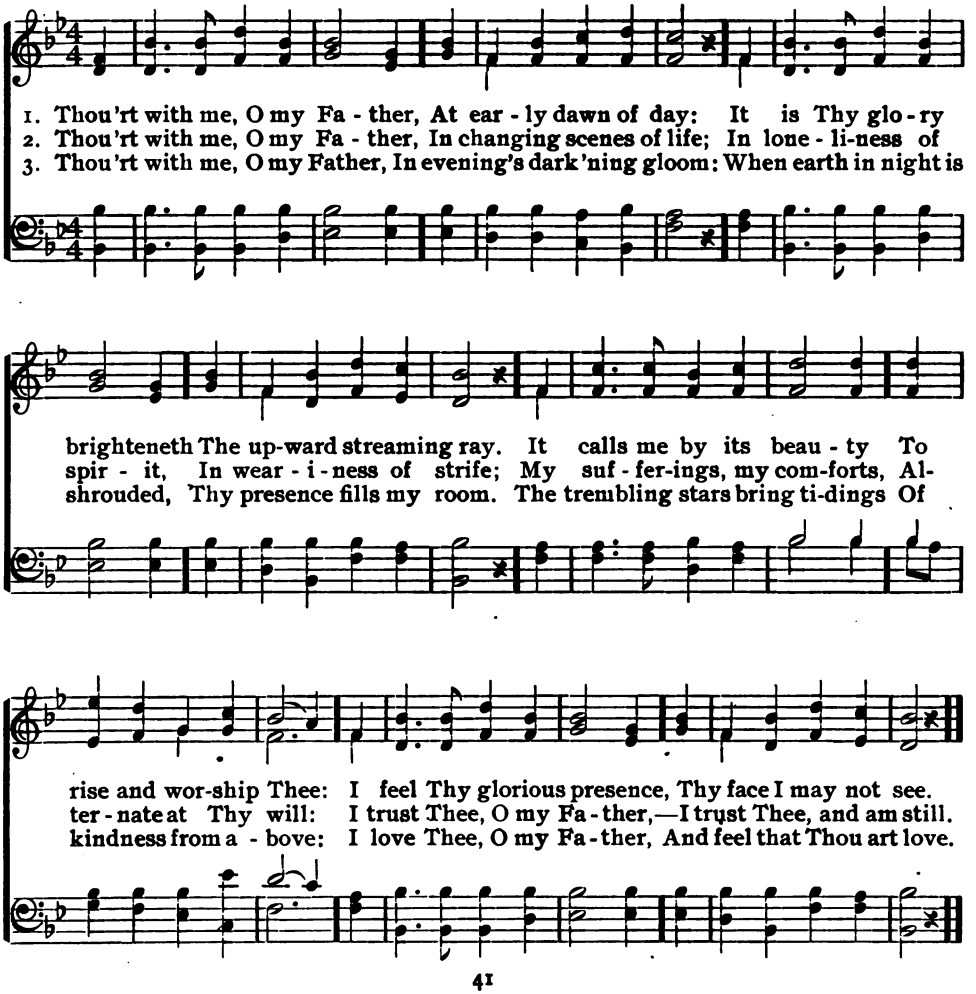
to-ken of His grace; And, when the night of fear is past, The spir-it wakes, to
angels great and wise; With them to la-bor and to wait Till Thou dost ope the

Ariel.



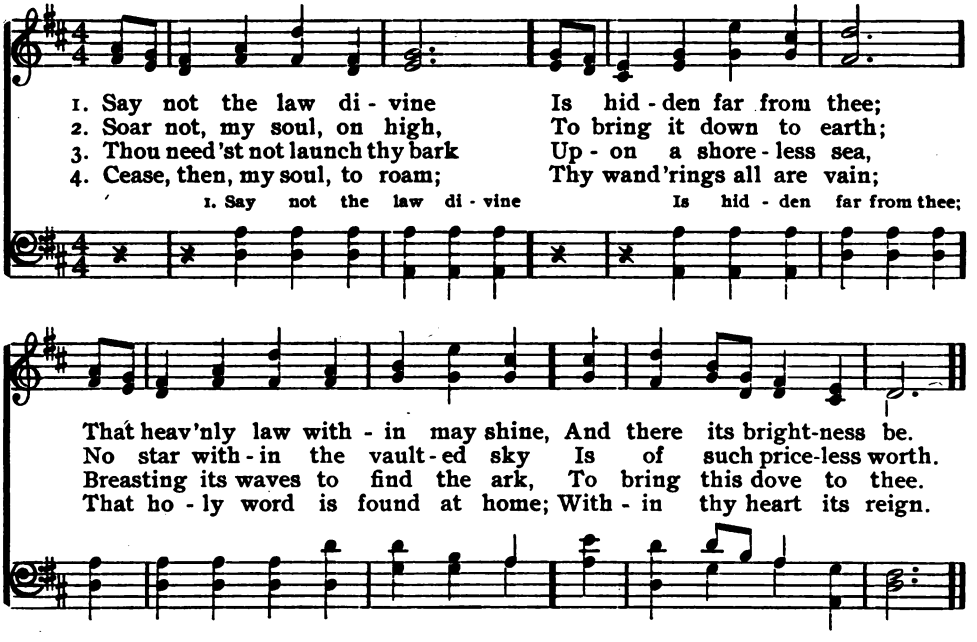
63 Webb.

JANE E. SAXBY. 7, 6. GEORGE J. WEBB.



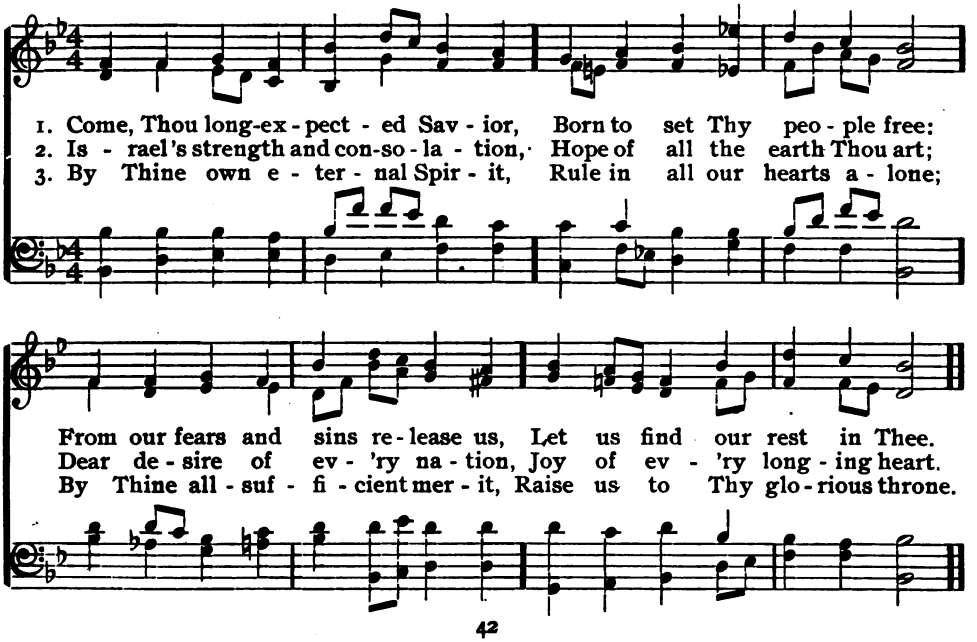
64 Higher Law. S. M.

Unknown.



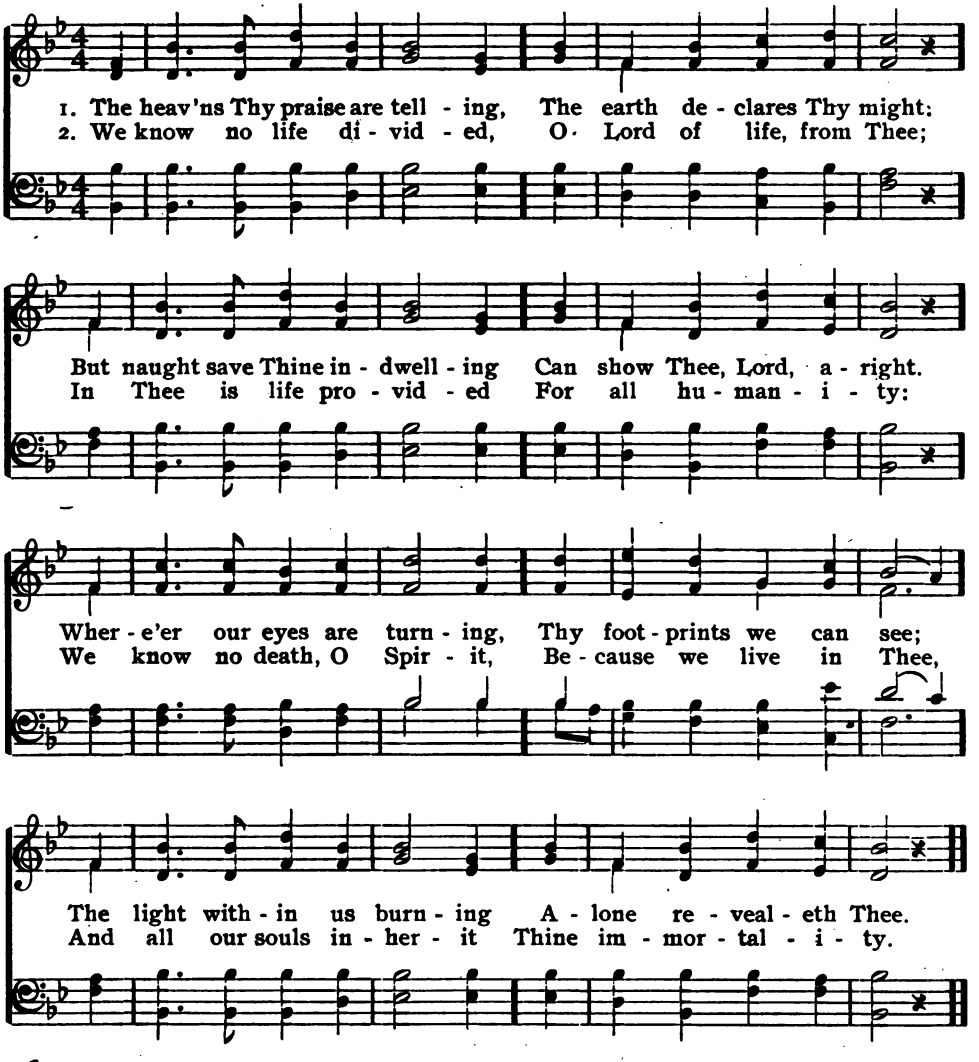
65 Trust.

CHARLES WESLEY. 8, 7. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.



66 Webb.

Anon. 7, 6. George J. Webb.



67 O God, the Rock of Ages.

1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

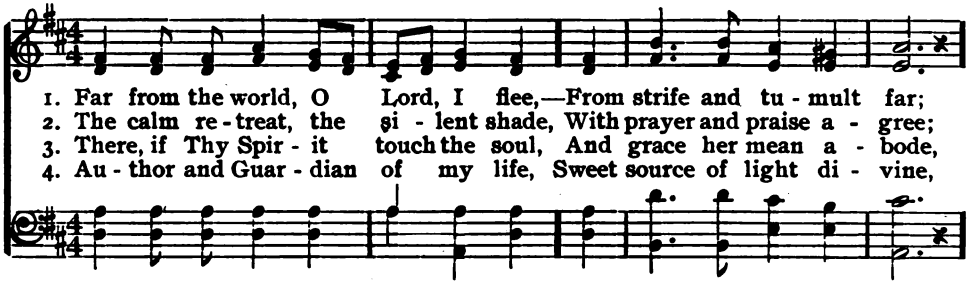
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

—*E. H. Bickersteth.*

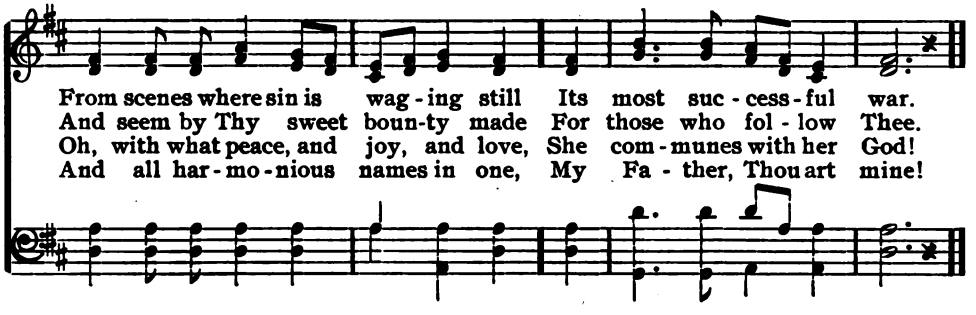
68 Naomi. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.
ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,—From strife and tu - mult far;
2. The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise a - gree;
3. There, if Thy Spir - it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode,
4. Au - thor and Guar - dian of my life, Sweet source of light di - vine,

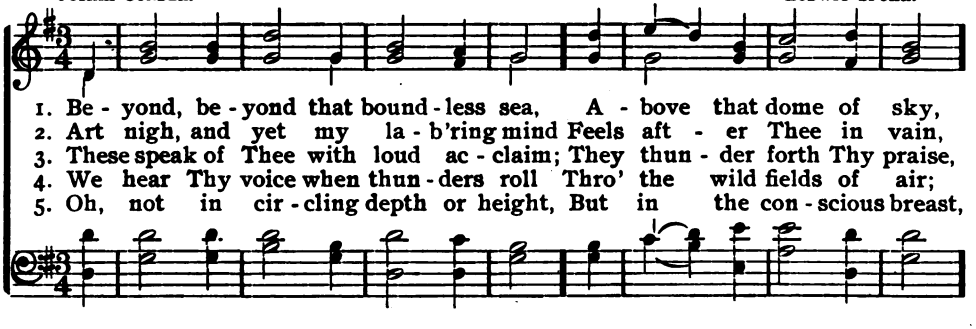


From scenes where sin is wag - ing still Its most suc - cess - ful war.
And seem by Thy sweet boun-ty made For those who fol - low Thee.
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, She com - munes with her God!
And all har - mo - nious names in one, My Fa - ther, Thou art mine!

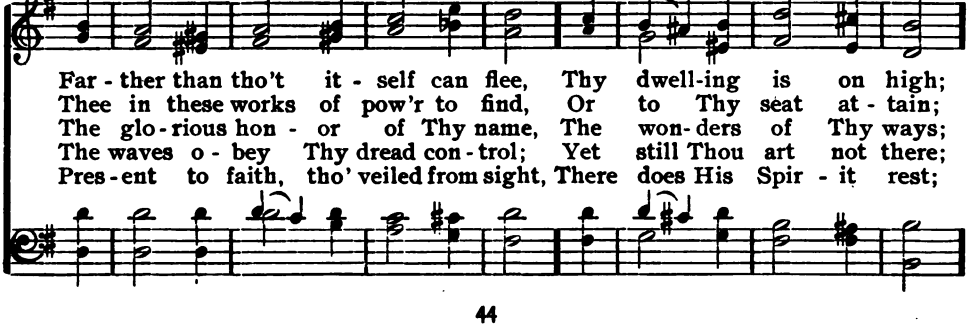
69 Spohr. C. M.

JOSIAH CONDER.

LUDWIG SPOHR.

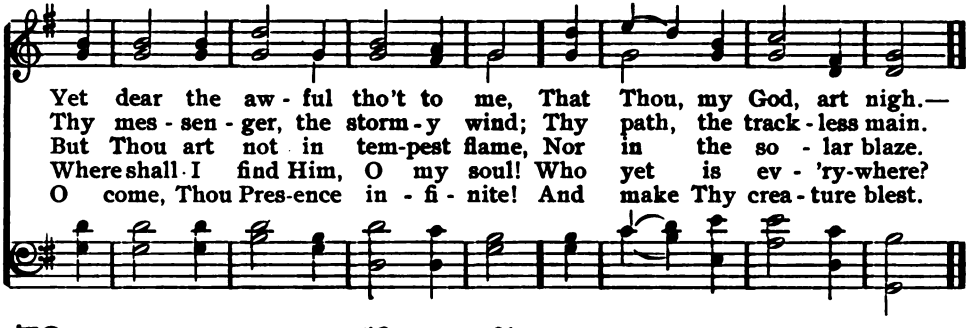


1. Be - yond, be - yond that bound - less sea, A - bove that dome of sky,
2. Art nigh, and yet my la - b'ring mind Feels aft - er Thee in vain,
3. These speak of Thee with loud ac - claim; They thun - der forth Thy praise,
4. We hear Thy voice when thun - ders roll Thro' the wild fields of air;
5. Oh, not in cir - cling depth or height, But in the con - scious breast,



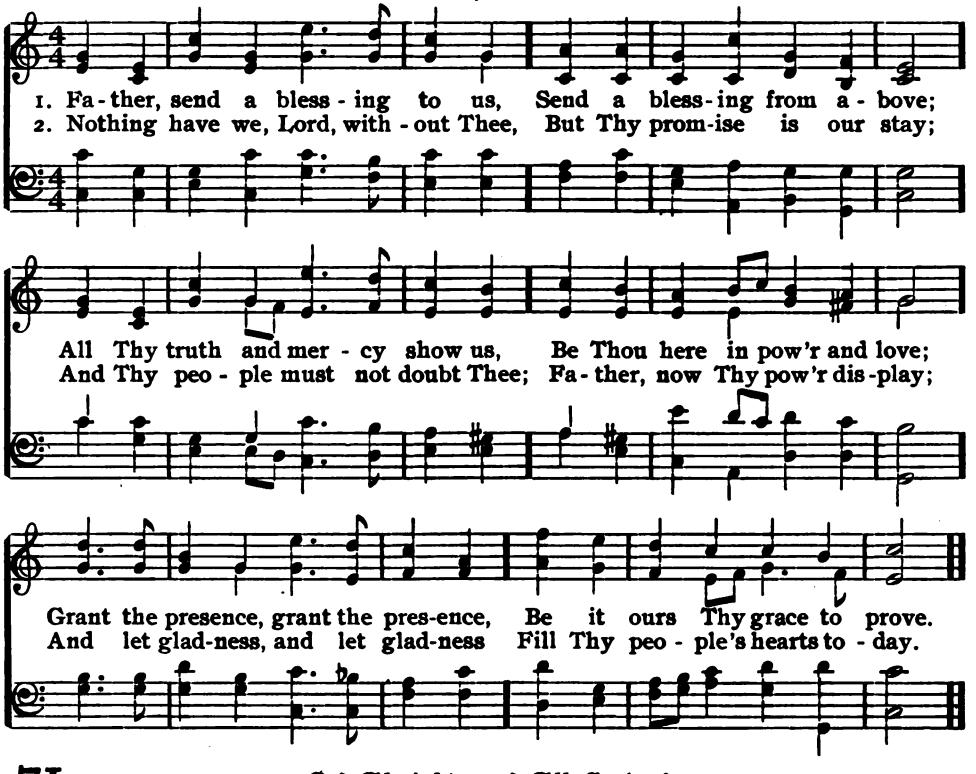
Far - ther than tho't it - self can flee, Thy dwell-ing is on high;
Thee in these works of pow'r to find, Or to Thy seat at - tain;
The glo - rious hon - or of Thy name, The won - ders of Thy ways;
The waves o - bey Thy dread con - trol; Yet still Thou art not there;
Pres - ent to faith, tho' veiled from sight, There does His Spir - it rest;

Spohr.



70 Regent Square.

THOMAS KELLY. 8, 7. HENRY SMART.



71 God Almighty and All-Seeing!

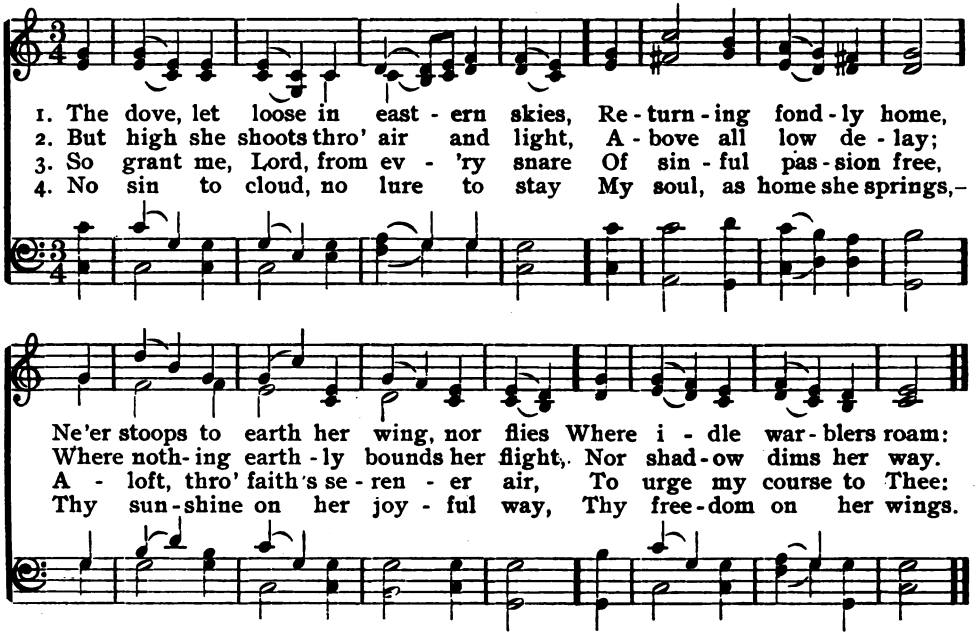
1 God Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on Thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before Thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good Thou art the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In Thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from Thee.

—*F. S. Pierpont.*

72 Mozart. C. M.

THOMAS MOORE. Unknown.



73 For the Spirit of Truth.

1 Thou long-disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find,—

2 How late Thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know Thee now;
Angel of God, come in.

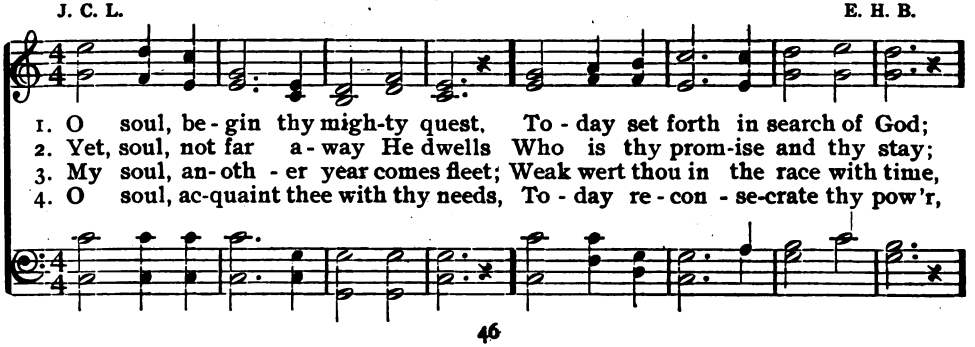
3 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

4 Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield Thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

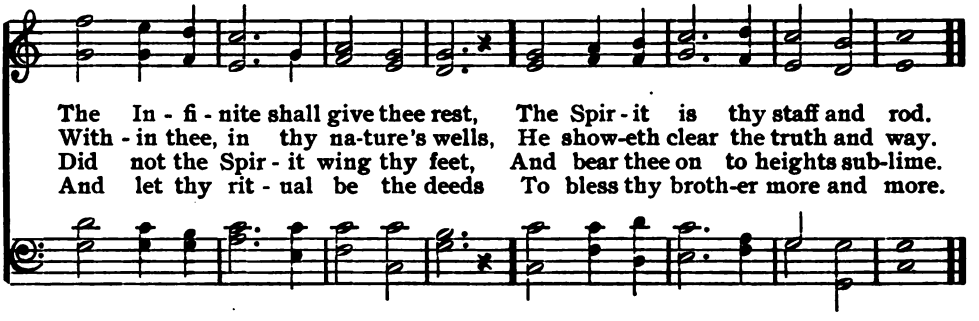
—*Eliza Scudder.*

74 New Year. L. M.

J. C. L. E. H. B.

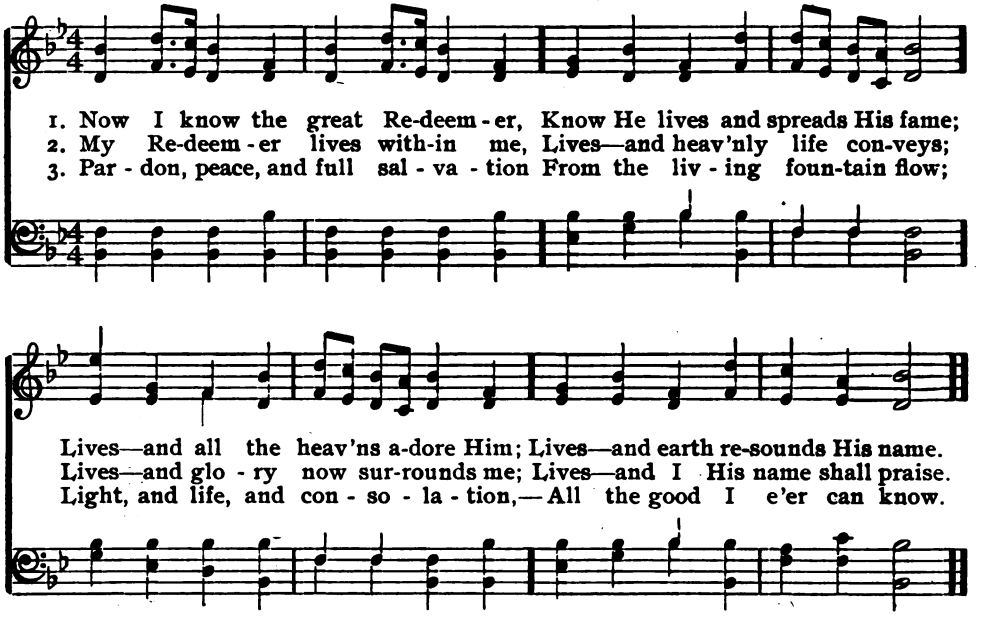


New Year.



75 Wilmot.

RICHARD BURNHAM. 8, 7. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



76 With You Always.

1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus our loving Father whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam

—*Edwin H. Nevin.*

77 Worship. L. M.

ELLEN C. LYON. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. The God of moun-tain, hill and plain, The God of o - cean, lake and sky,
2. He is the God who rules the earth, And ev - 'ry-thing that dwells therein;
3. Think not of Him in realms a - bove, Think not of Him on sceptered throne,
4. To prove you wor - thy of that love, Do ye His will for - ev - er - more;

The God of sun - shine and of rain, The God of low - ly and of high;
Oh, praise His name, great U - ni - verse! Let heav'n and earth give praise to Him.
But know that He, thro' wondrous love, His life in hum - blest thing hath sown.
Thro' what-so - ev - er paths ye rove, His blessed life for - e'er a - dore.

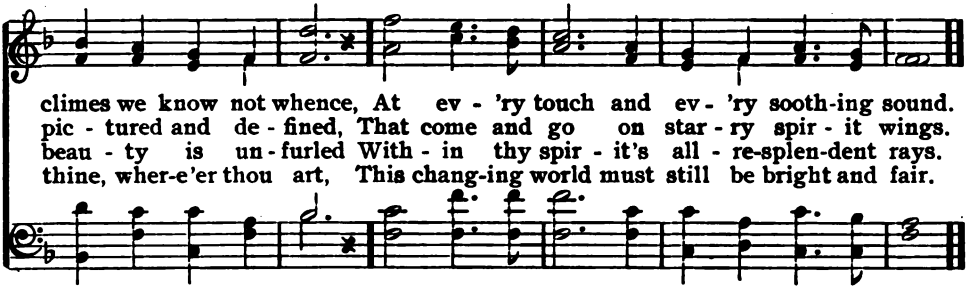
78 Eclipse.

Unknown. 10.

1. Call it not dark! the in - ner spir - it sense Sees ho - ly
2. Thou hast, with - in thy con - tem - pla - tive mind, The bright-est
3. Call it not dark! 't is rich, this tran - sient world, Tho' shroud- ed
4. The light of wis - dom is with - in thy heart, And love se-

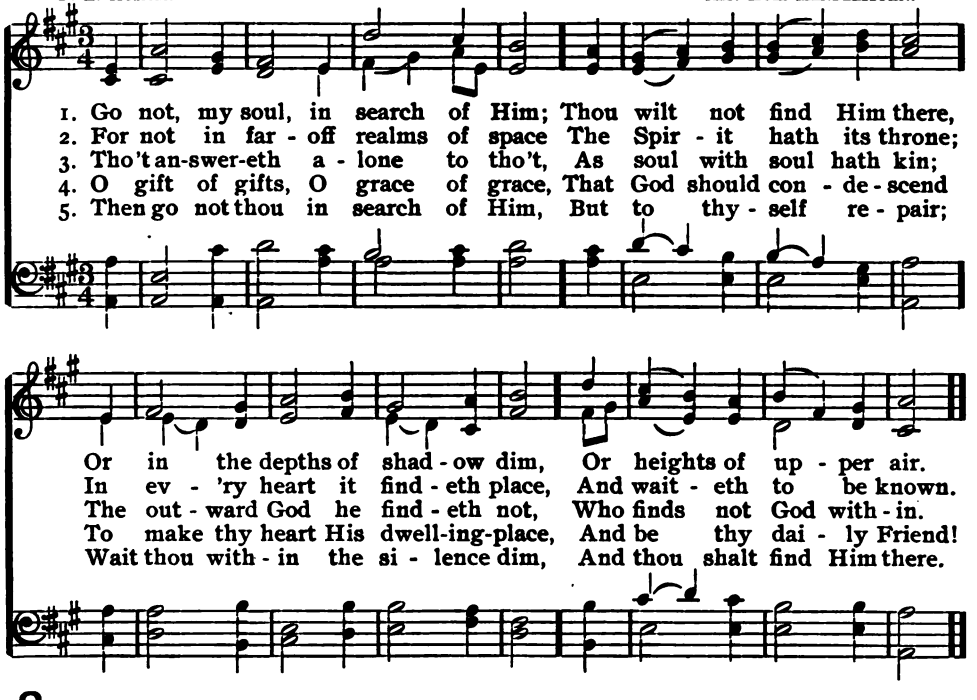
light and beau - ty all a - round; They come to us from
glimps - es of all glo-rious things; Con - cep - tions clear - ly
from thy ev - er - long - ing gaze; The flag of truth - ful
rene is glow - ing bright-ly there; While these are ev - er

Eclipse.



79 Evangelist. C. M.

F. L. Hosmer. Arr. from Mendelssohn.



80 The Celestial Sabbath.

1 As day by day the selfhood dies,
And earthly thoughts remove,
A nobler life the Lord supplies,
A spirit all of love.

2 So when the artist from his clay
Removes the earthly mold,
The form whose dust is blown away
Receives the living gold.

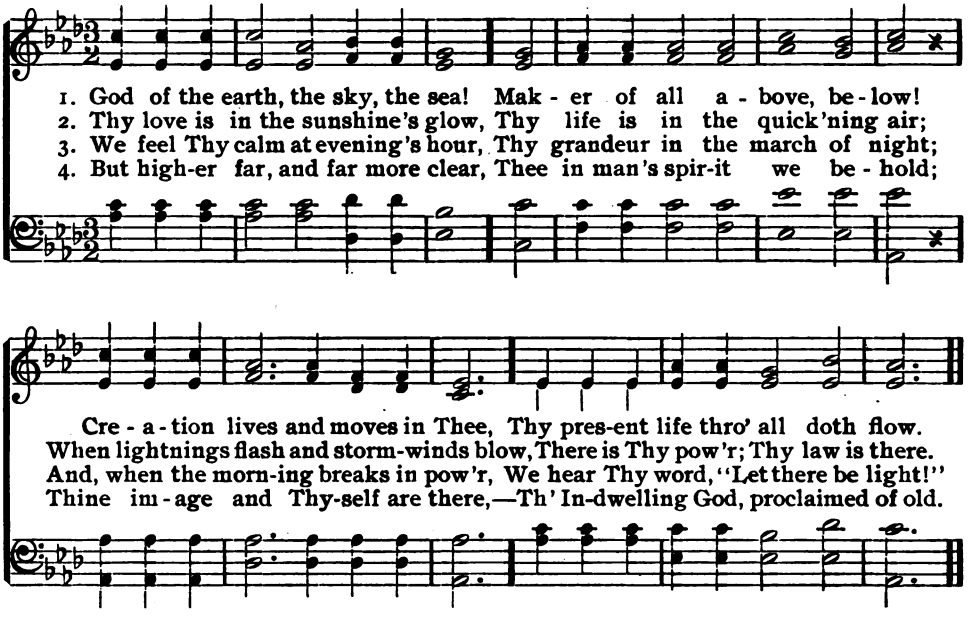
3 What joys the glorious hour attend
When Christ is formed within:
This is Regeneration's end;
The vanishing of sin.

4 Then all our inward woes are o'er,
The days of combat cease;
And we enjoy forevermore
The Sabbath-rest of peace.

—*Thomas L. Harris.*

81 Missionary Chant. L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER.

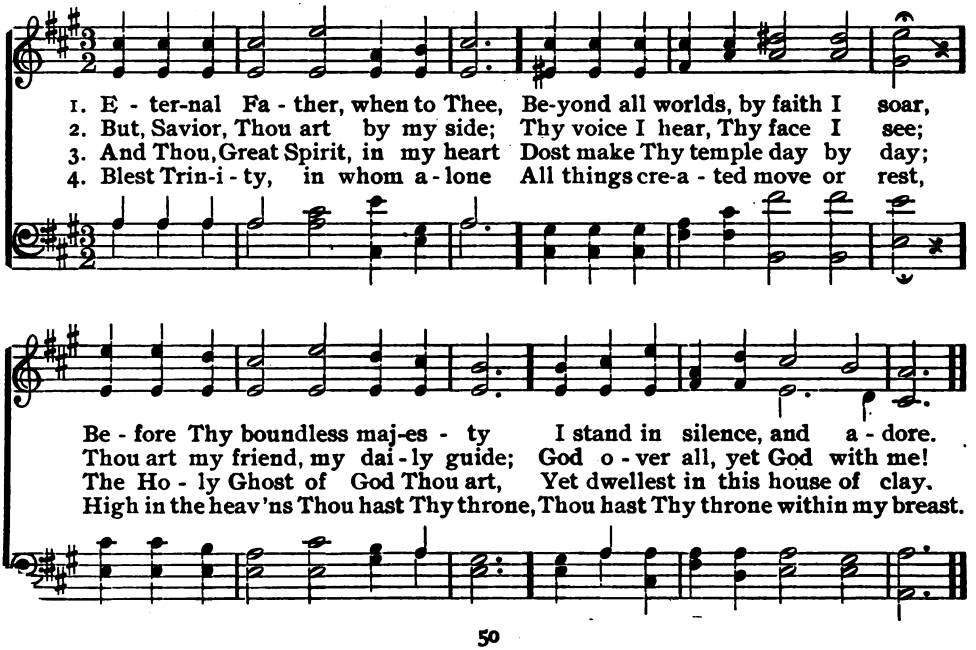


1. God of the earth, the sky, the sea! Mak - er of all a - bove, be - low!
2. Thy love is in the sunshine's glow, Thy life is in the quick'ning air;
3. We feel Thy calm at evening's hour, Thy grandeur in the march of night;
4. But high-er far, and far more clear, Thee in man's spir-it we be - hold;

Cre - a - tion lives and moves in Thee, Thy pres-ent life thro' all doth flow.
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow, There is Thy pow'r; Thy law is there.
And, when the morn-ing breaks in pow'r, We hear Thy word, "Let there be light!"
Thine im - age and Thy-self are there,—Th' In-dwelling God, proclaimed of old.

82 Harmony Grove. L. M.

HERVEY D. GANSE. HENRY K. OLIVER.

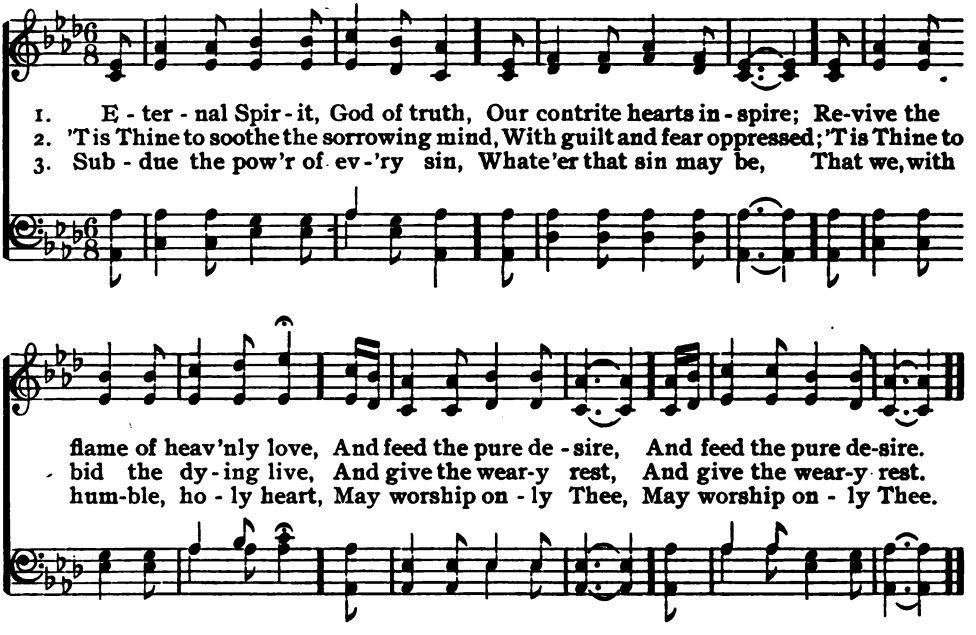


1. E - ter-nal Fa - ther, when to Thee, Be-yond all worlds, by faith I soar,
2. But, Savior, Thou art by my side; Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see;
3. And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart Dost make Thy temple day by day;
4. Blest Trin-i - ty, in whom a - lone All things cre-a - ted move or rest,

Be - fore Thy boundless maj-es - ty I stand in silence, and a - dore.
Thou art my friend, my dai - ly guide; God o - ver all, yet God with me!
The Ho - ly Ghost of God Thou art, Yet dwellest in this house of clay.
High in the heav'ns Thou hast Thy throne, Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

83 Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS COTTERILL. THOMAS HASTINGS.



84 Psalm 134.

1 Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
Oh, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

—*Philip Doddridge.*

85 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

86 Melrose.

Unknown. 8. 7. Unknown.

1. Ho - ly Source of con - so - la - tion, Light and life Thy grace im - parts;
2. Dwell with-in us, bless - ed Spir - it; Where Thou art no ill can come;

Vis - it us in Thy com - pas - sion, Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.
With Thy love di - vine now bless us; Reign in ev - 'ry heart and home.

Heav'nly bless - ings, with-out meas - ure, Thou canst bring us from a - bove;
Fa - ther, lead us to a - dore Thee, While Thou dost pro-long our days;

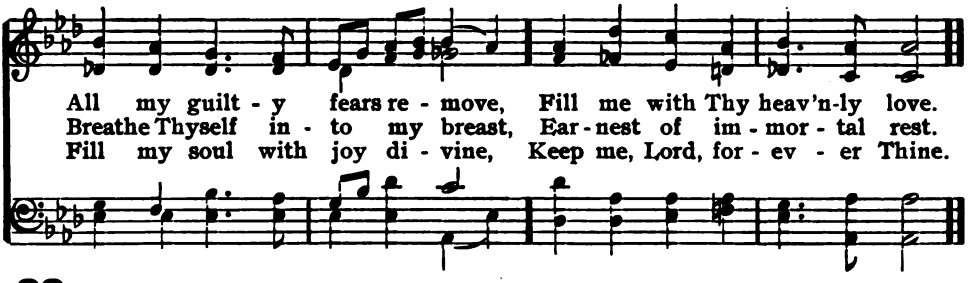
Lord, we ask that heav'nly treas - ure, Wis - dom, ho - li - ness, and love.
Then, with an - gel hosts be - fore Thee, May we wor - ship, love, and praise.

87 Paraclete.

JOHN STOCKER. 7. BERTHOLD TOURS.

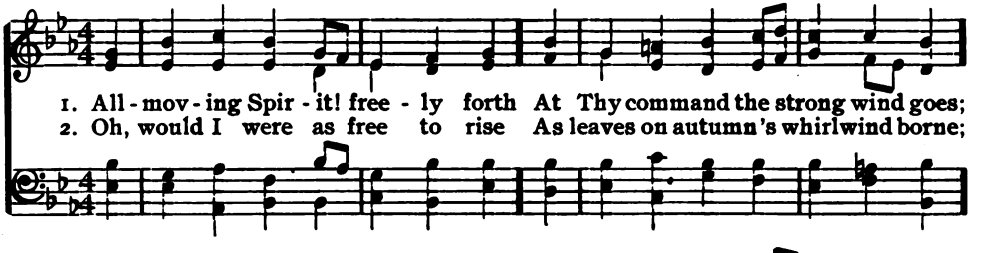
1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love Di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
3. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

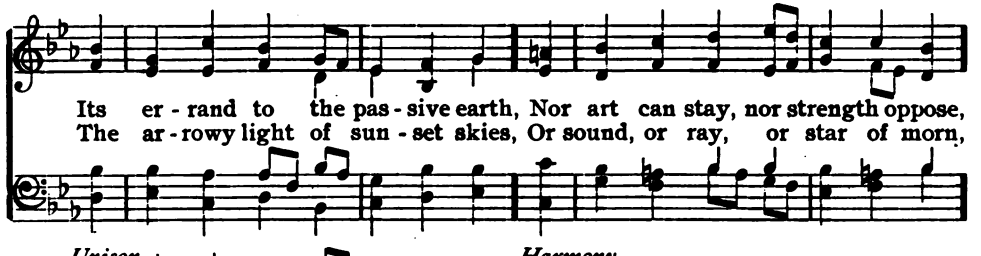
Paraclete.

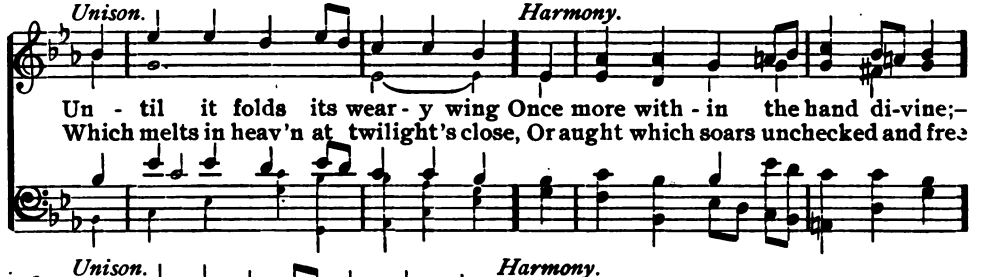


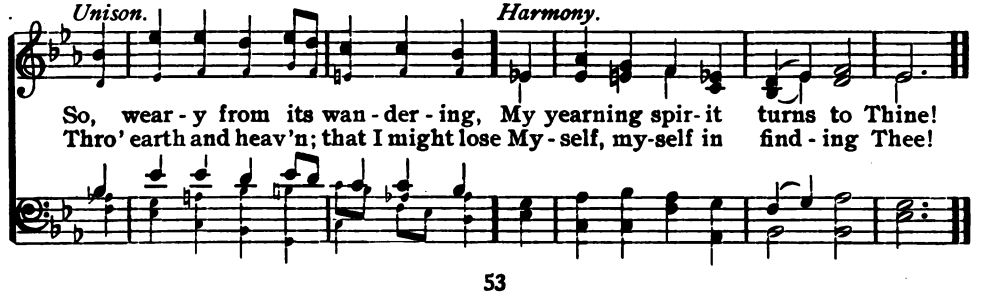
88 Jordan. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, arr. J. BARNBY.



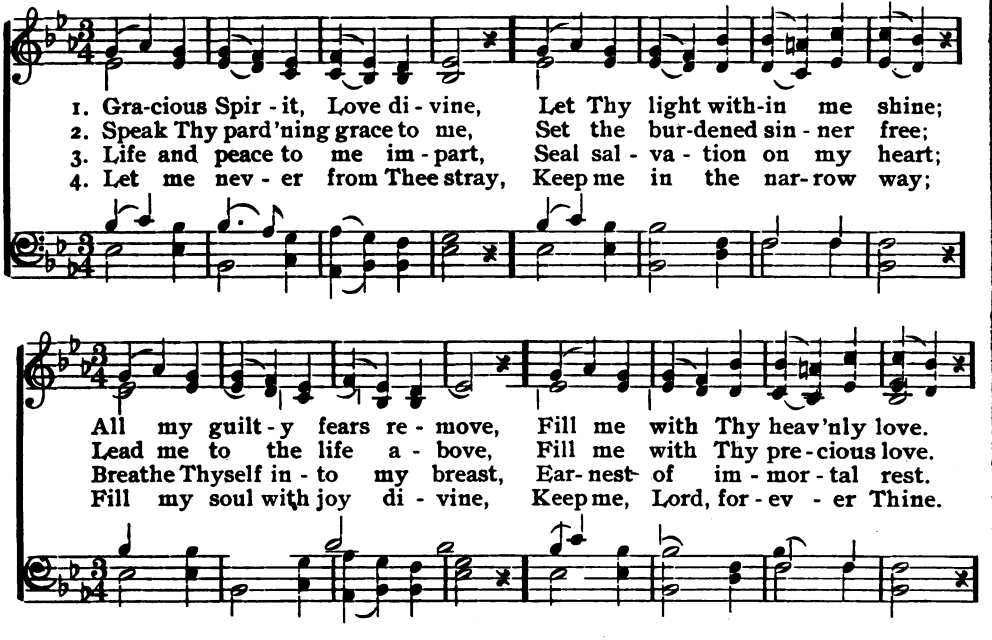






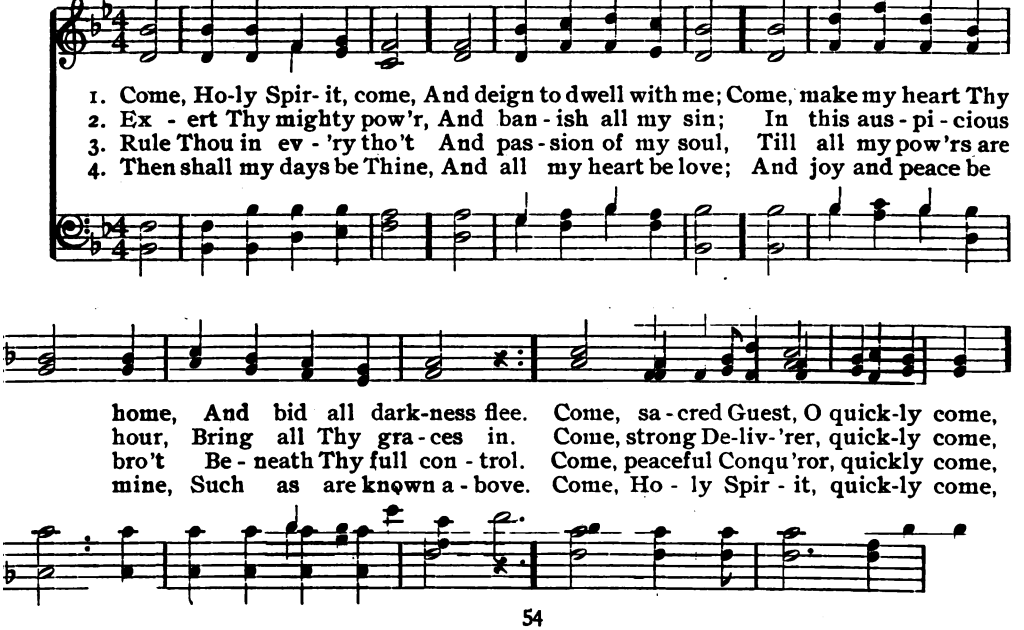
89 Elyria

JOHN STOCKER. 7. MARIA L. CHERUBINI.

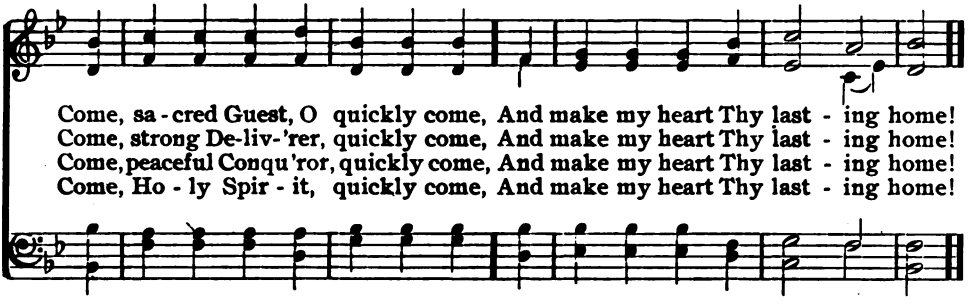


90 Lenox. L. M.

ANDREW REED. LEWIS EDSON.

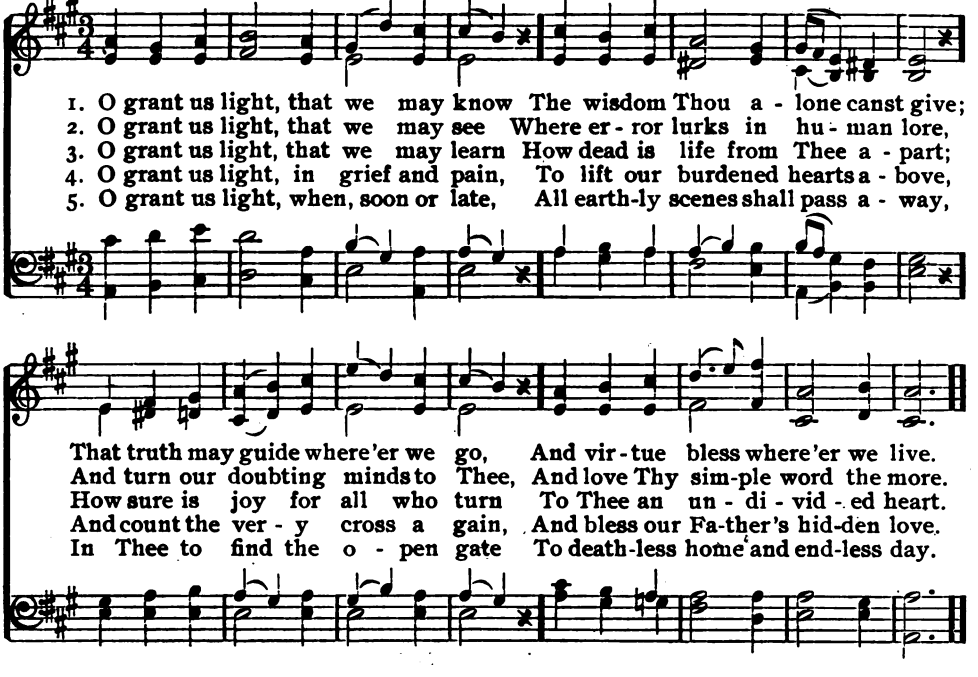


Lenox.



91 Otterbourne. L. M.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT. HAYDN. ARR. by J. TURLE.



92 The Life of Life.

1 Life of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! Thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night

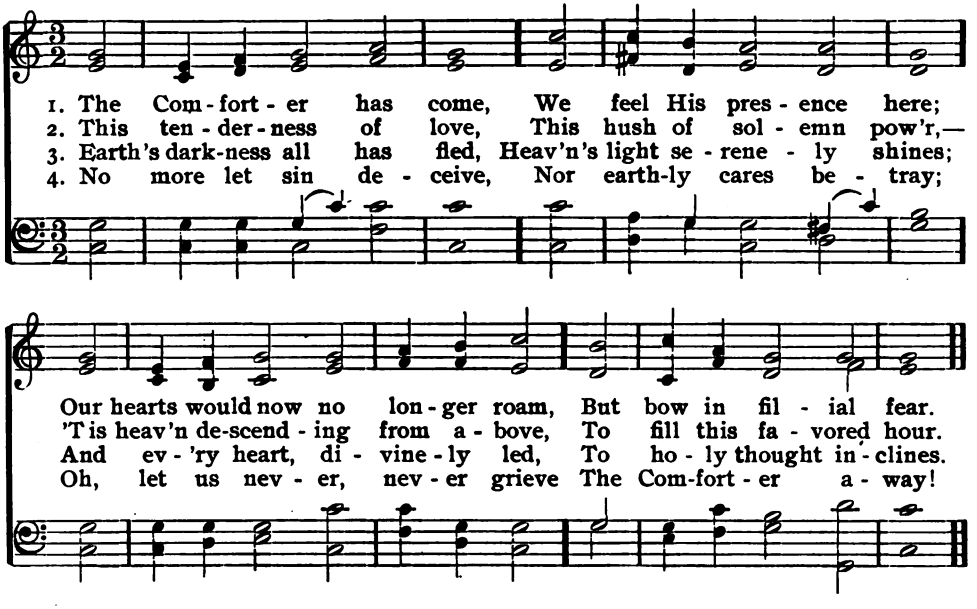
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Assist us, then, to act, to be
What nature and Thy laws decree,
Worthy Thy intellectual flame,
Which from Thy breathing spirit came.

—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

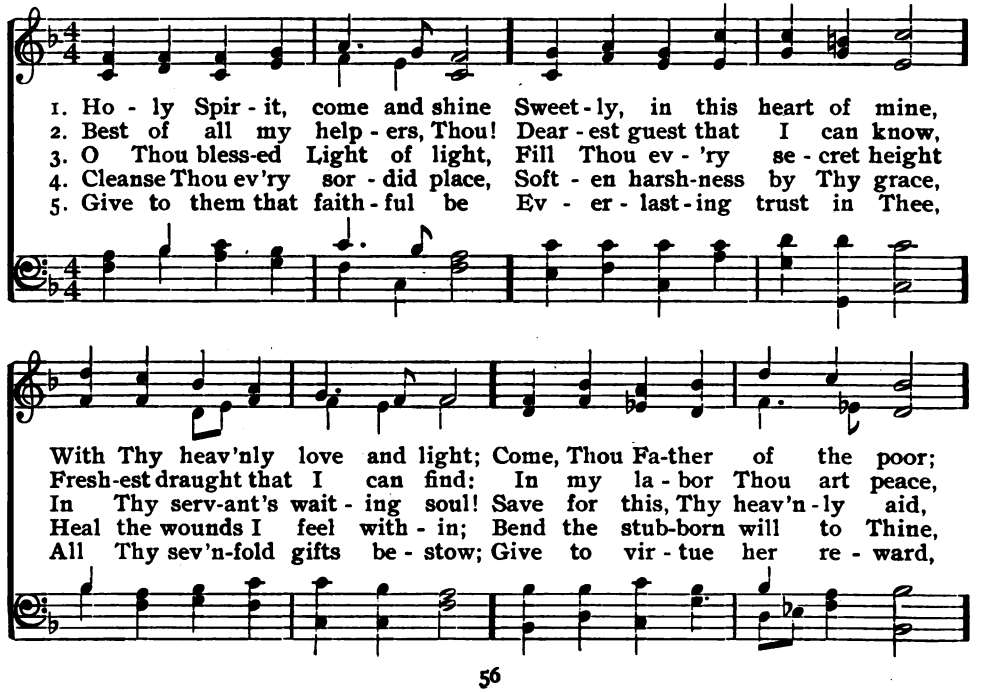
93 Boylston. S. M.

Anon. LOWELL MASON.

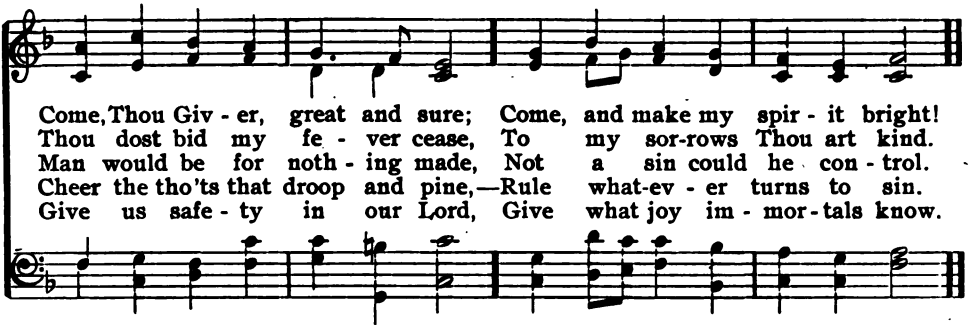


94 Light.

S. W. DUFFIELD, tr. 7. ARR. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

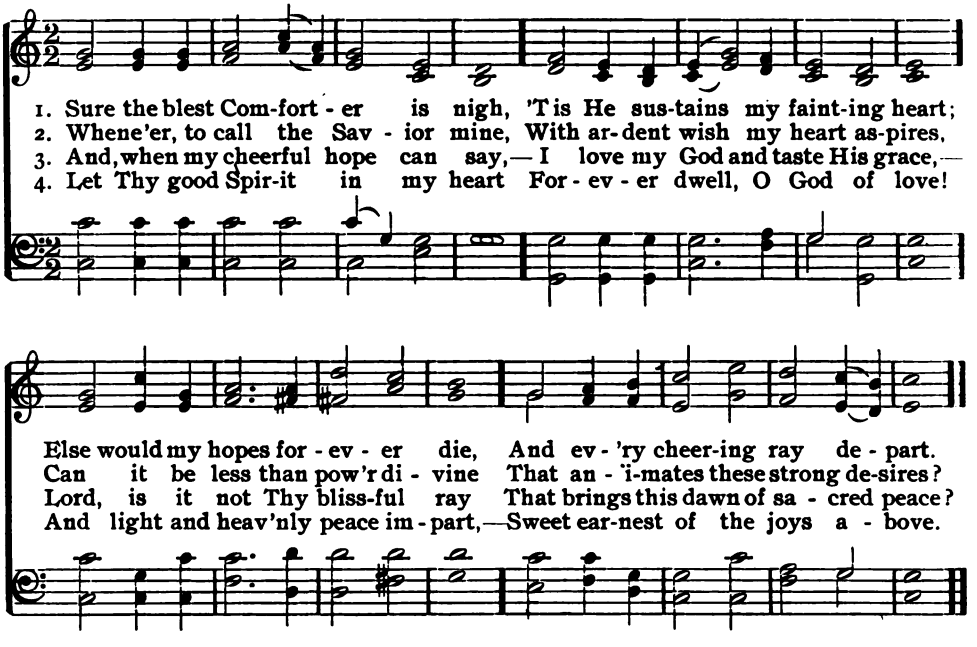


Light.



95 Zephyr. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



96 Come, O Creator Spirit Blest.

1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above.

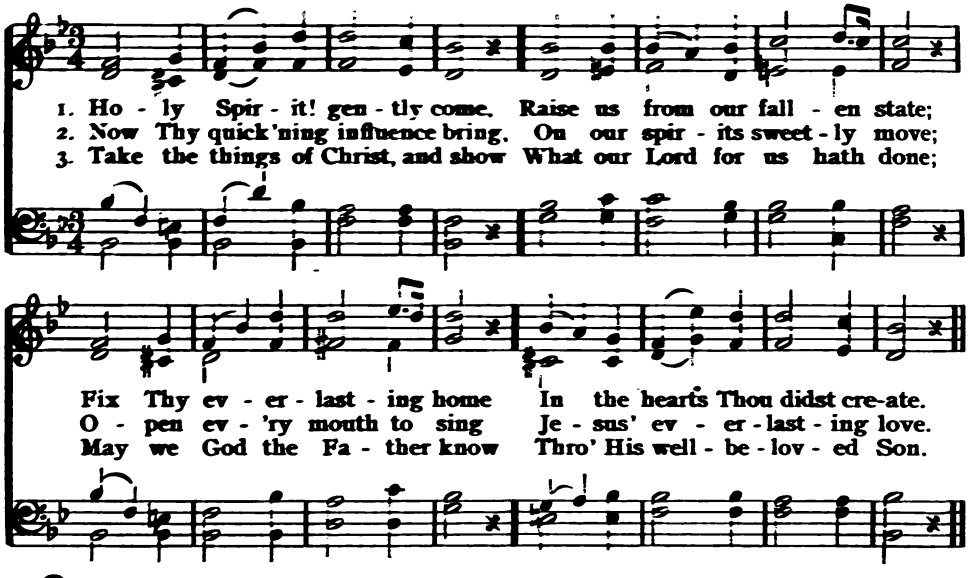
3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

—*Edward Caswall.*

97 Last Hope.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 7. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



98 Lord of Light.

1 Holy Spirit, Lord of light,
From Thy clear celestial height,
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.

5 Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.

6 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with Thee on high;
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

—*E. Caswall, tr.*

99 Light Divine.

1 Holy Spirit, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Cleanse my soul in Thy pure fire.

4 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

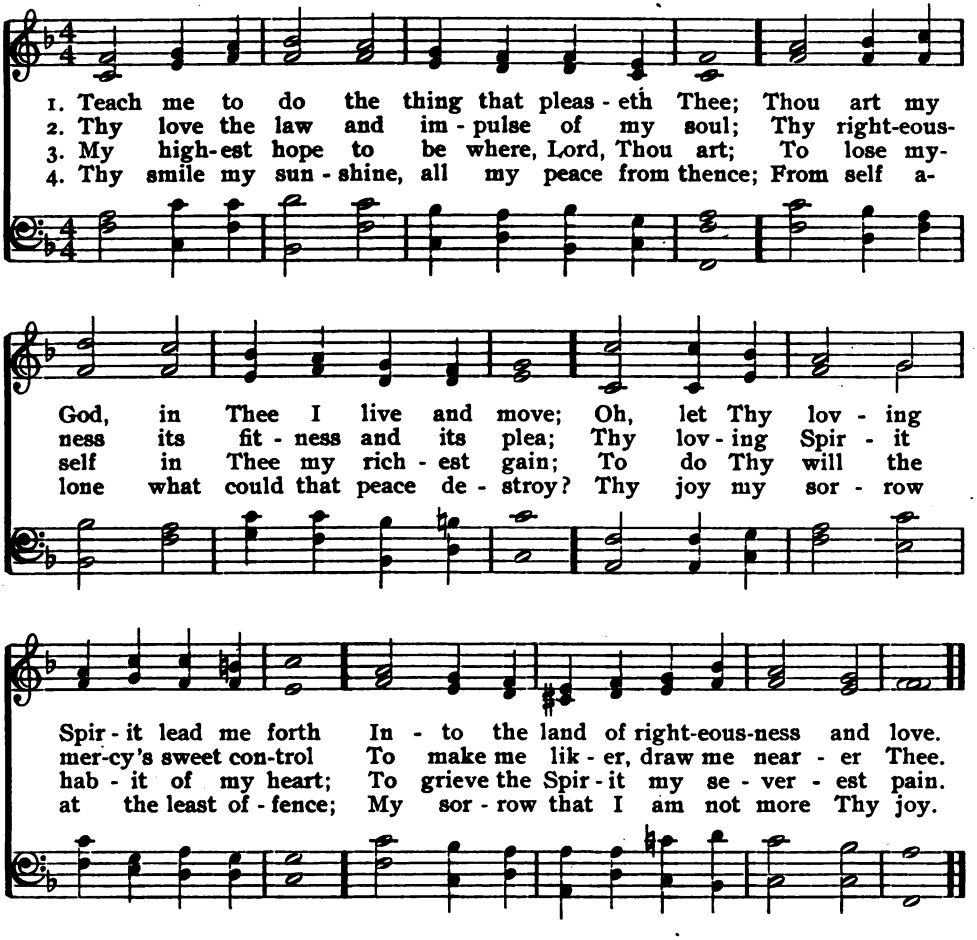
5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still;
With Thy peace my spirit fill.

6 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

—*Andrew Reed.*

100 Toulon.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL. 10. C. GOUDIMEL.



101 The Fulness of Grace.

1 O Holy Spirit! now descend on me
As showers of rain upon the thirsty ground;
Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree;
May all Thy precious fruits in me be found.

2 Be Thou my guide into all truth divine;
Give me increasing knowledge of my God;
Show me Thy glories that resplendent shine,
And make my heart the place of Thy abode.

3 Blest Spirit! I would yield myself to Thee,
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me Thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from Thy fulness drink.

—Christina Forsyth.

102 Horton.

RICHARD MANT. 7. XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, in my breast Grant that live - ly faith may rest,
2. Faith, and hope, and char - i - ty, Com - fort - er, de-scend from Thee;
3. Till our faith be lost in sight, Hope be swallowed in de - light,

And sub-due each reb - el thought To be - lieve what Thou hast taught.
Thou th' a-noint-ing Spir - it art; These Thy gifts to us im - part;—
Love re - turn to dwell with Thee, In the three-fold De - i - ty!

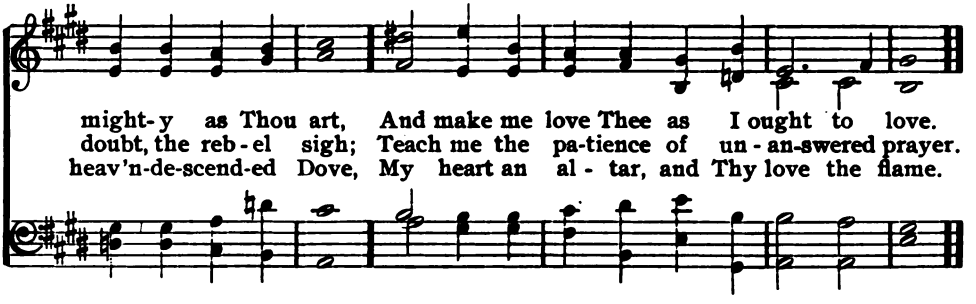
103 Longwood.

GEORGE CROLY. 10. J. BARNBY.

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
3. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly

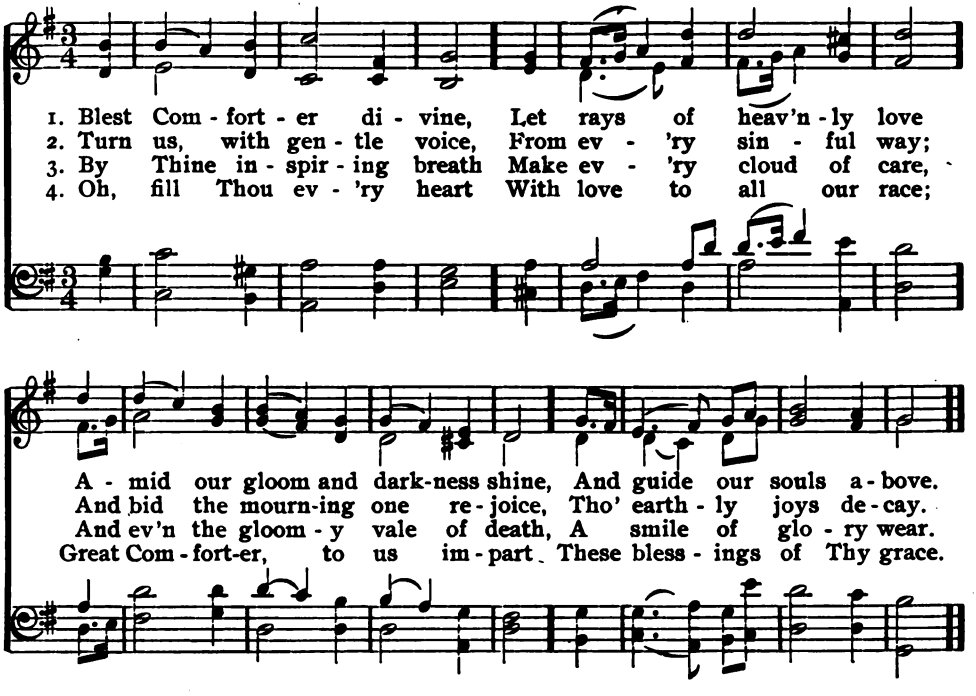
earth, thro' all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
strug - gles of the soul to bear; To check the ris - ing
pas - sion fill - ing all my frame; The bap-tism of the

Longwood.



104 Amantus. S. M.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.



105 May We be Sanctified.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

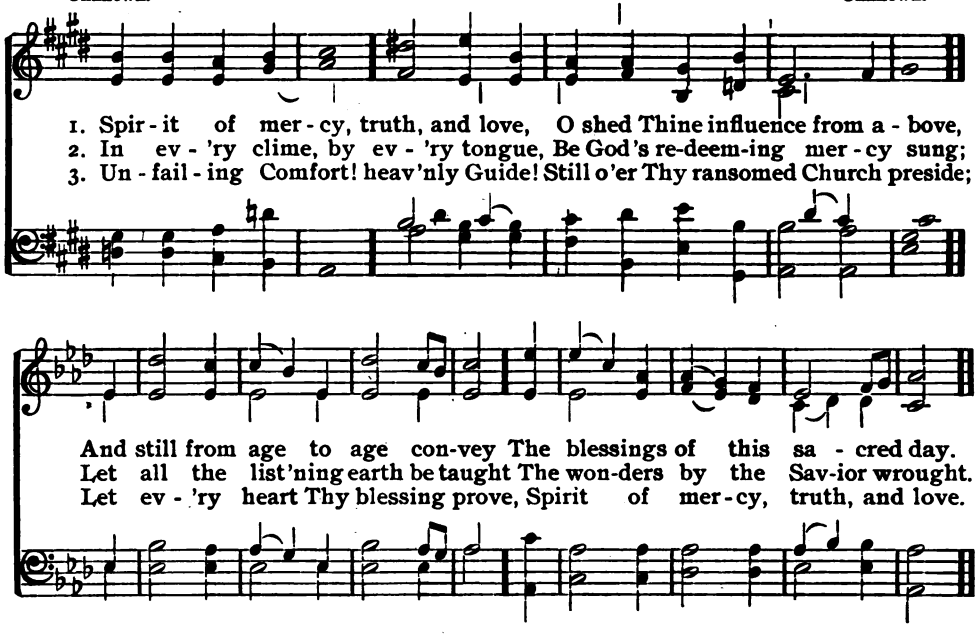
3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

—*James Montgomery.*

106 Howland. L. M.

Unknown. Unknown.



107 Source of Light.

1 Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heav'nly way;
The work unfold, unloose the seals.

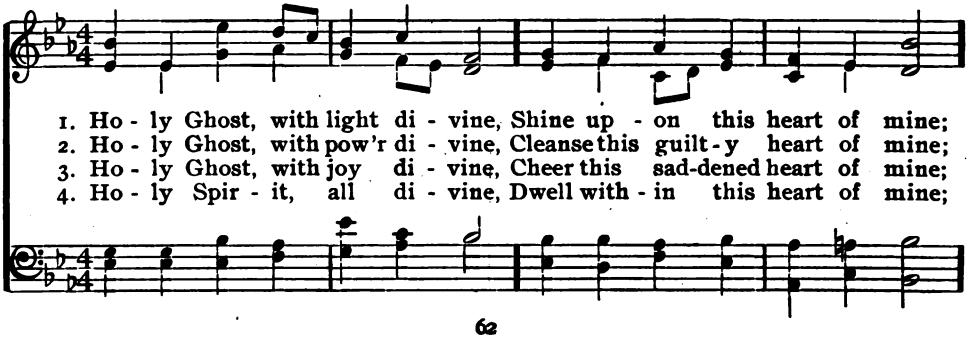
3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While thro' these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

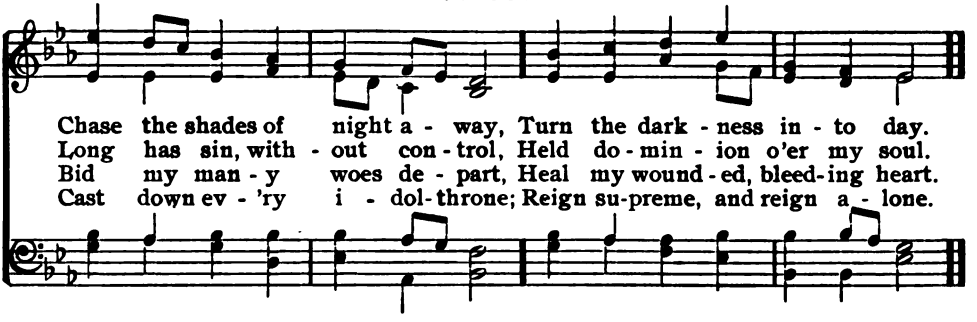
—*Benjamin Beddome.*

108 Theodora.

ANDREW REED. 7. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

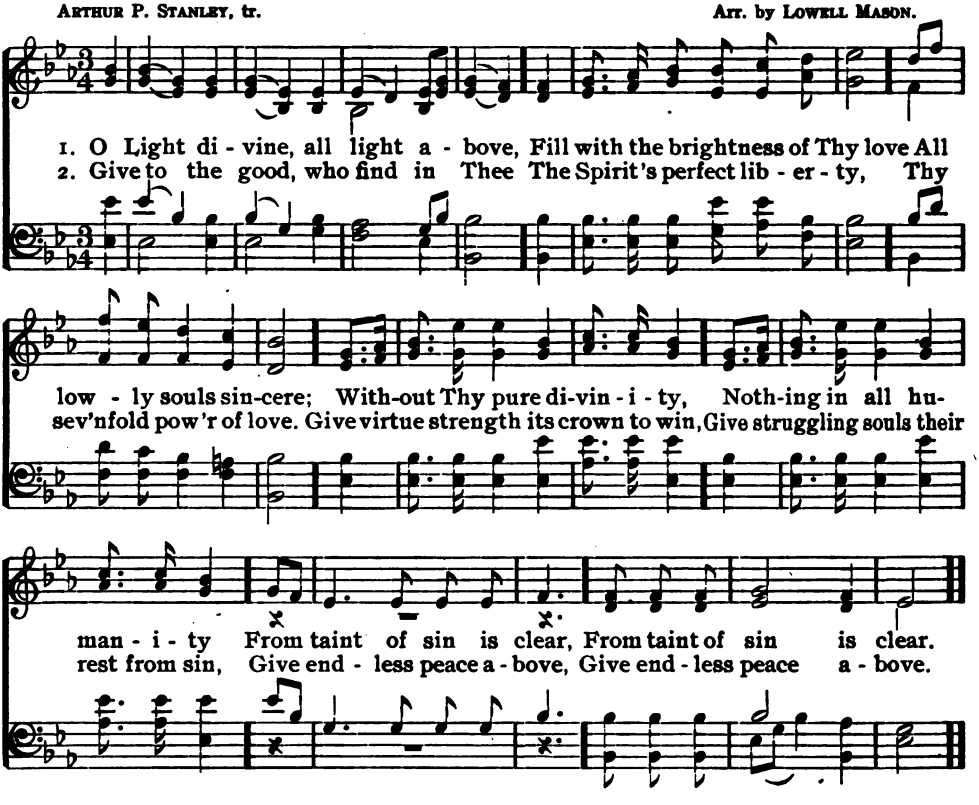


Theodora.



109 Ariel. C. P. M.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY, tr. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.

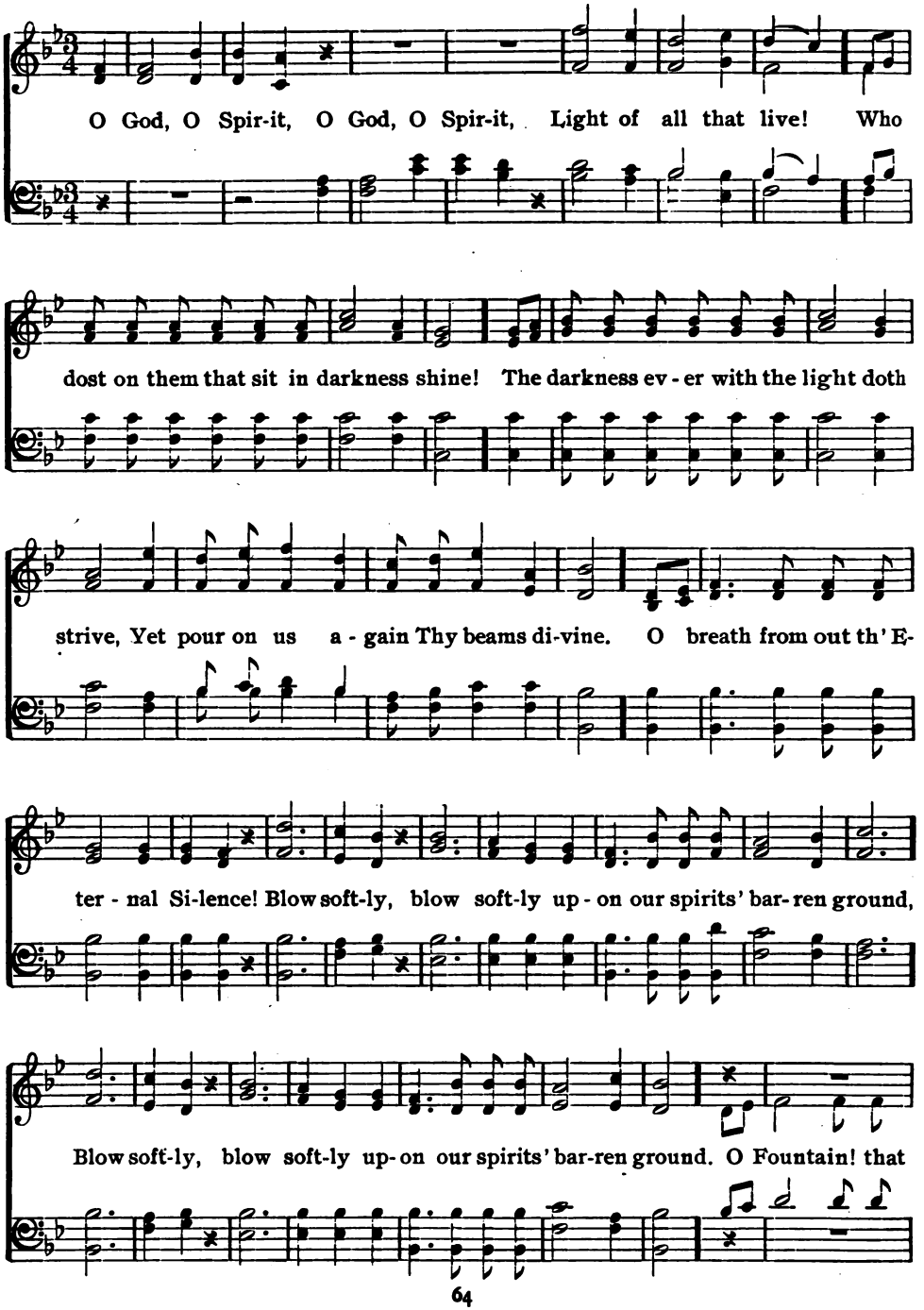


110 The Solace in All Woes.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes!

III God is Spirit.



God is Spirit.

dost un-ex-haust-ed flow, To quench the thirst that seeks Thy wa-ters clear,

O God, O Spir-it, Life of life! Flow now in-to the qui-et

hearts which seek Thee here, Flow now in-to the qui-et hearts which seek Thee here.

112 St. Agnes. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. B. DYKES.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
2. See how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our life-less songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav-i-ly they go To reach e-ter-nal joys.
Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies.
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-ior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

113 Shepherd.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 11, 8. ARR. from J. BARNBY.

1. O Thou, in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-
2. O why should I wan-der an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the
3. He looks! and ten thou-sands of an-gels re-joice, And myr-i-ads

flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day, and my song in the night,
des-ert for bread? Thy foes will re-joice when my sor-rows they see,
wait for His word; He speaks! and e-ter-ni-ty, filled with His voice,

My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all! Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, re-
And smile at the tears I have shed. Love sits in Thine eye-lids, and
Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord. Dear Shep-herd! I hear, and will

sort with Thy sheep, To feed in the pas-ture of love? Say, why in the
scat-ters de-light Thro' all the bright mansions on high! Their fa-ces the
fol-low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice; Re-store and de-

val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wil-der-ness rove? . .
cher-u-bim veil in Thy sight, And tremble with ful-ness of joy. . . .
fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev-er re-joice. . .

114 Nicæa.

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

115 The Eternal One.

1 Bring, O morn, thy music! Bring, O night, thy hushes!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

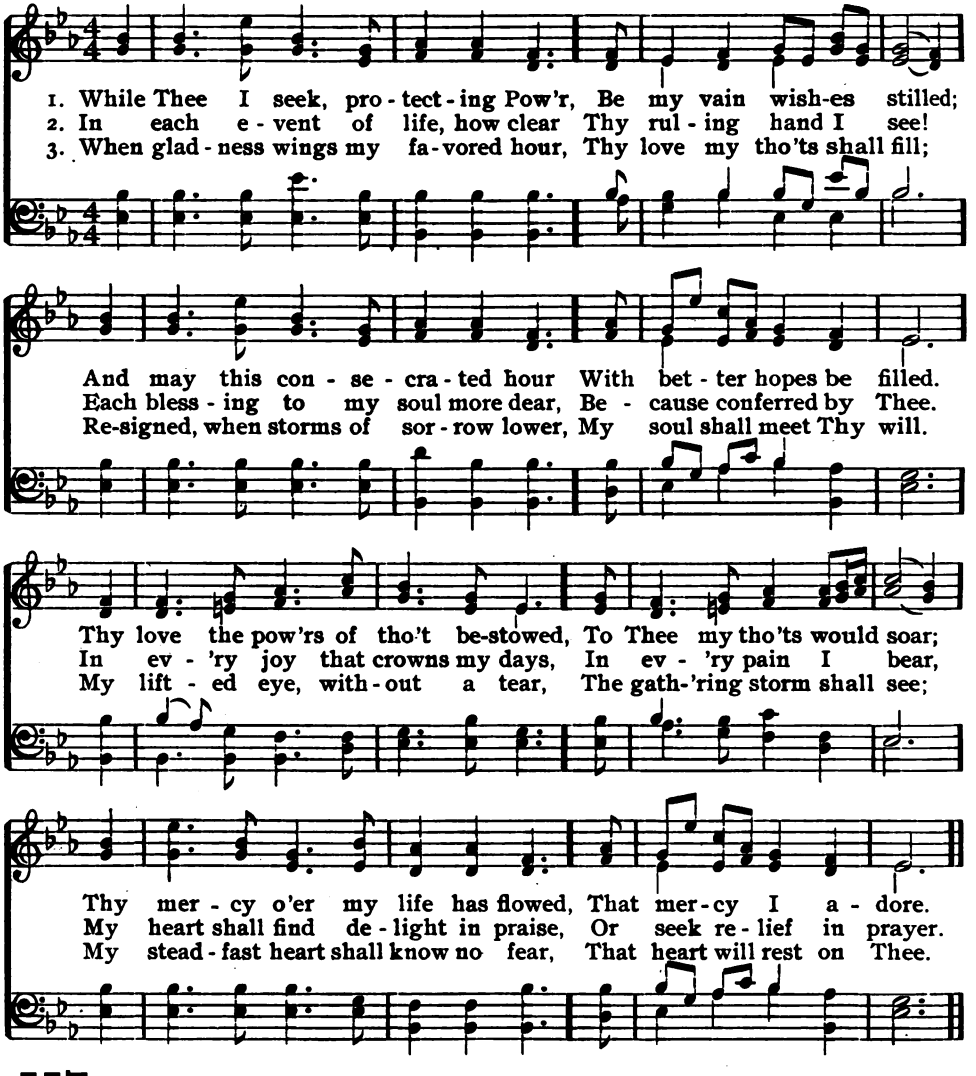
2 Life and death, Thy creatures, praise Thee, mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast, and bird, and tree;
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at Thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

3 Life nor death can part us, O Thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

—William C. Gannett.

116 Brattle Street. C. M.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS. IGNACE PLEYEL. ARR. by NAHUM MITCHELL.



117 Providence.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

—*Joseph Addison.*

118

Faben.

RICHARD MANT. 8, 7. JOHN H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful-ness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es, Breth-ren, let our tongues u - nite,
3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful-ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho'ts His greatness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite:
Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with anthems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an-gels' cry,
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
Thus Thy glorious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt the an-gels' cry,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord Most High.
Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God Most High.

119

Grace.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

—*Francis S. Key.*

120 Be Joyful in God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 11, 8. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh, serve Him with gladness and
2. Oh, en - ter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His tem - ple pro-

fear; Ex - ult in His pres - ence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de-
claim; His praise in me - lo - dious ac - cord - ance pro-long, And bless His a-

vo - tion draw near: Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre-
dor - a - ble name: For good is the Lord, in - ex-press - i - bly good, And

a - tor and Rul - er o'er all; And we are His peo - ple, His scep - tre we own;
we are the work of His hand; His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood,

His sheep, and we follow His call; We fol - low His call, we fol - low His call.
And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand; To e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e-ter - ni - ty stand.

121 Lyons.

TATE & BRADY. 10, 11. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. O praise ye the Lord! pre - pare your glad voice His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing; In their great Cre - a - tor let all men re - joice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.
2. Let them His great name de - vout - ly a - dore; In loud-swell-ing strains His prais-es ex - press, Who gra - cious - ly o - pens His boun-ti - ful store, Their wants to re - lieve, and His children to bless.
3. With glo - ry a - dorned, His peo - ple shall sing To God, who de- fence and plen - ty sup - plies; Their loud ac - cla - ma - tions to Him their great King, Thro' earth shall be sound-ed, and reach to the skies.

122 O Worship the King.

1 O worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

—*Sir Robert Grant.*

123 Blairgowrie.

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN. 7, 6. J. B. DYKES.

1. To Thee, O God, we of - fer Our joy - ful songs of praise,
2. O give us need - ful cour - age To bold - ly face all sin!

To Thee the boun-teous Giv - er, And Guar - dian of our days!
Help us to spread the gos - pel, Till all are gath - ered in.

A - gain we meet to thank Thee, To raise our grate - ful prayer:
The faith we cher - ish deep - ly, May we with zeal im - part,

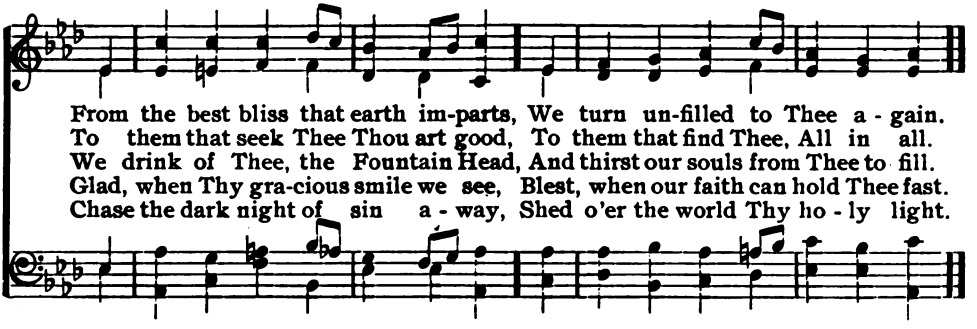
Our hearts are filled with glad - ness For Thy most ten - der care.
O plant its liv - ing pow - er In ev - 'ry beat - ing heart!

124 Canonbury. L. M.

RAY PALMER, tr. ARR. from SCHUMANN.

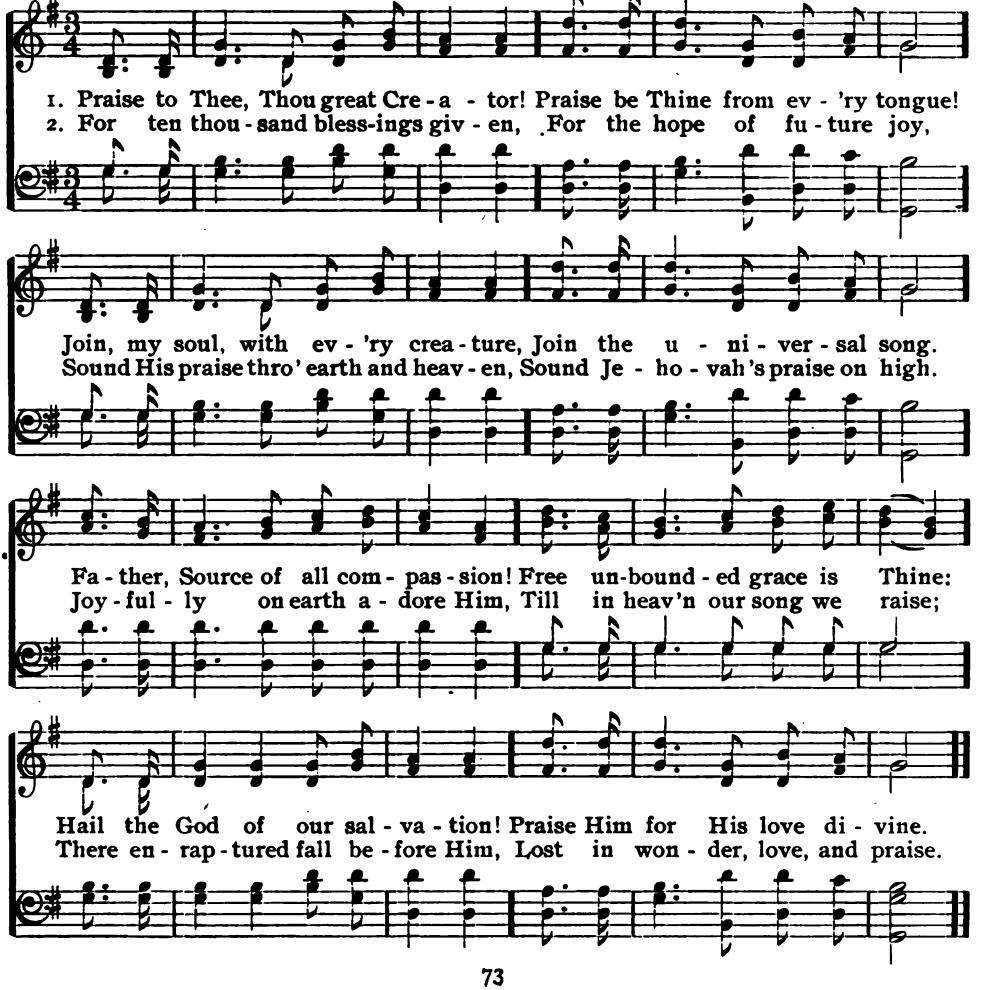
1. O con-stant Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev-er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou Liv-ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
4. Our rest- less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher-e'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our moments calm and bright;

Canonbury.



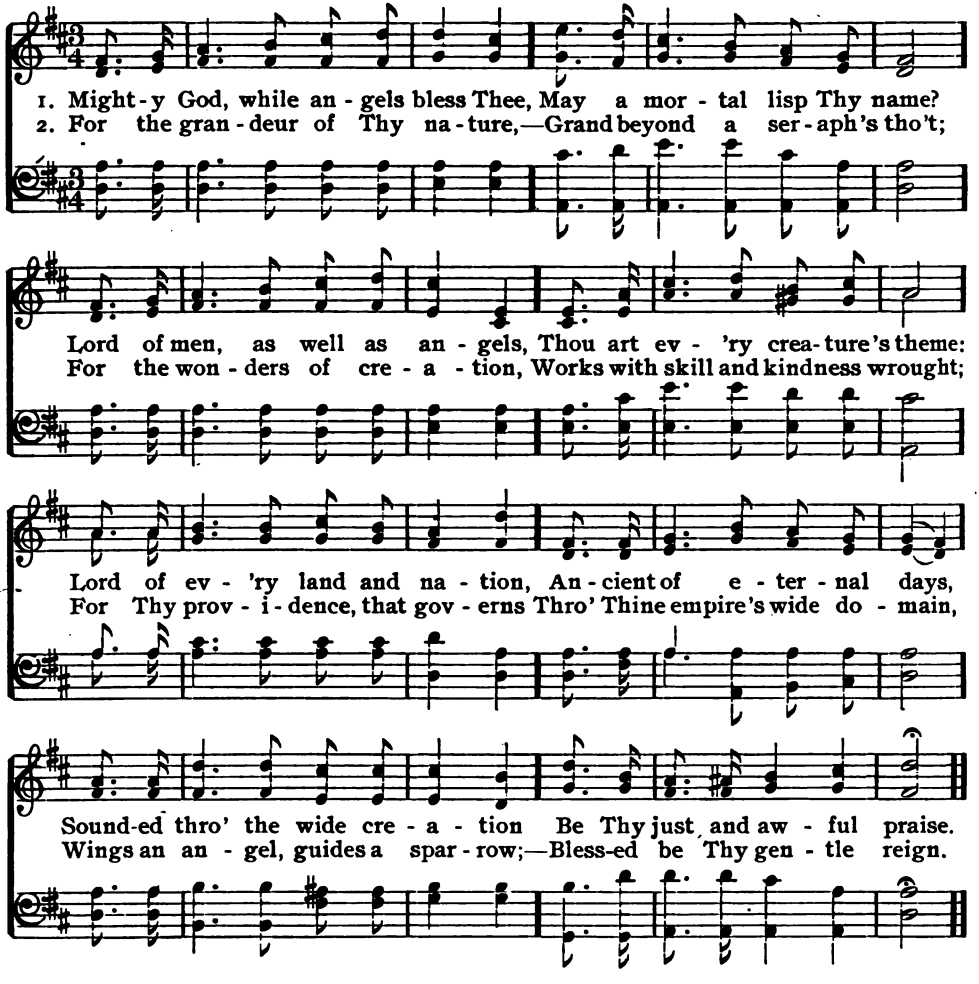
125 Farwell.

JOHN FAWCETT. 8, 7. LOWELL MASON.



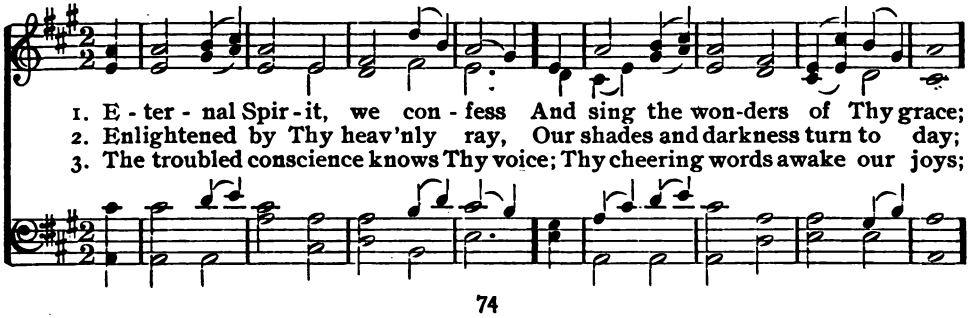
126 Jubilee.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 8, 7. CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

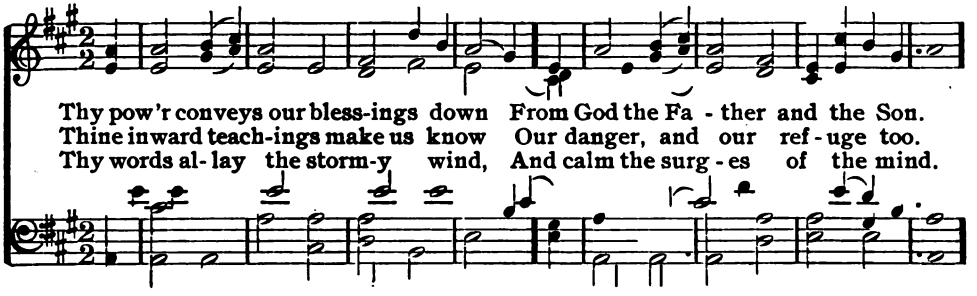


127 Wimborne. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN WHITAKER.

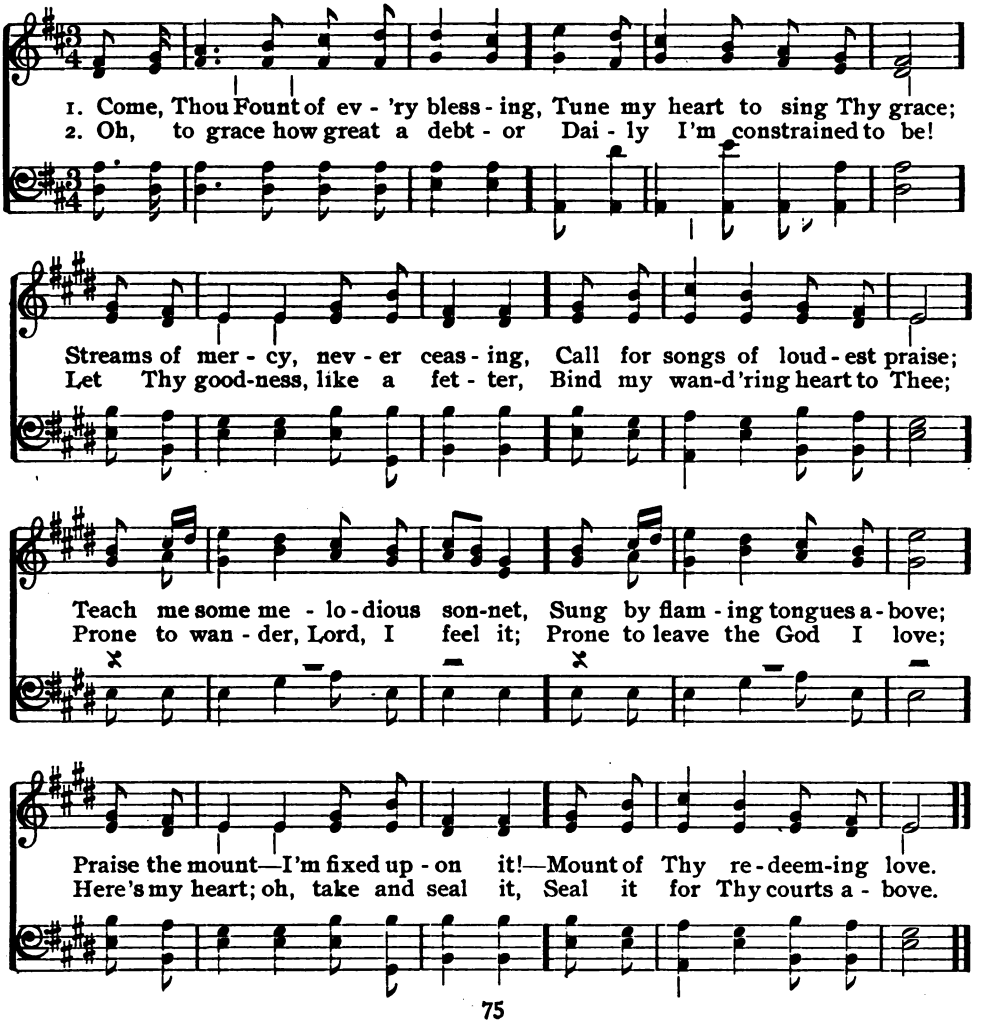


Wimborne.



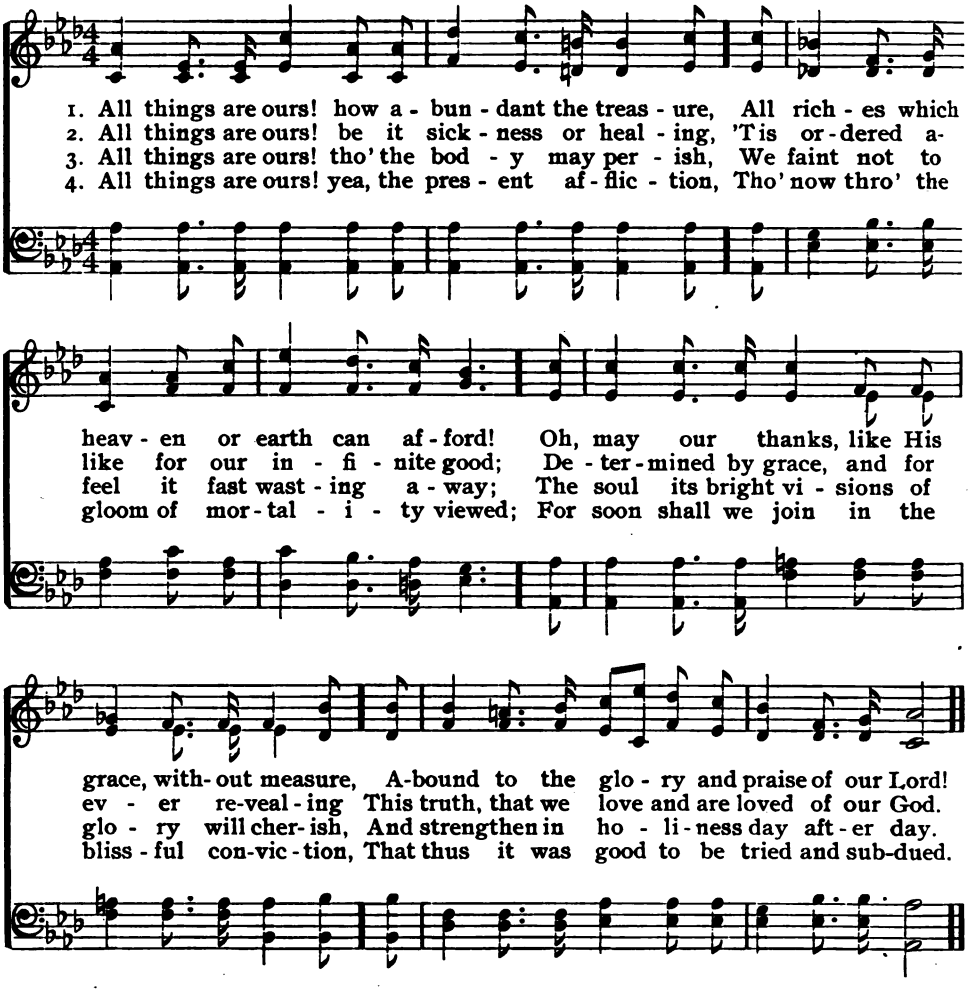
128 Nettleton.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 8, 7. ASAHEL NETTLETON.



129 Leila.

JAMES HOLME. 11, 12. ARR. from M. COSTA.



130 The Infinite God.

1 Holy and infinite! viewless! eternal!
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

2 Holy and infinite! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and powers, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

3 King of eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for Thy marvelous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

4 Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud?
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and infinite! Father and God!

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

131 Creation. L. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the won-drous tale,
3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball?

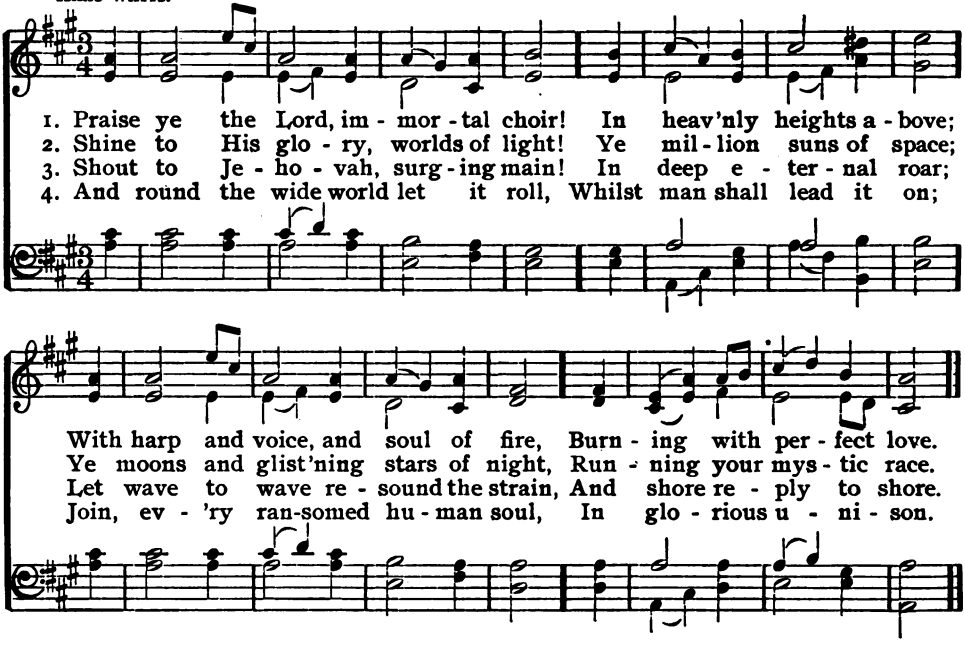
And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim:
And night-ly, to the list'ning earth, Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What tho' no re-al voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found?

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice,

And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For ev-er sing-ing as they shine,—"The hand that made us is di-vine."

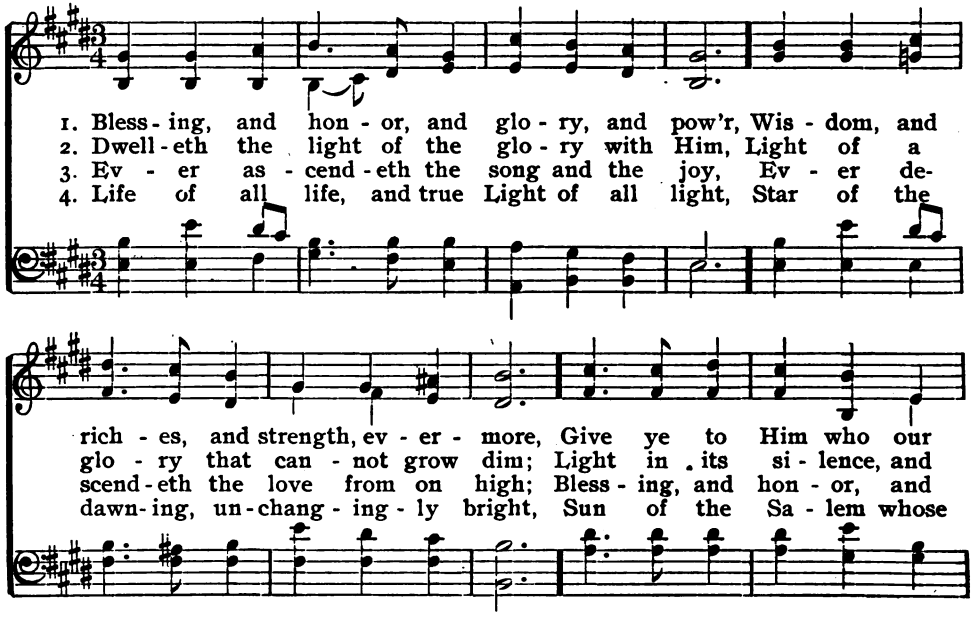
132 Oaksville. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

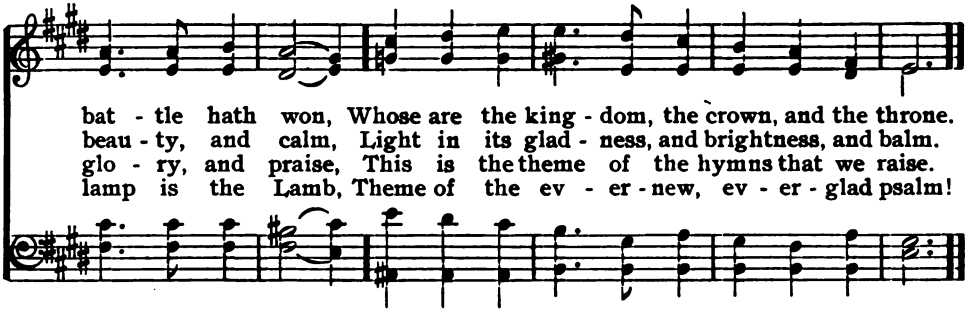


133 Thorne.

HORATIUS BONAR. 10. E. H. THORNE.

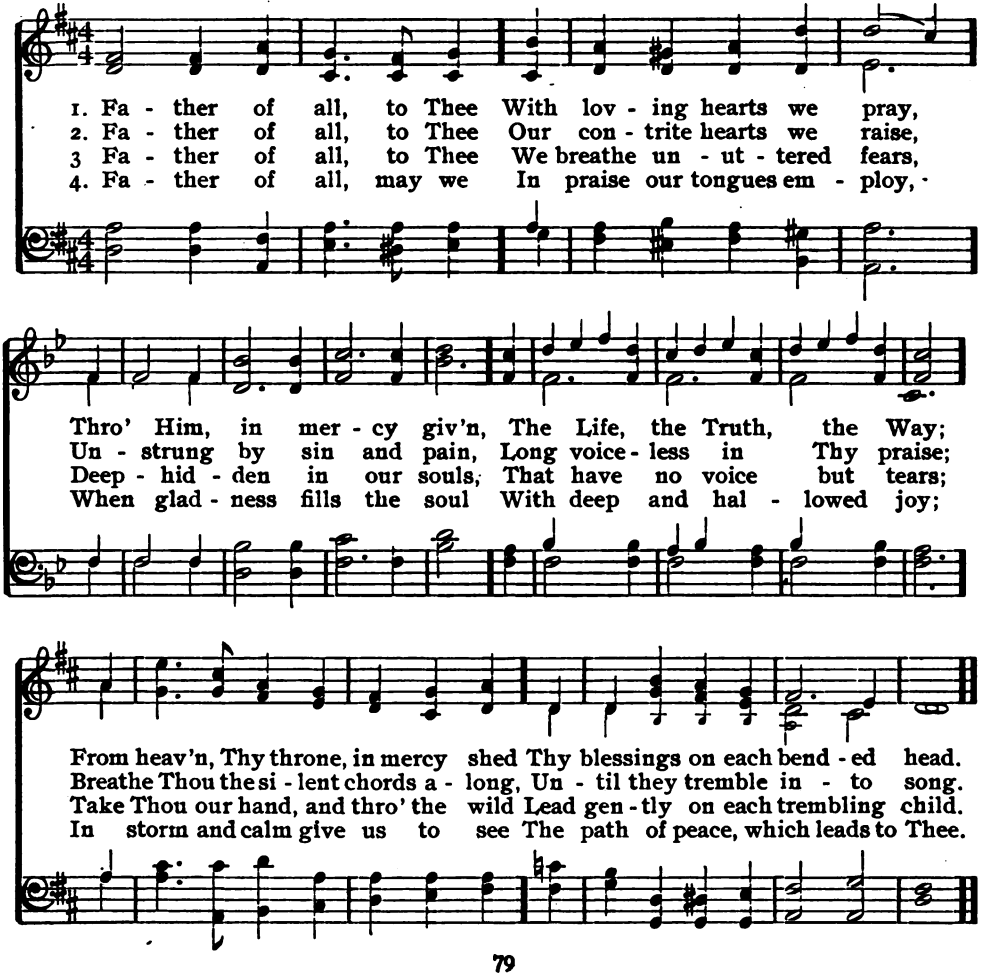


Thorne.



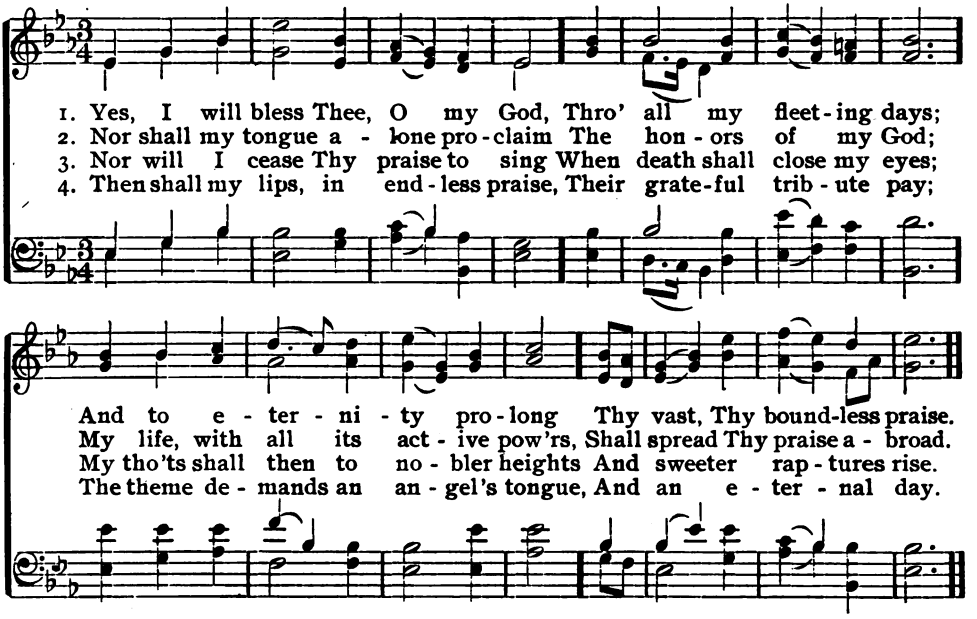
134 Samuel.

JOHN JULIAN. 6, 8. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



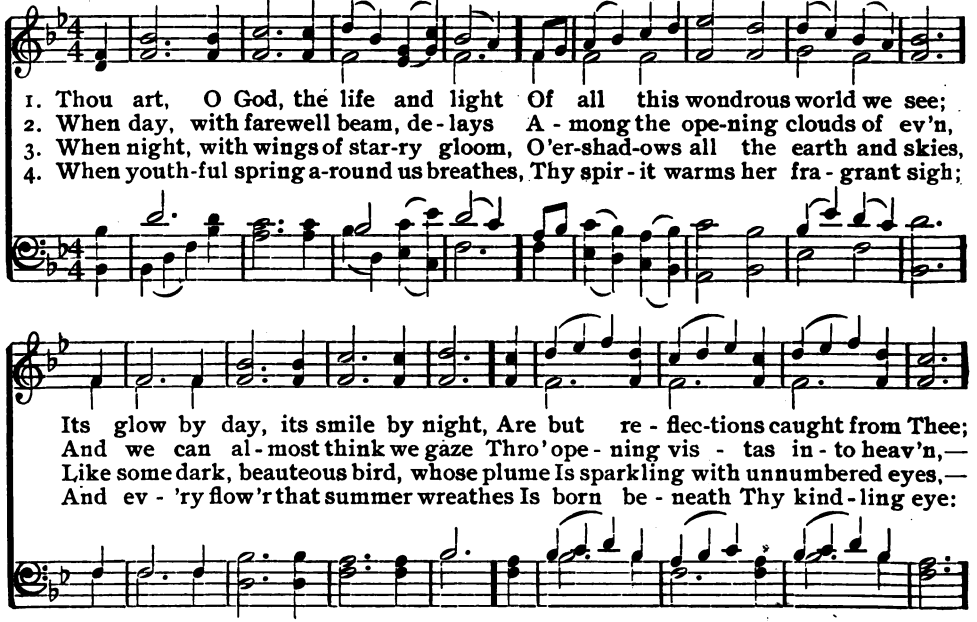
135 Roscoe. C. M.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. EDWARD L. WHITE.

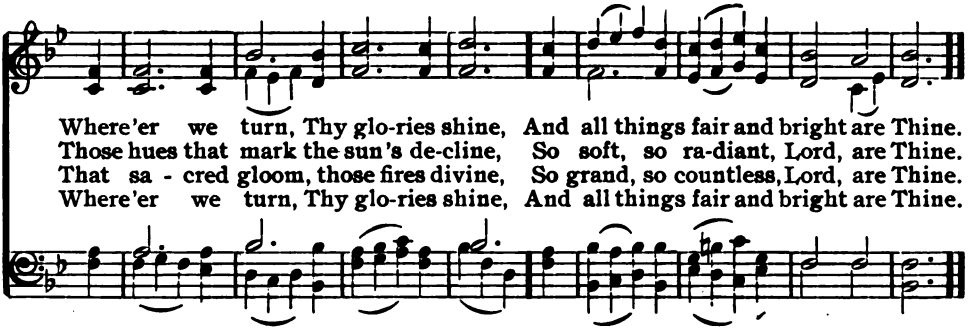


136 Spring. L. M.

THOMAS MOORE. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.



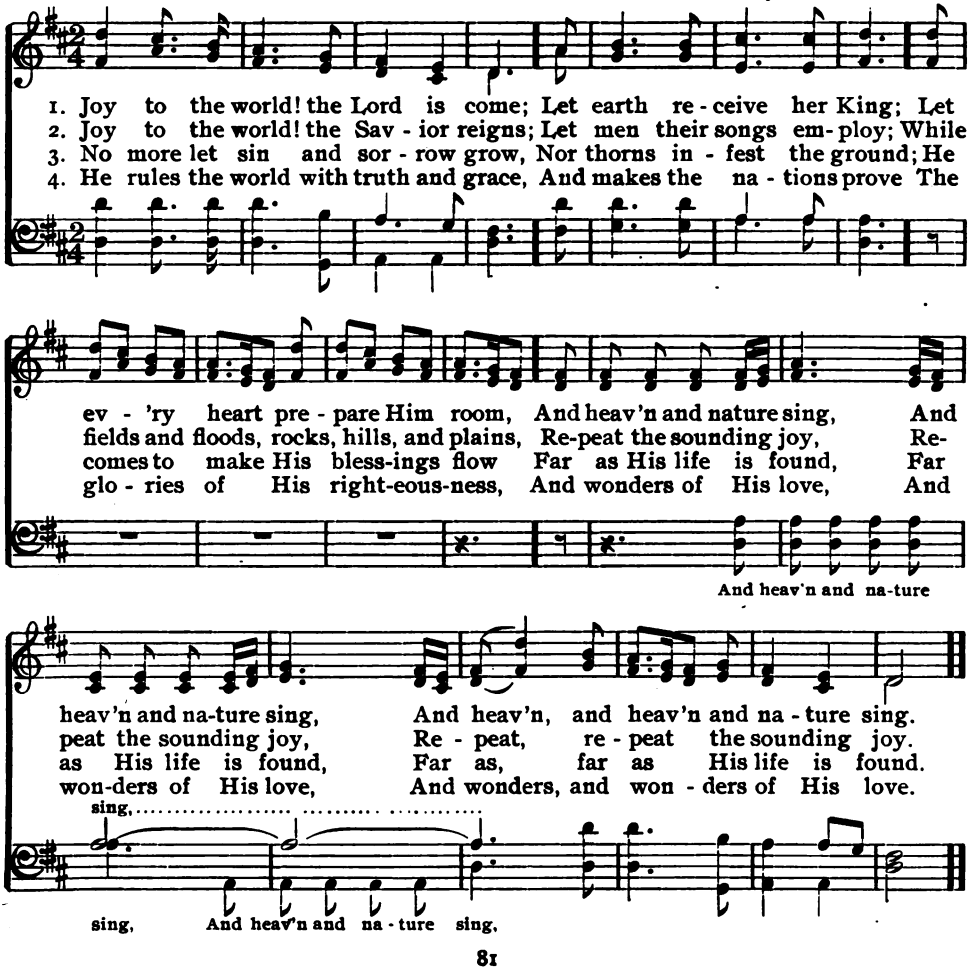
Spring.



137 Antioch. C. M.

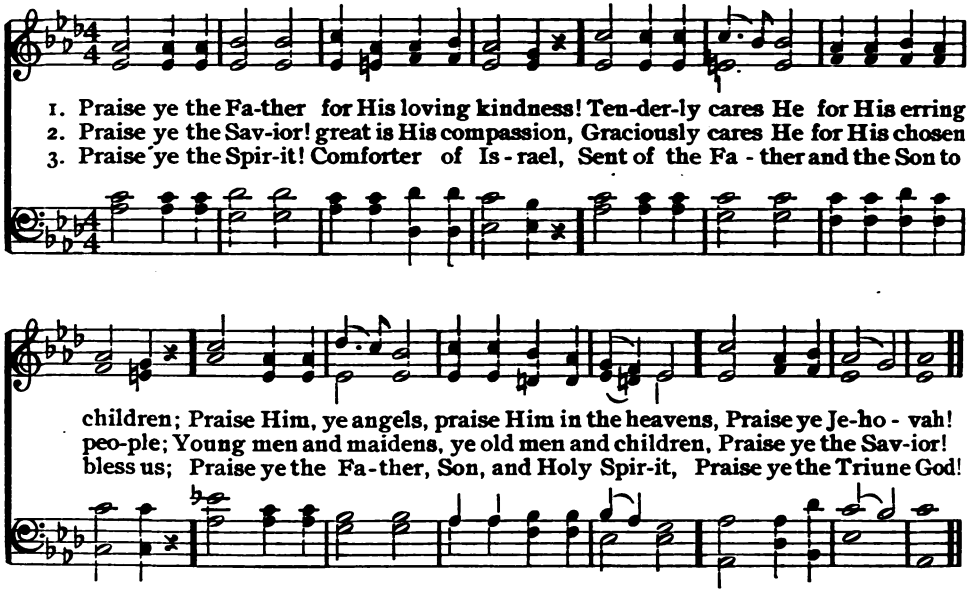
ISAAC WATTS.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.
ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



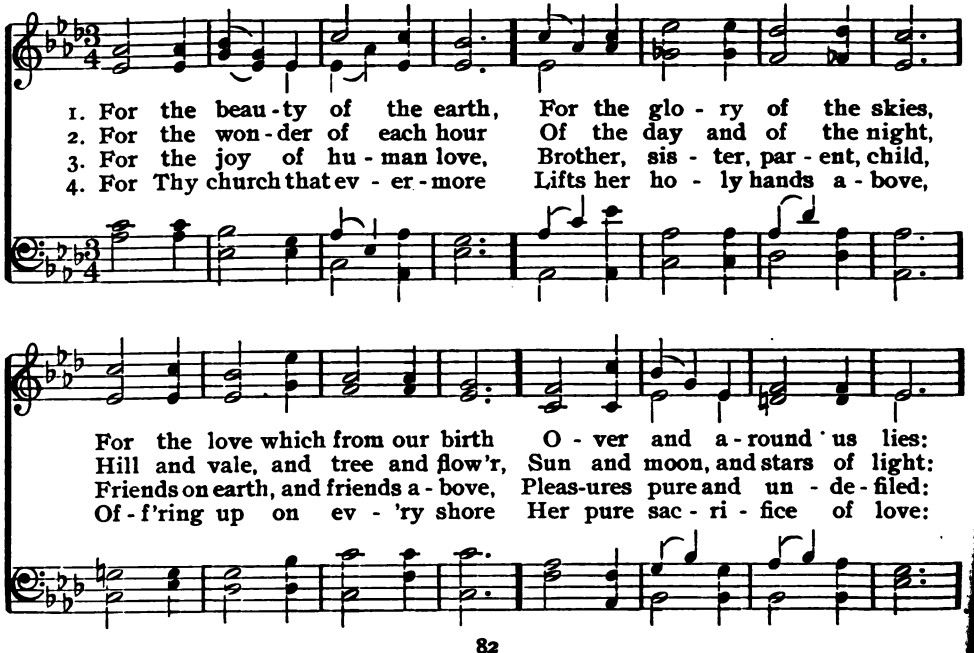
138 Praise Ye the Father.

ELIZABETH CHARLES. 11, 5. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING.

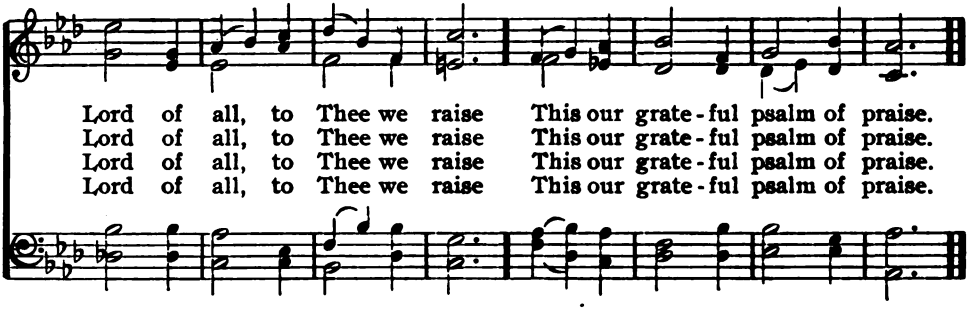


139 Bosmer.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT. 7. ARR. from GOUNOD.

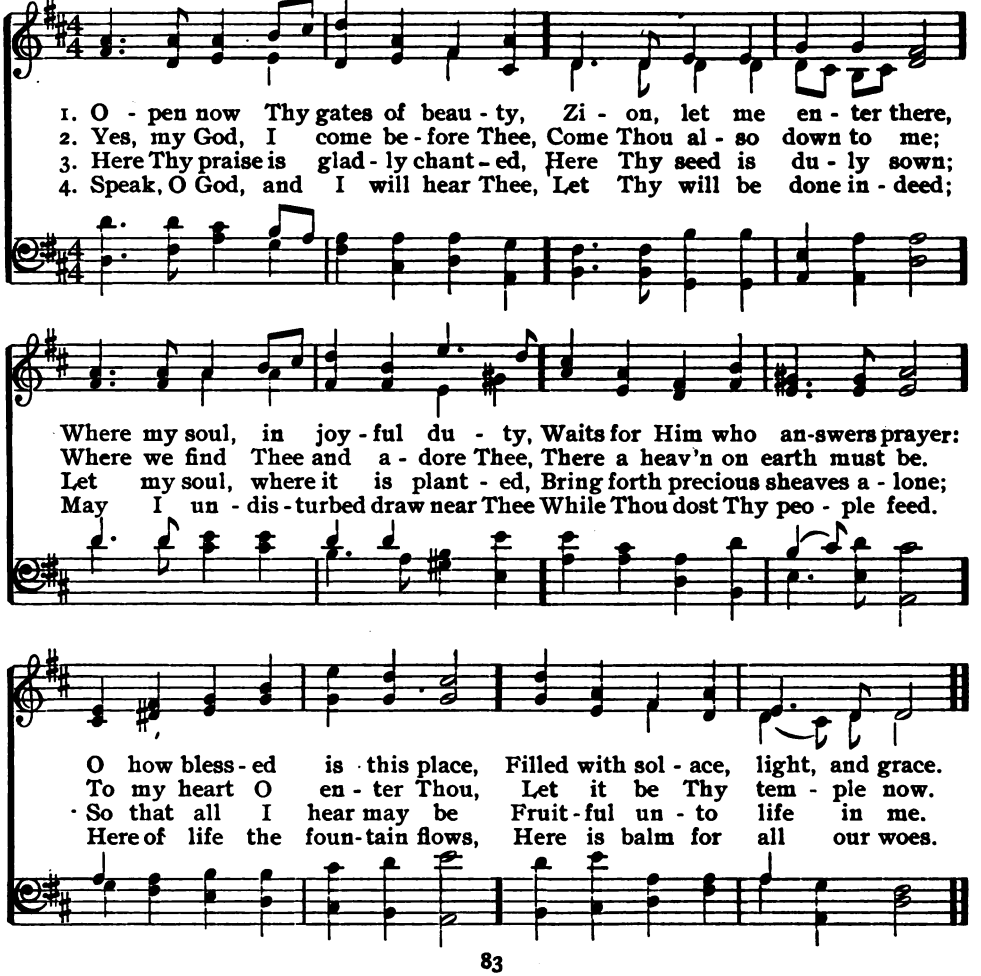


Bosmer.



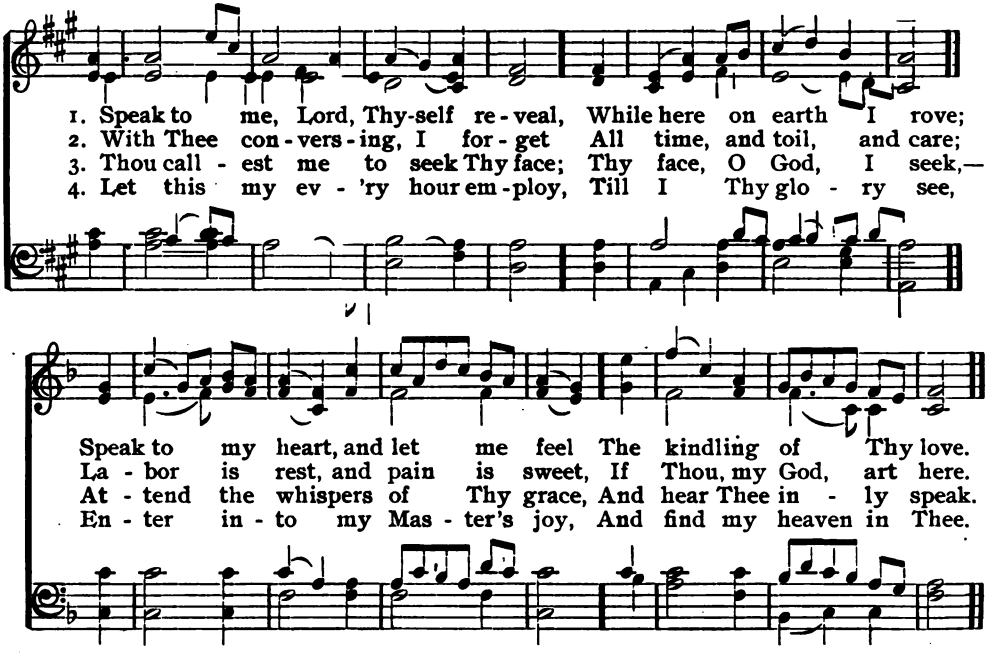
140 Prescott.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 8, 7. R. P. STEWART.



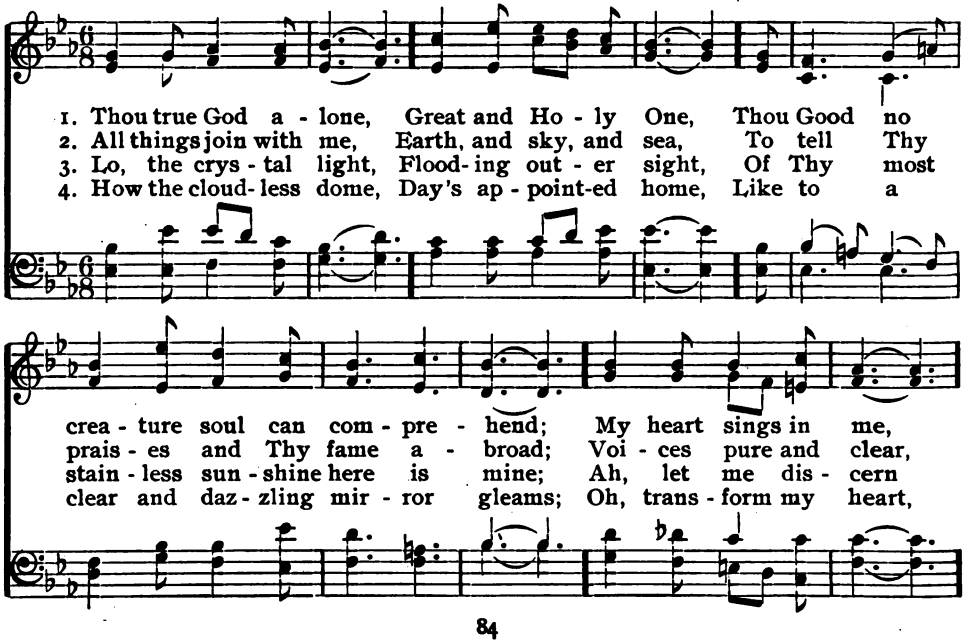
141 Heath. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

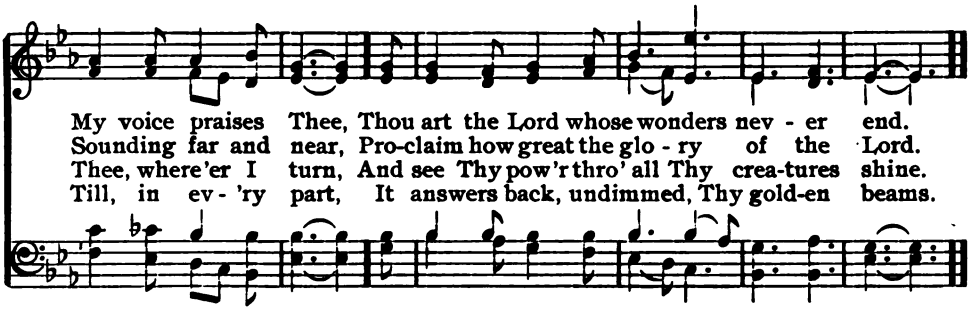


142 Thou True God Alone.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr. 5 10. J. B. DYKES.

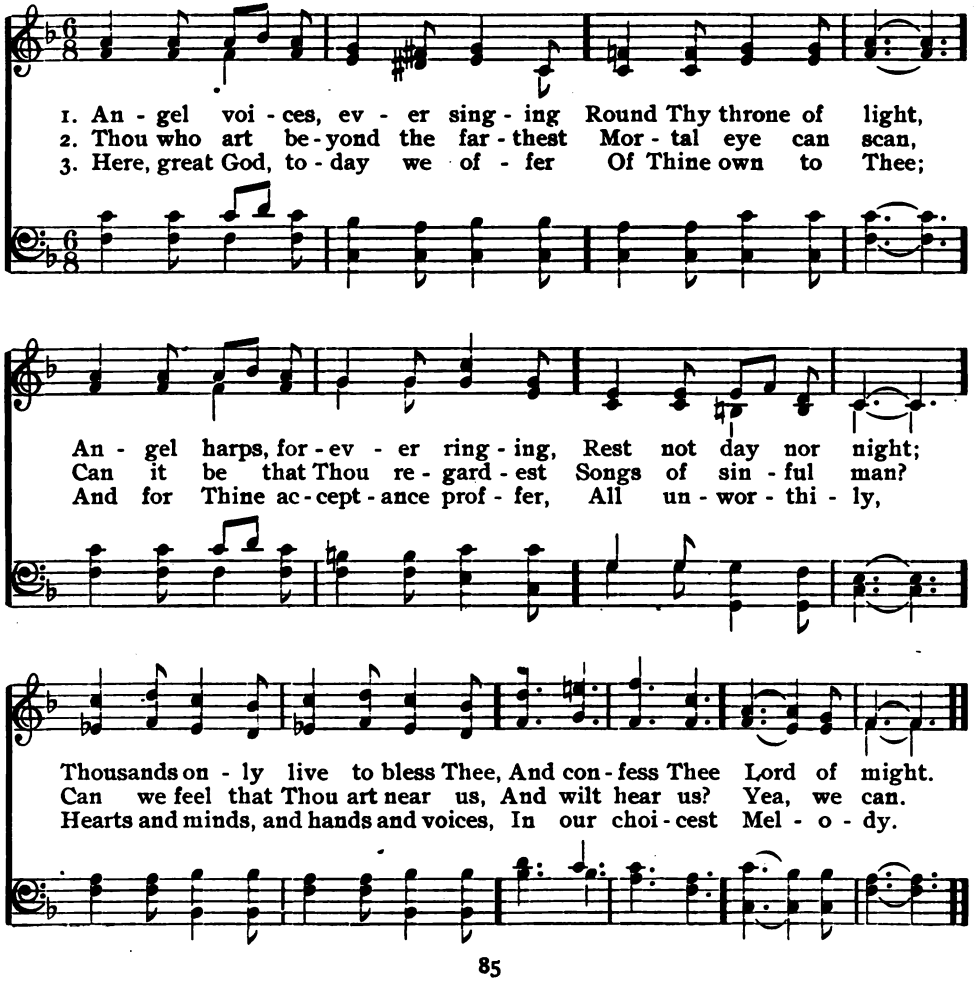


Thou True God Alone.



143 Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT. 8, 5, 4, 3. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



144 Vigil. S. M

JOHN ELLERTON. GIOVANNI PAISIELLO.

1. The day of praise is done; The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
2. A - round Thy throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
3. Too faint our an - thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
4. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at - tune the heart,
5. Shine Thou with-in us, then, A day that knows no end,

Yet pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all!
The white-robed harpers of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
But oh, the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir!
We in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear our low - er part.
Till songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend.

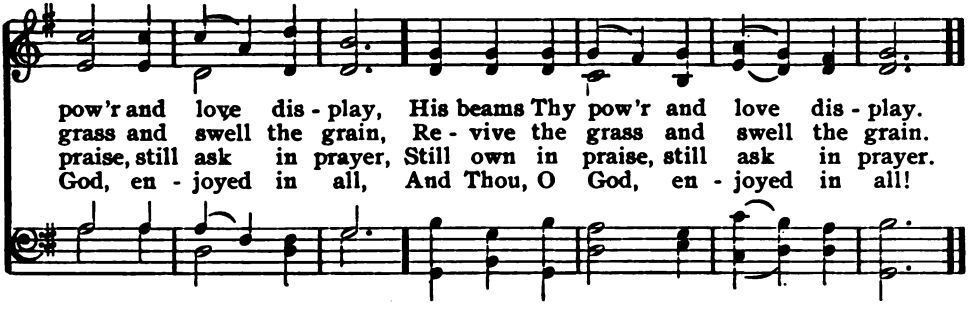
145 Park Street. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.

1. Fa - ther of light, we sing Thy name, Who kind - lest up the
2. Fountain of good, from Thee pro - ceed The co - pious drops of
3. O let not our for - get - ful hearts O'er - look the to - kens
4. So shall our suns more grate - ful shine, And show'rs in sweet - er

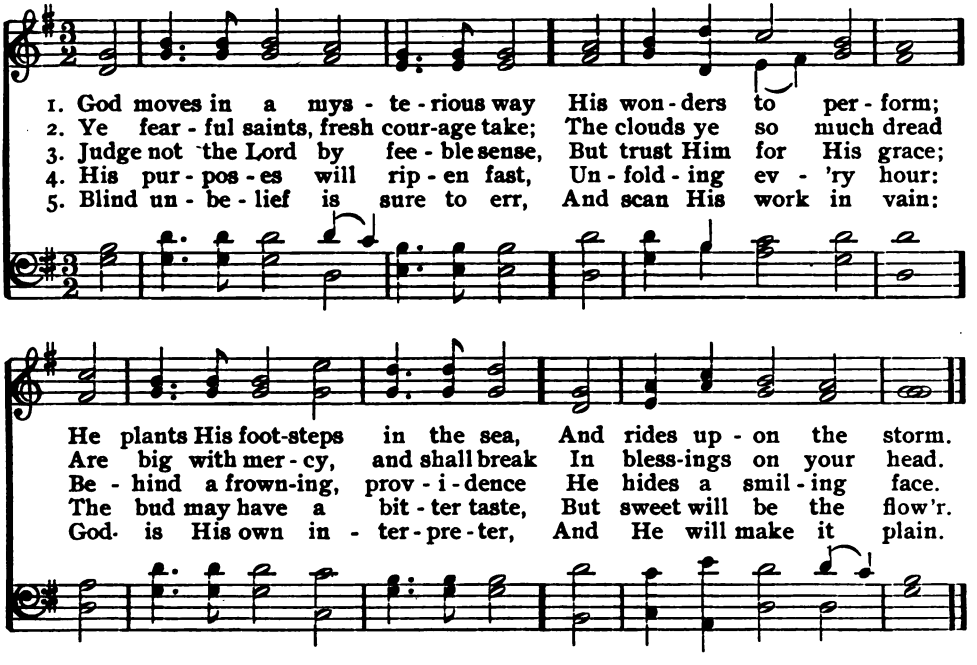
lamp of day; Wide as he spreads his gold - en flame, His beams Thy
gen - ial rain, Which, o'er the hill and thro' the mead, Re - vive the
of Thy care; But what Thy lib - 'ral hand im - parts Still own in
drops shall fall, When all our hearts and lives are Thine, And Thou, O

Park Street.



146 Arlington. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. THOMAS A. ARNE.



147 Goodness of God.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore,—
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love declare
In every golden ray:
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

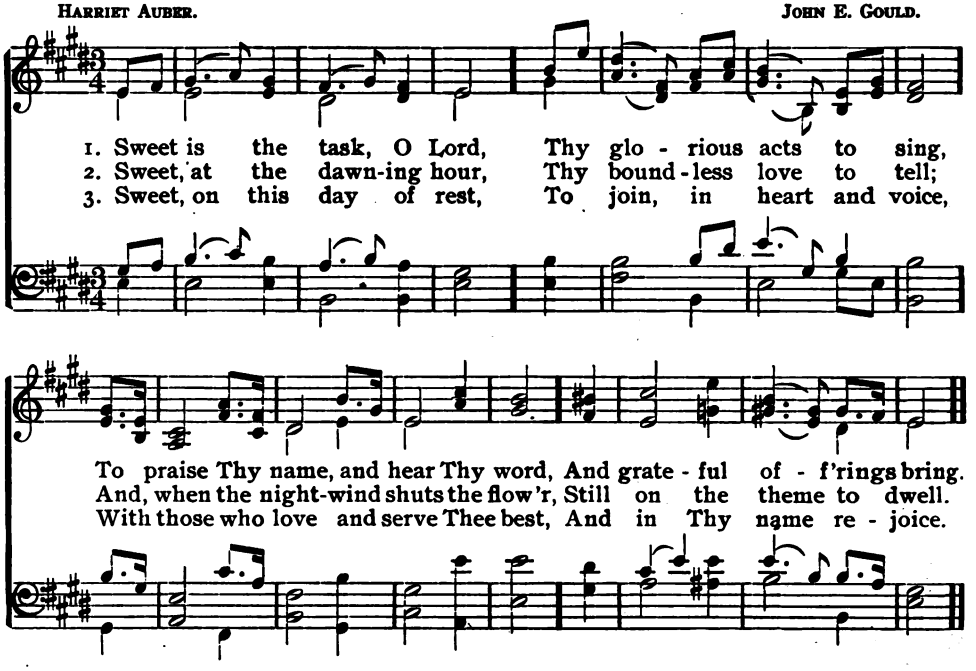
3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen:
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

—*Thomas Gibbons.*

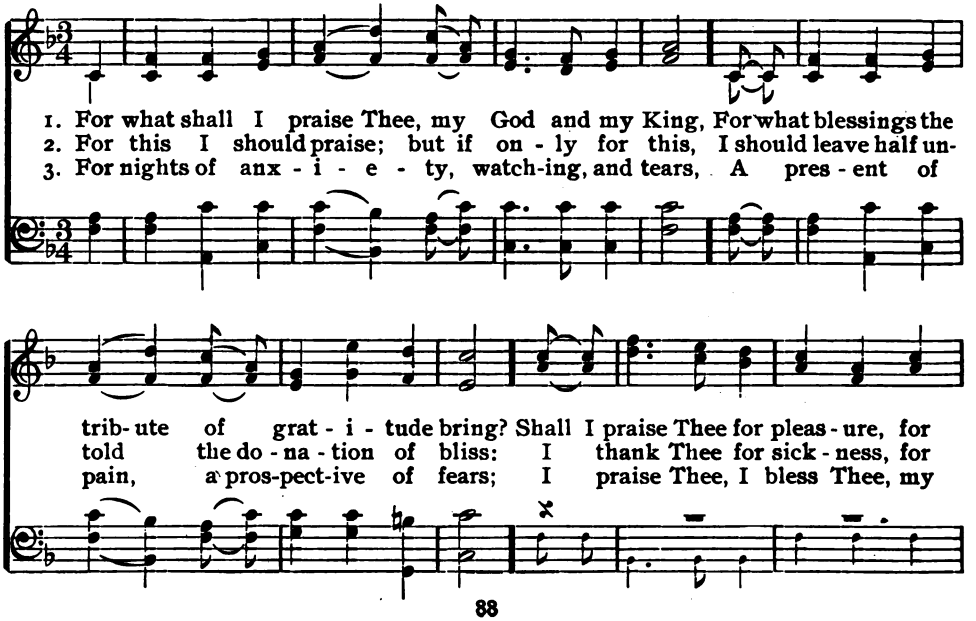
148 Adrian. S. M.

HARRIET AUBER. JOHN E. GOULD.

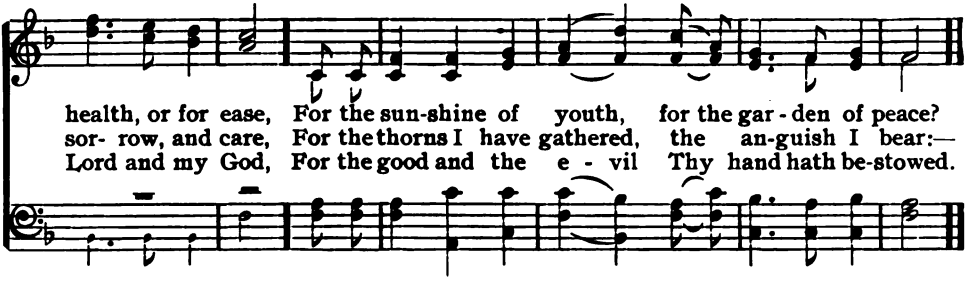


149 Frederick.

C. FRY. 11. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

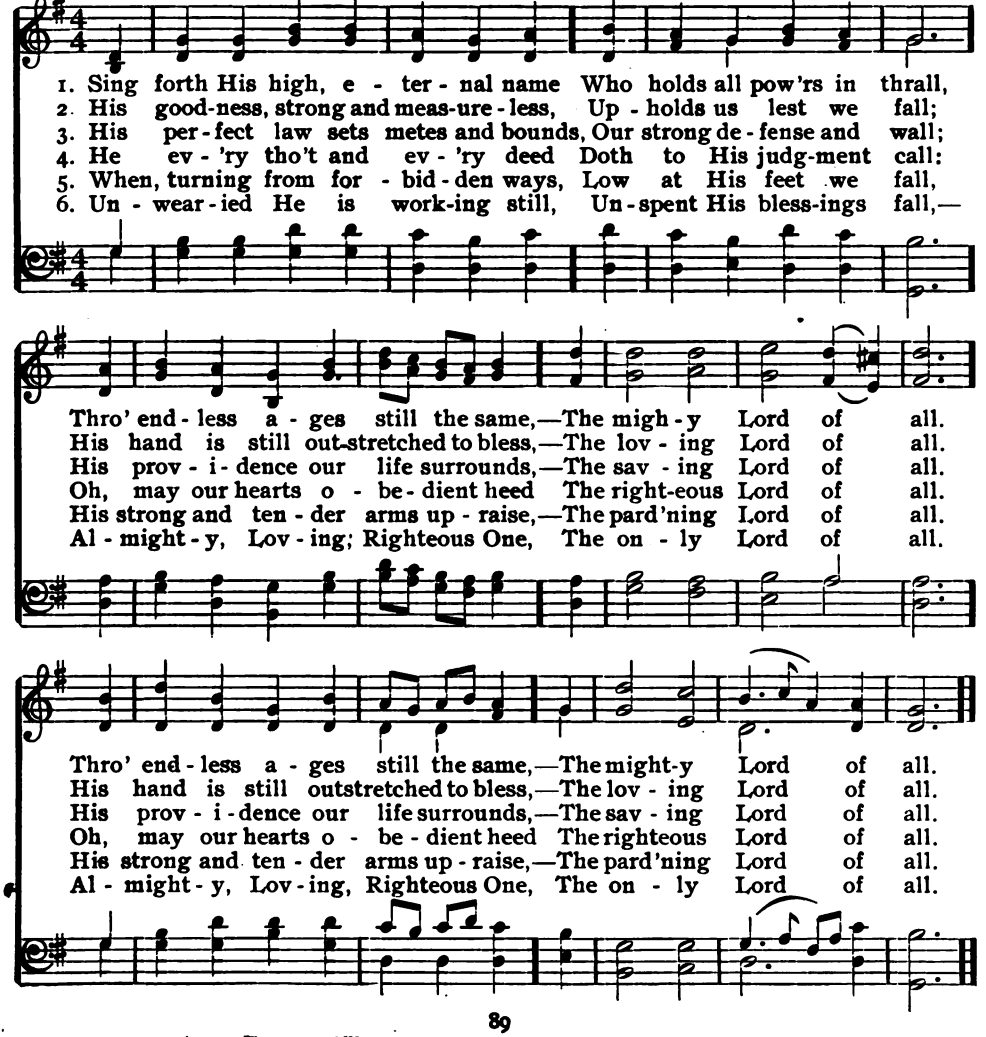


Frederick.



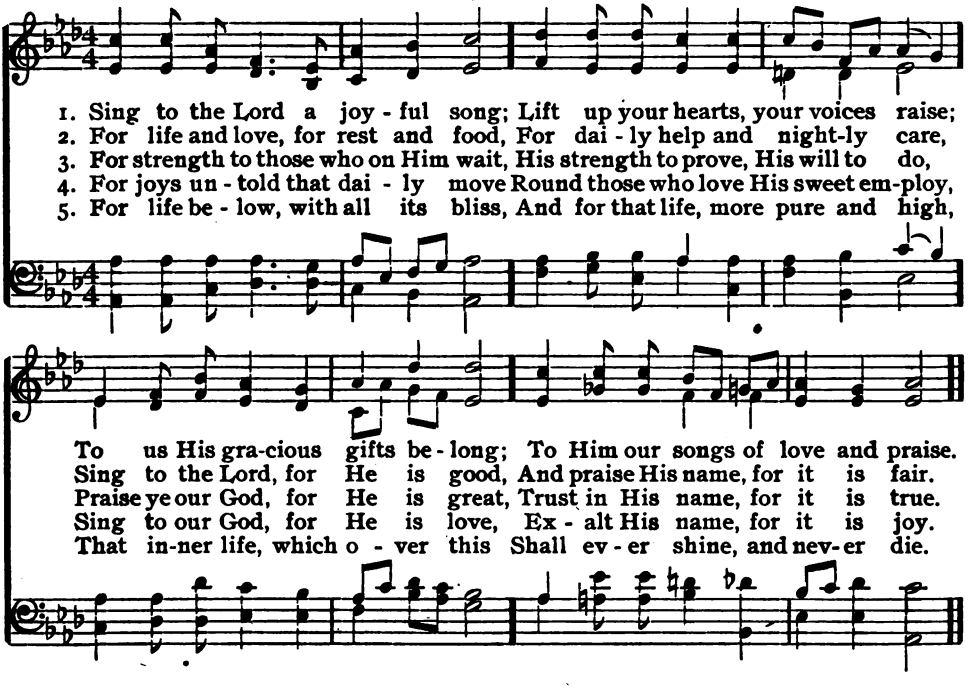
150 Coronation. C. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. OLIVER HOLDEN.



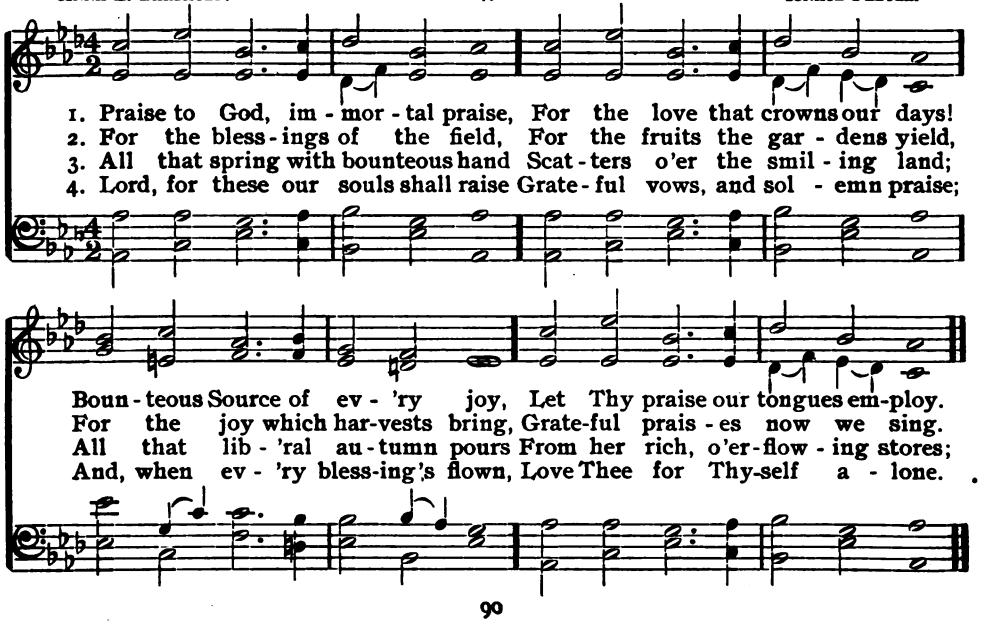
151 Disciple. L. M.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



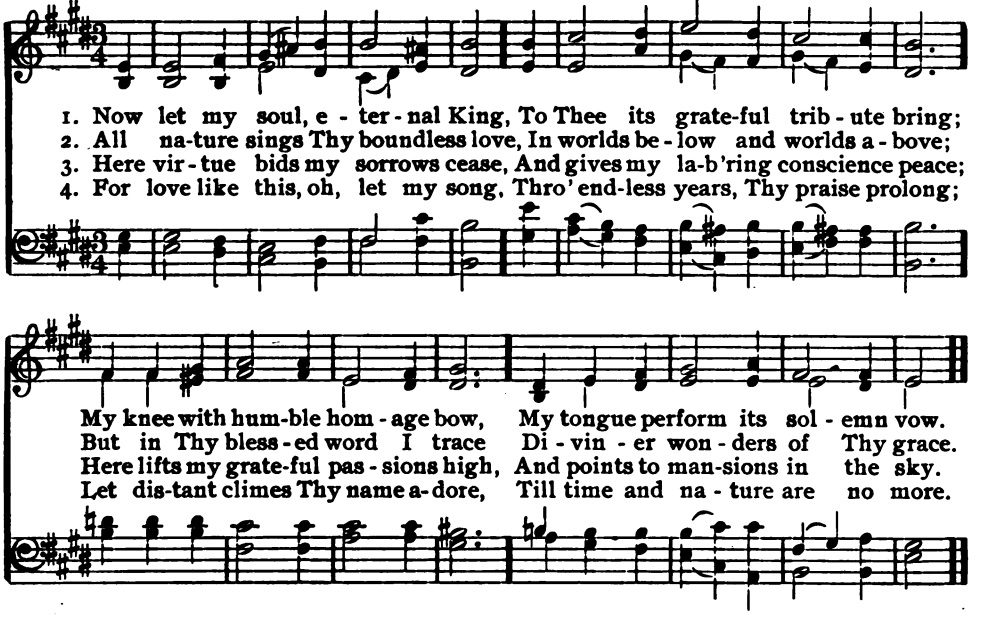
152 Pleyel.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 7. IGNACE PLEYEL.



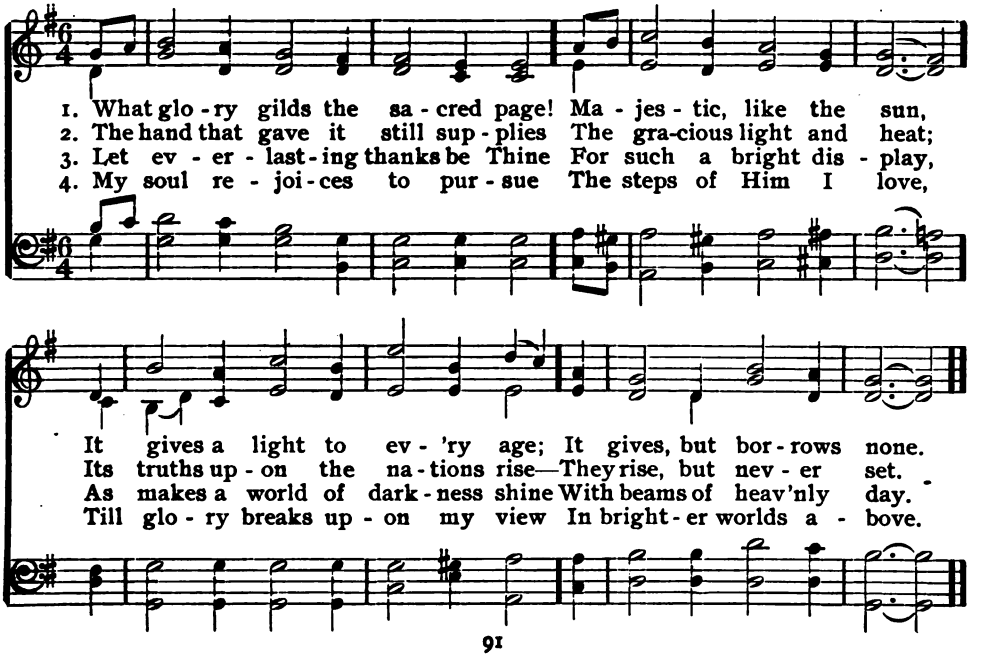
153 Angelus. L. M.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. GEORG JOSEPHI.



154 Manoah. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI.



155 Lutkin.

CLARA L. HAYES. 7. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Life of life, en - cir - cle me With Thy love and har - mo - ny;
2. Let Thy life be grown in me, Lead me in Thy pu - ri - ty;
3. Lord, I feel Thy love su - preme, Heav'n is true, and earth the dream;

Be my hope in dark - est hour, Make me con - scious of Thy pow'r;
May I know and do Thy will, In my heart Thy law ful - fil;
May I with the an - gels share Thy pure at - mos-phere of prayer;

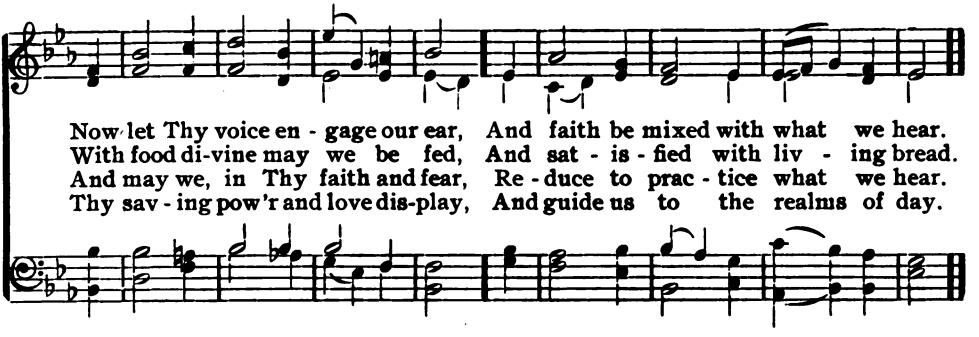
Give me faith to see the way, Faith to know Thou art my stay.
Give me faith to see the way, Faith to know Thou art my stay.
Give me faith to see the way, Faith to know Thou art my stay.

156 Miller. L. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. C. P. E. BACH. Arr. by EDWARD MILLER.

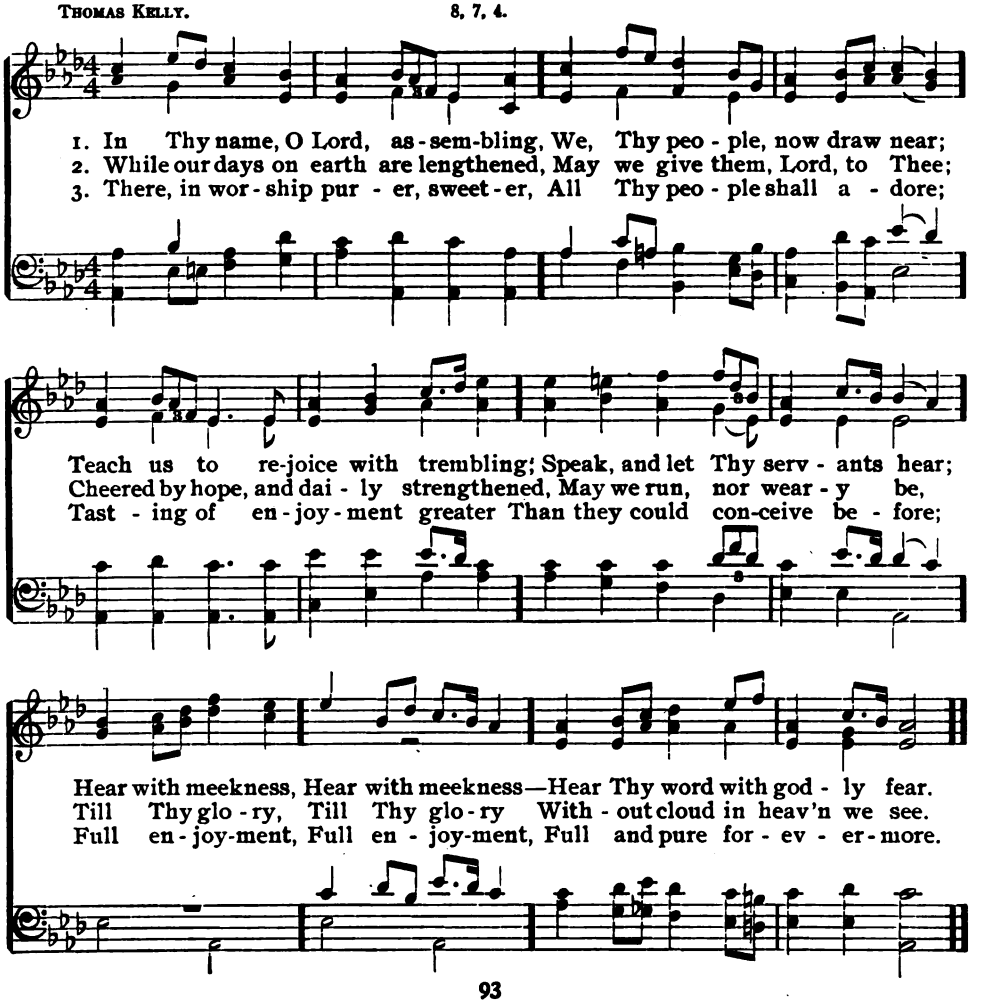
1. Thy pres-ence, gracious God, af - ford; Pre - pare us to re - ceive Thy word;
2. Dis - tract-ing tho'ts and cares re - move, And fix our hearts and hopes a - bove;
3. To us the sa - cred word ap - ply With sov'reign pow'r and en - er - gy;
4. Fa - ther, in us Thy Son re - veal; Teach us to know and do Thy will;

Miller.



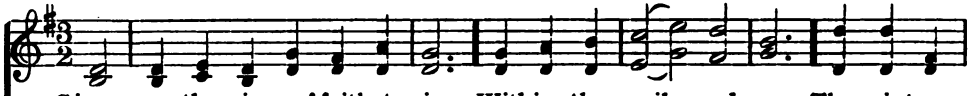
157 Nelson.

THOMAS KELLY. 8, 7, 4.

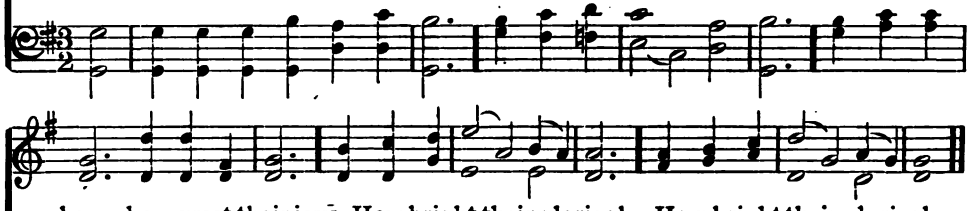


158 Newbold. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



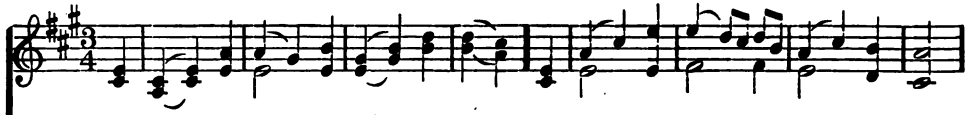
1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil, and see The saints a-
2. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They wrestled
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They, with u-ni - ted breath, Ascribe their
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod; His zeal inspired their breast; And, following
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise For His own pat - tern giv'n; While the long



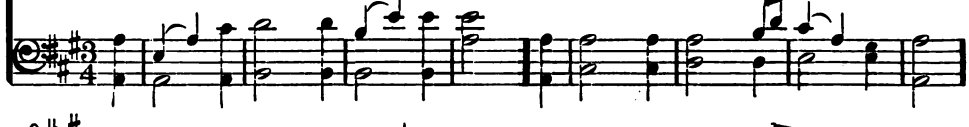
bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be, How bright their glories be.
hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
con - quest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death, Their triumph to His death.
their in- car-nate God, Pos-sess the prom-ised rest, Pos-sess the prom-ised rest.
cloud of wit-ness-es Show the same path to heav'n, Show the same path to heav'n.

159 Brownell. L. M.

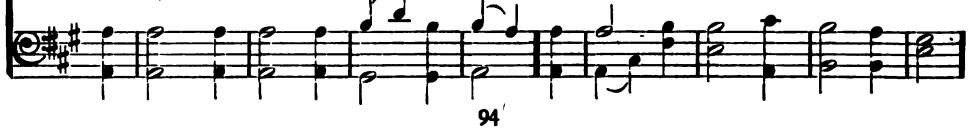
Moravian. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.



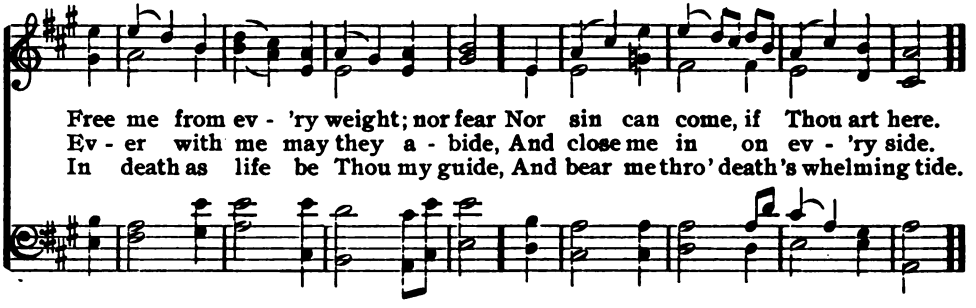
1. Oh, draw me, Fa - ther, aft - er Thee! So shall I run and nev - er tire;
2. From all e - ter - ni - ty, with love Un - change-a-ble Thou hast me viewed;
3. In suffering be Thy love my peace, In weakness be Thy love my pow'r;



With gra-cious words still comfort me; Be Thou my hope, my sole de - sire;
Ere knew this beat-ing heart to move, Thy ten - der mer - cies me pur-sued:
And when the storms of life shall cease, My God, in that im- port- ant hour,

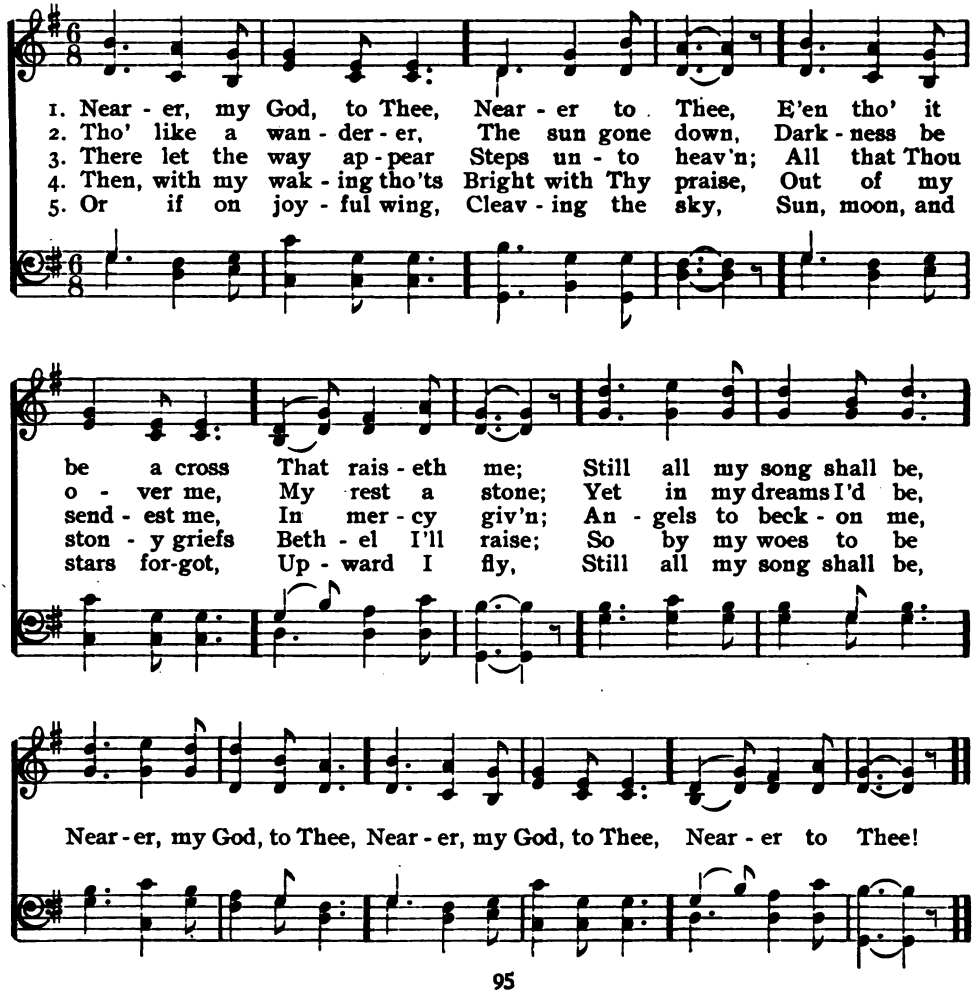


Brownell.



160 Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.



161 Aspiration. S. M.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

1. Come to me, tho'ts of heav'n! My faint - ing spir - it bear,
2. Come in my tempt-ed hour, Sweet tho'ts! and yet a - gain,

On your bright wings, by morn - ing giv'n, Up to ce - les - tial air;
O'er sin - ful wish and mem- 'ry show'r Your soft, ef - fac - ing rain;

A - way, far, far a - way, From tho'ts by pas - sion giv'n,
Waft me where gales di - vine With dark clouds ne'er have striv'n;

Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day, O bless - ed tho'ts of heav'n!
Where liv - ing founts for - ev - er shine; O bless - ed tho'ts of heav'n!

162 To Thee, O Life Divine.

1 To Thee, O Life divine,
I come with fervent prayer,
That Thou wouldst make me wholly Thine,
Child of Thy tender care.
With love and faith sublime
Wilt Thou my soul imbue,
Through all the years of endless time,
My life to Thee'll be true.

2 A voice of wondrous love
Whispers these words to me:
Child, thou must lift thine eyes above,
'Tis there Thou wilt find me.
Wouldst from life's ills be free?
Unfold thy Christ within,
That Christ alone sufficeth thee
To save from every sin.

—*Ellen C. Lyon.*

163 Lancashire.

Anon. 7. 6. HENRY SMART.

1. Un - to our heav'n-ly Fa - ther We will not fear to pray
2. For His great love hath com - passed Our na - ture and our needs;

For lit - tle needs and long - ings That fill our ev - 'ry day;
We know not; but He know - eth, And He will bless in - deed.

And when we dare not whis - per A want that li - eth dim,
There-fore, O heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Give what is best to me;

We say "Our Fa - ther know - eth," And leave it all to Him.
And take the wants un - an - swered As of-f'rings made to Thee.

164 Invocation.

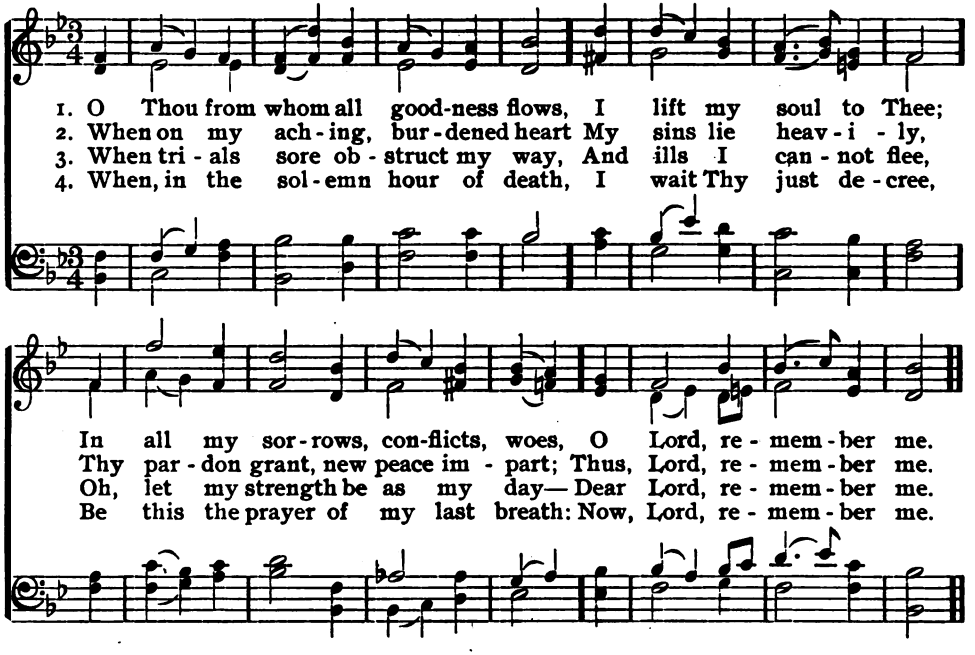
1 Before Thy love unbounded,
O Lord of love, we bow;
And, offspring of Thy Spirit,
Implore its presence now.
The gifts of life are wondrous!
How bountiful and free!
The gifts which Thou hast given,
We render, Lord, to Thee.

2 By laws sublime and holy
The heavens Thy will perform;
And earth-born powers obey Thee,
Alike in calm or storm.
Beyond our mortal shadows
Thy light and mercy shine;
Withholding or unfolding,
Thy work is all divine.

—*Theodore C. Williams.*

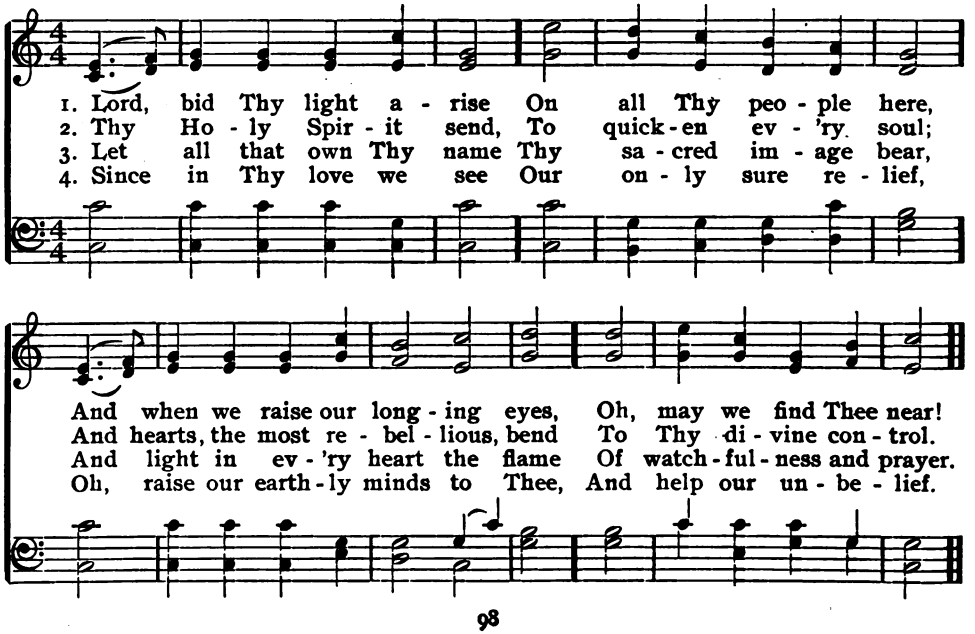
165 Bartlett. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS. ALFRED BEIRLY.



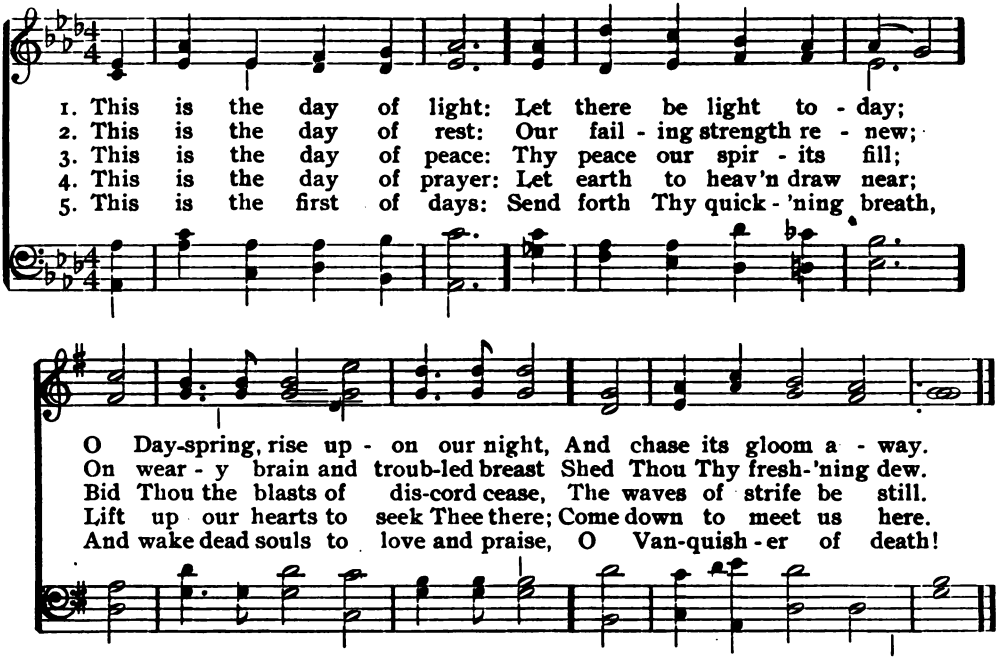
166 Laban. S. M.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. LOWELL MASON.



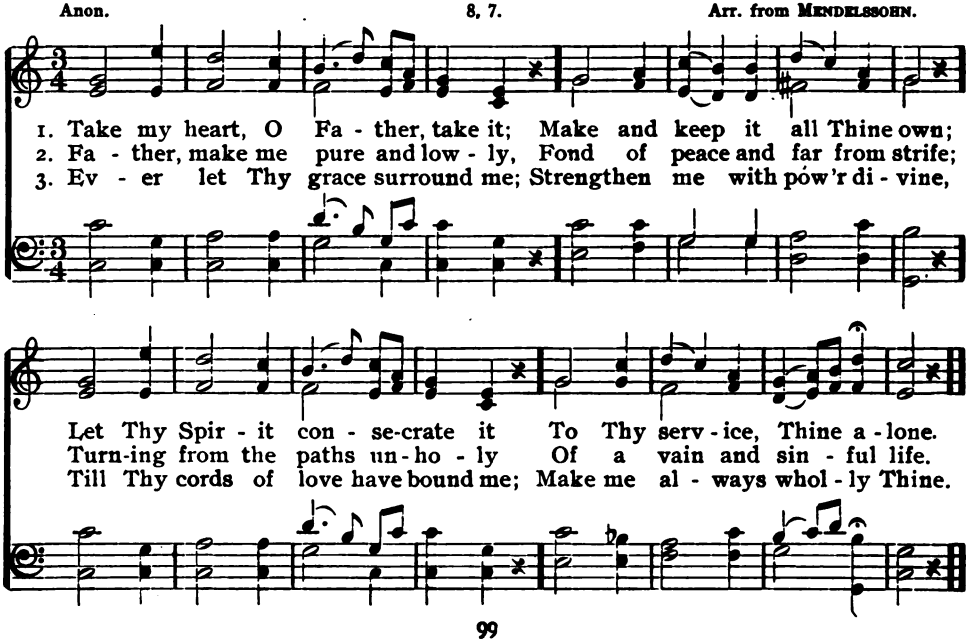
167 Schumann. S. M.

JOHN ELLERTON. ROBERT SCHUMANN.



168 Wilson.

Anon. 8, 7. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.



169 Cloisters.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr. 11. 5. J. BARNBY.

1. Fa - ther, Thy name be praised, Thy king-dom giv - en; Thy will be
2. Praise be to Thee, thro' love, our sure sal - va - tion, God, three in

done on earth as 'tis in heav - en; Keep us in life; for-
one, the Rul - er of cre - a - tion, High throned, o'er all Thine

give our sins; de - liv - er Us now and ev - er.
eye of mer - cy cast - ing, Lord ev - er - last - ing!

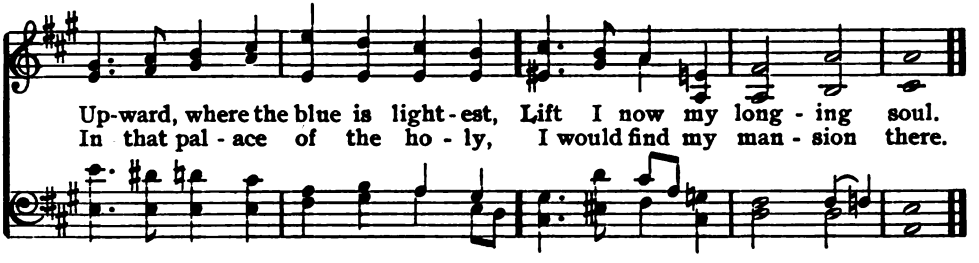
170 Heavenly Praise.

HORATIUS BONAR. 8, 7. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Up-ward, where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
2. Far be - yond that arch of glad - ness, Far be - yond these clouds of sad - ness,

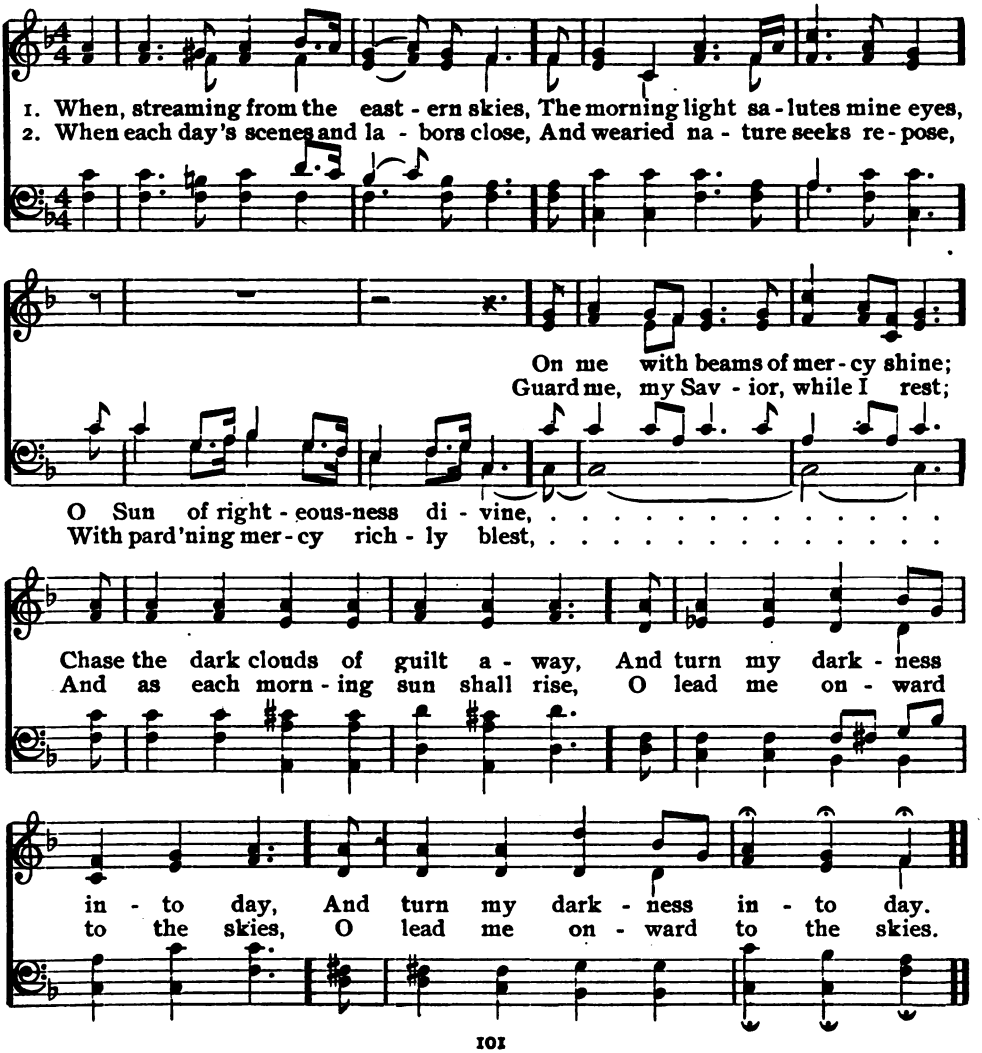
Round the nev - er-chang - ing pole: Up - ward, where the sky is bright-est,
Are the man - y man - sions fair. Far from pain, and sin, and fol - ly,

Heavenly Praise.



171 Chapel. L. M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, Jr. RUDOLF KREUTZER.



172 Elijah.

7. 5. 8.

(*First Tune.*)

HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN STAINER.

1. When the wear-y, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav-y-

la-den cast All their load on Thee; When the troub-led, seek-ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

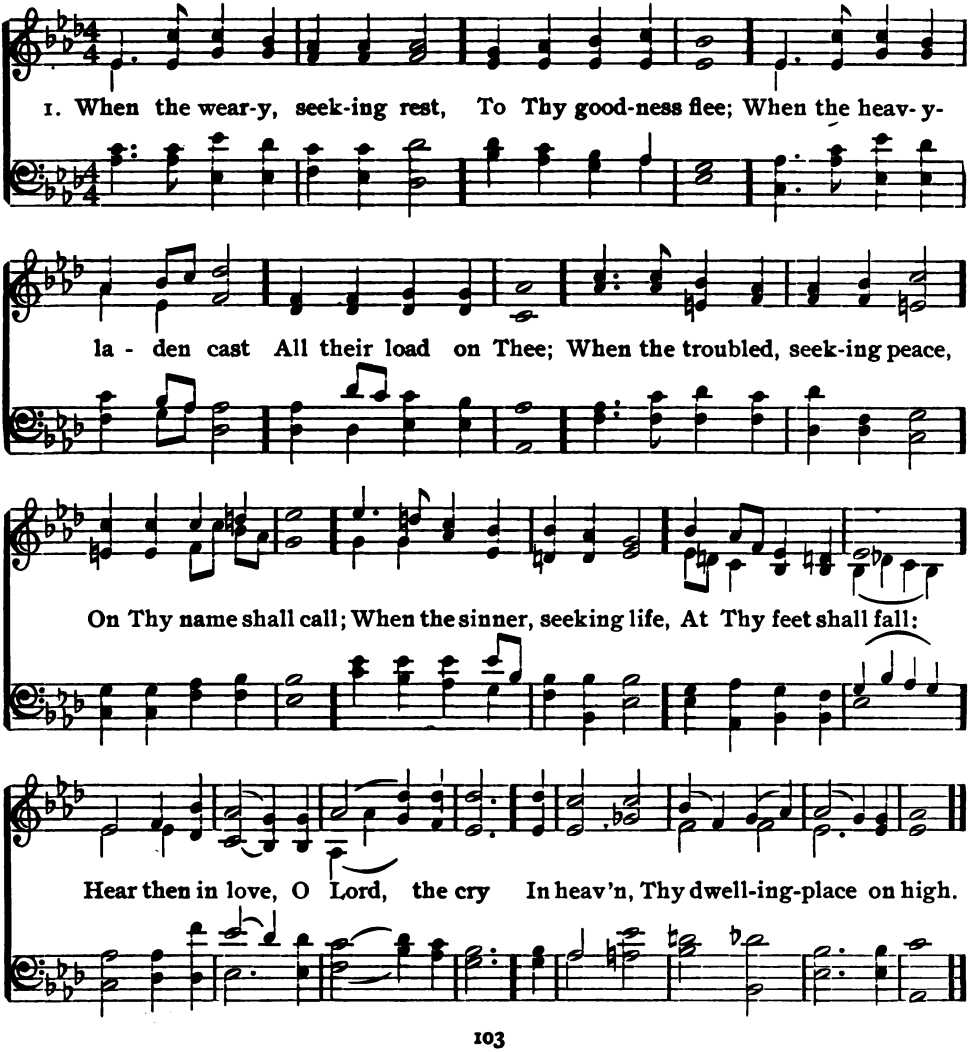
2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad, and lone, and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

173 Intercession.

HORATIUS BONAR. 7, 5, 8. (*Second Tune.*) WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT. The last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.



174 Emerson.

SIBYL C. HAYES. 7, 5. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Fa - ther, teach us how to be Thine own chil - dren strong and free;
2. Thus transformed by Thy pure light, May we make the paths more bright;
3. Let our hun - gry souls ne'er cease Ask - ing for Thy bread of peace;
4. Strength from Thee is not al - loyed, Mixed with weakness, nor des - troyed;

Let Thy light with - in us shine, Mak - ing life di - vine.
Lead - ing those who walk in fear, Know - ing not Thou'rt near.
Let the man - na from a - bove Fill us with Thy love.
Gain - ing Thy pure life with - in Frees from trace of sin.

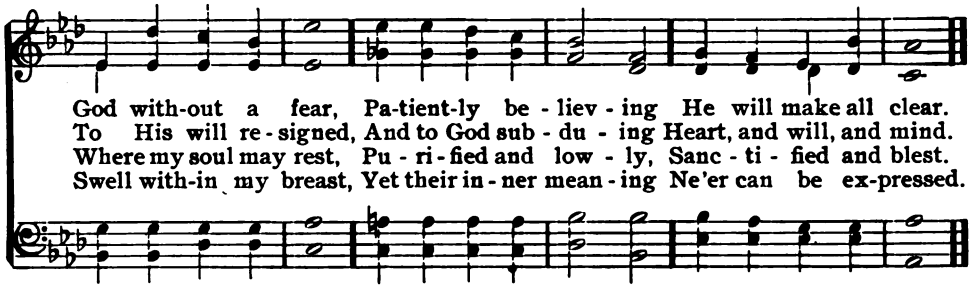
175 Lyndhurst.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE. 6, 5. J. BARNBY.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hour of pain, Sur - er yet and
3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and
4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run, Firm - er yet and

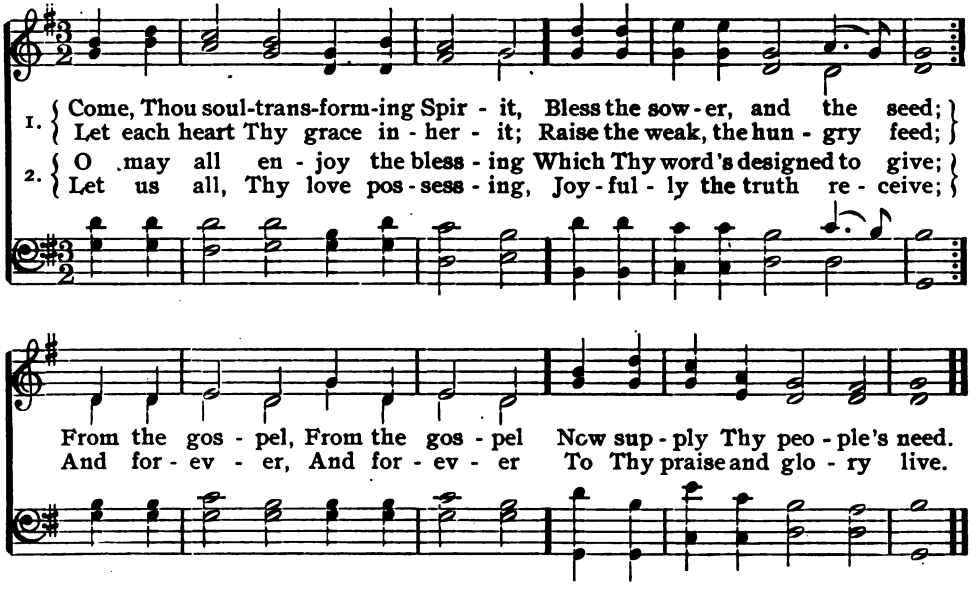
dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still, and trust - ing
sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suf - f'ring still and do - ing,
near - er Ris - ing to the light; Light se - rene and ho - ly,
firm - er Step as I go on; Oft these ear - nest long - ings

Lyndhurst.



176 Seleucia.

JONATHAN EVANS. 8, 7, 4.



177 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

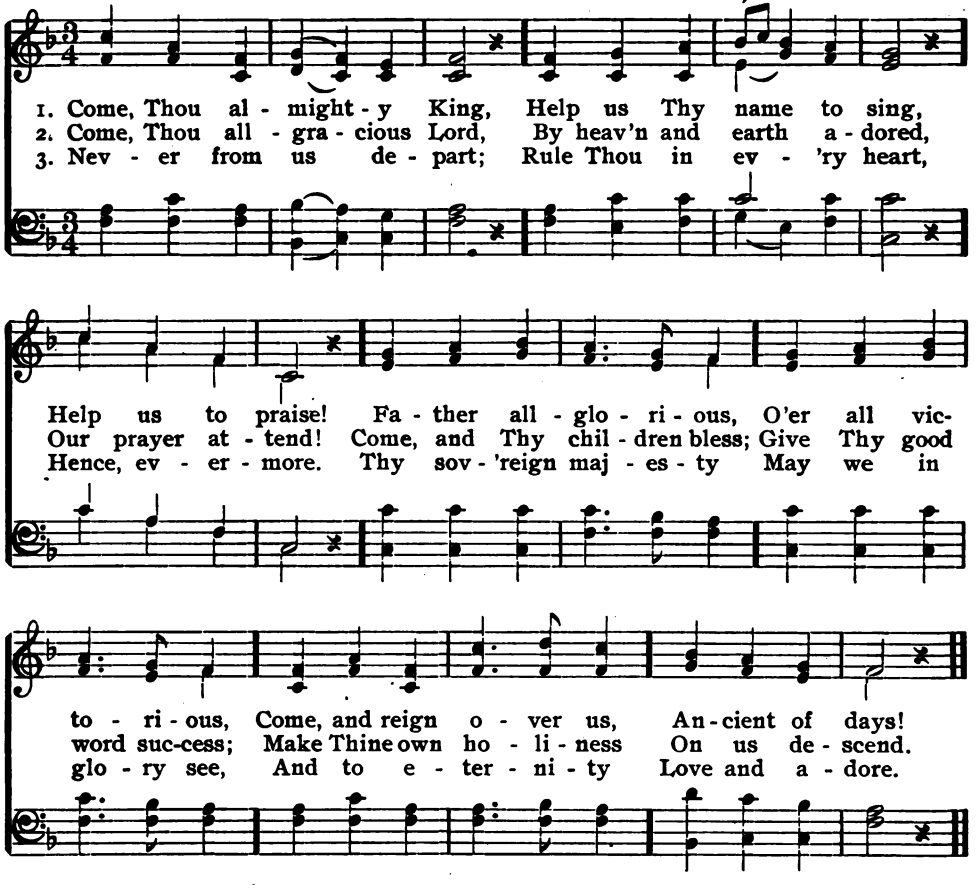
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

—*Walter Shirley.*

178 Italian Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY. 6, 4. FELICE GIARDINI.



179 Strength, Love, Light.

1 O Thou almighty Will,
Faint are Thy children till
Thou come with power:
Strength of our good intents,
In our frail hour Defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour.

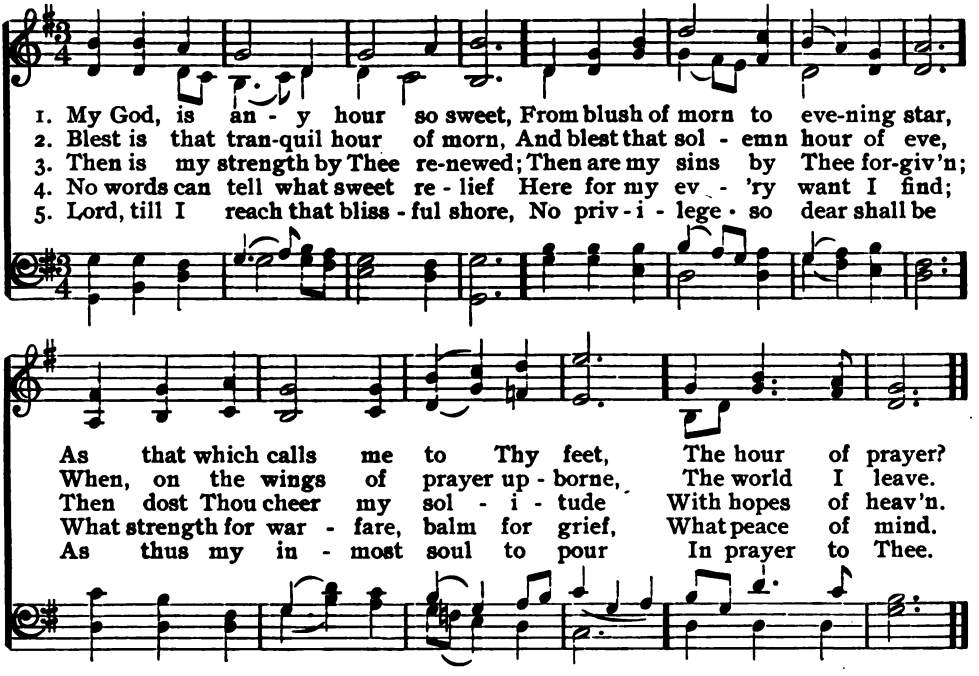
2 O Thou most tender Love,
Deep in our spirits move:
Tarry, dear Guest.
Quench Thou our passion's fire,
Raise Thou each low desire,
Deeds of brave love inspire,
Quickener and Rest.

3 O Light, serene and still,
Come, and our spirits fill,
Bring in the day.
Guide of our feeble sight,
Star of our darkest night,
Shine on the path of right,
Show us Thy way.

—*Tr. from King Robert of France.*

180 Elliott.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8, 4. JOHN B. DYKES.



181 God Giveth All Things.

1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

3 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

4 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

182 O God, My Father, Look on Me.

1 O God, my Father, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

—*John R. Macduff.*

183 Via Crucis.

HARRIET PARR. 8, 7.

1. Hear our prayer, O heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;
2. Keep us thro' this night of per-il Safe be-neath its shel-t'ring shade;

Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep.
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee, When our pil-grim-age is made.

Heav-y tho' our sins, Thy mer-cy Far out-weighs them ev-'ry one;
Par-don all our past transgressions, Give us strength for days to come;

Down be-fore the cross we cast them, Trust-ing in Thy help a-lone.
Guide and guard us with Thy bless-ing, Till Thine an-gels bear us home.

184 O Father, hear.

ANNE STEELE.

Andantino.

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

CHORUS.

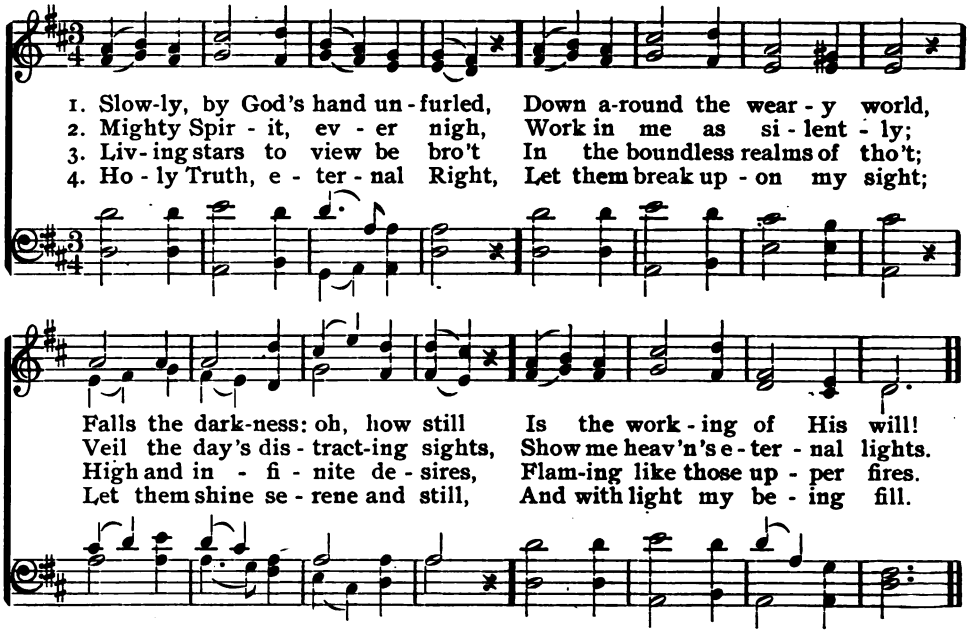
O Fa - ther, hear, O Fa - ther, hear, And to Thy mer - cy - seat

rit. *rit.*

keep us near, And to Thy mer - cy - seat keep us near.

185 Dallas.

W. H. Furness. 7. From Maria L. Cherubini.



186 Walking With God.

1 To Thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

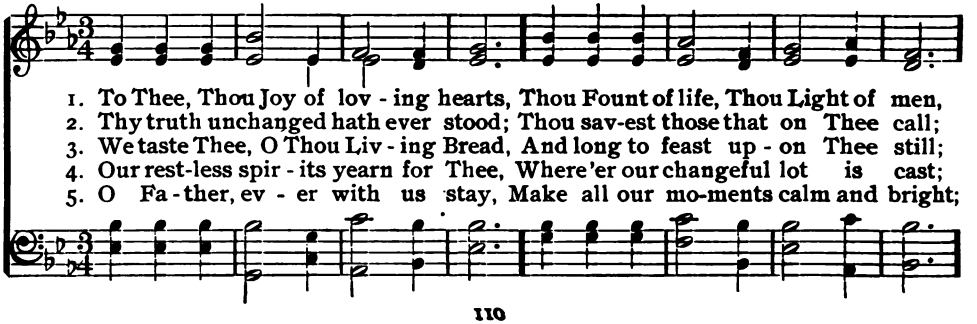
4 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

—James Montgomery.

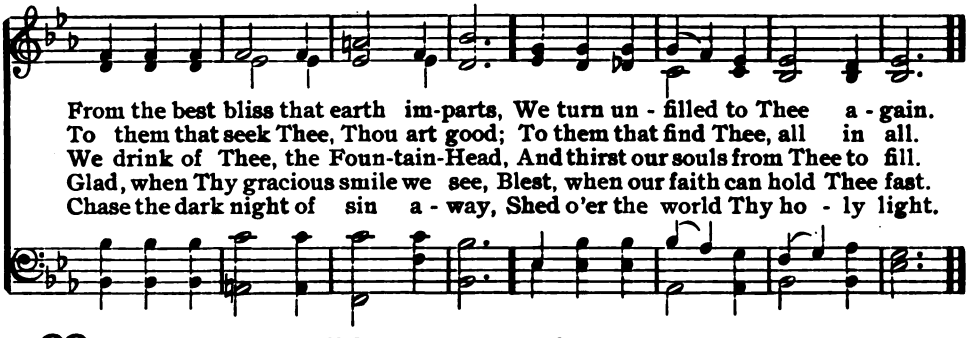
187 Québec. L. M.

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by Ray Palmer.

Henry Baker.

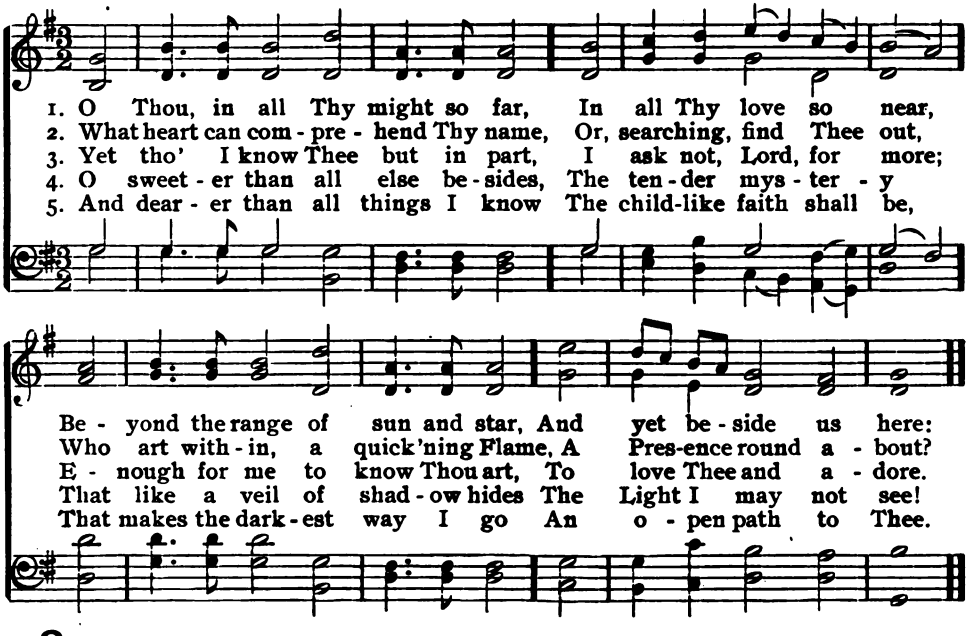


Quebec.



188 Woodstock. C. M.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER. DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



189 Secret Prayer.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

—*Phœbe H. Brown.*

190 Energy. S. M.

WILLIAM W. HOW. WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive,
3. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
4. The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,
5. And we be-lieve Thy word, Tho' dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad-ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
To tend the lone and fa-ther-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace— It is a Christ-like thing.
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un-to Thee.

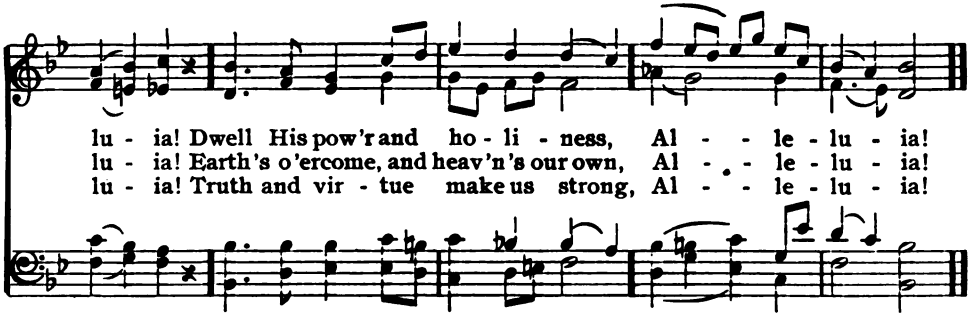
191 Alleluia.

CLARA L. HAYES. 7, 4. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Praise the Lord our God a-bove, Al-le-lu-ia! Christ is born of
2. No more darkness, no more pain, Al-le-lu-ia! Love, triumphant,
3. Christ, our life, the pow'r with-in, Al-le-lu-ia! Born of God we

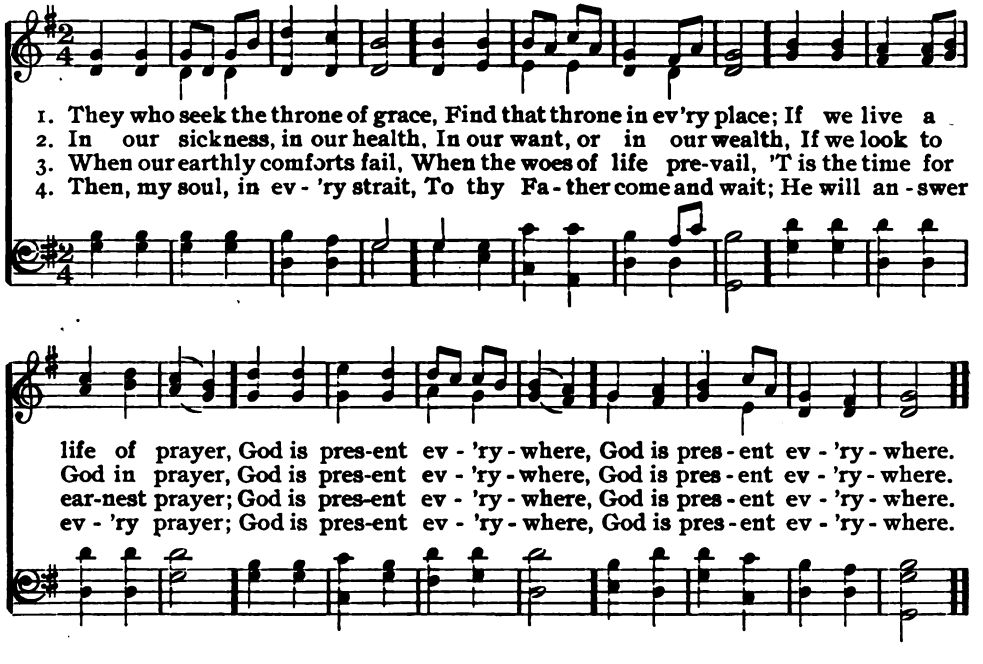
truth and love, Al-le-lu-ia! In our soul, to save and bless, Al-le-
comes to reign, Al-le-lu-ia! In our hearts God makes His throne, Al-le-
can-not sin, Al-le-lu-ia! No more weakness, no more wrong, Al-le-

Alleluia.



192 Hendon.

OLIVER HOLDEN. 7. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.



193 In the Midst Do Thou Appear.

1 In the midst do Thou appear,—
Lord, reveal Thy presence here;
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

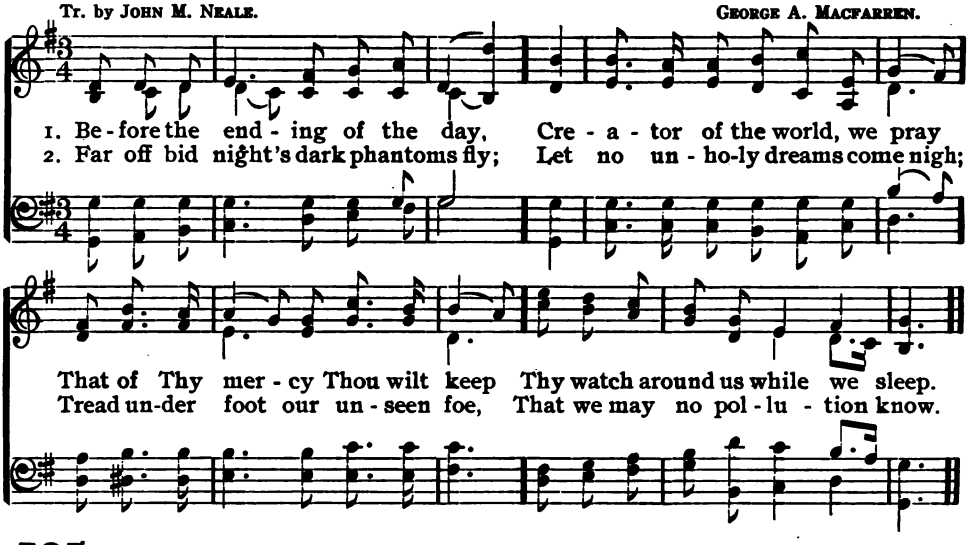
3 Father, still our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, oh, make us meet for Thee!

4 Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

—*Charles Wesley.*

194 Thracia. L. M.

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE. GEORGE A. MACFARREN.



195 Far From My Thoughts.

1 Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Savior see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

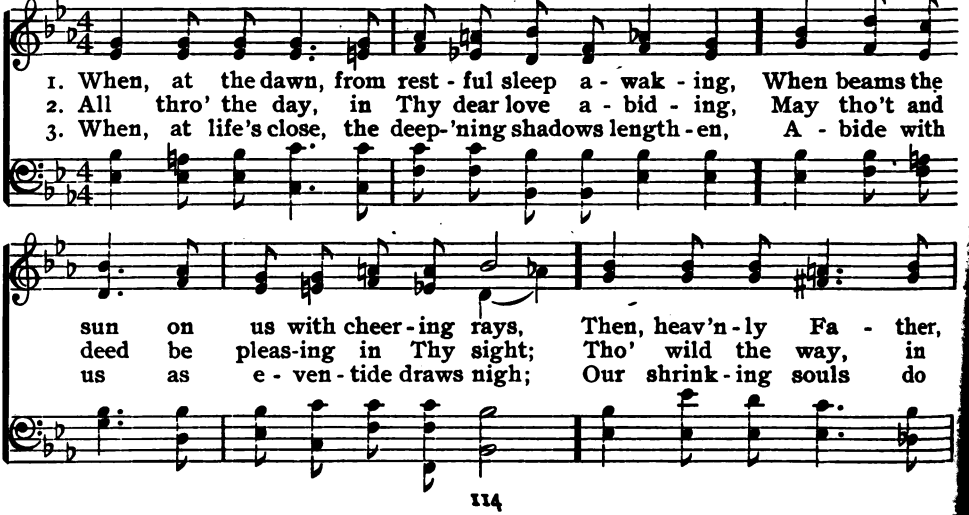
3 Blest Savior, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

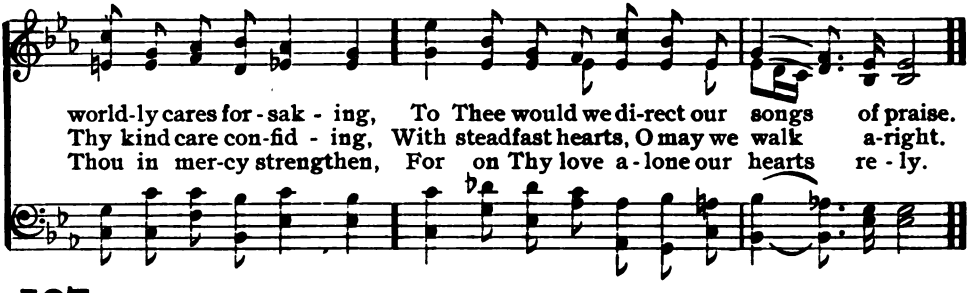
—*Isaac Watts.*

196 Invocation.

T. L. H. 11, 10. T. LORIETTE HARPER.

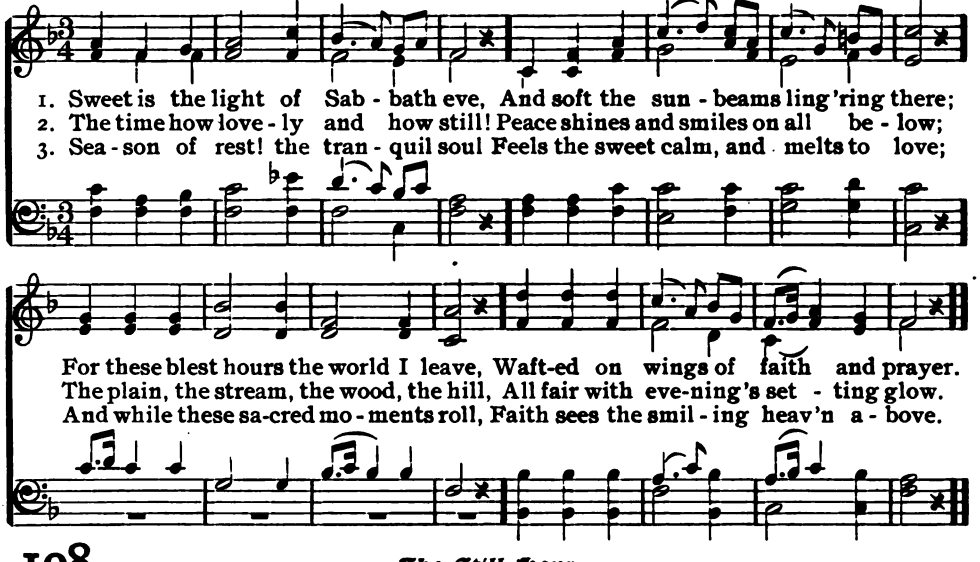


Invocation.



197 Linwood. L. M.

JAMES EDMESTON. GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI.



198 The Still Hour.

1 Gently the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill.

2 Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart;
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A Sabbath stillness fills the heart,
Devotion's calm and holy love.

3 And man, even from the dust, may rise,
Borne on the pinions of Thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries,
And find in Thee his resting-place.

—*John Bowring.*

199 Evening Prayer.

1 O blest Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin:

2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day:
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
Oh, hear us as we sing and pray.

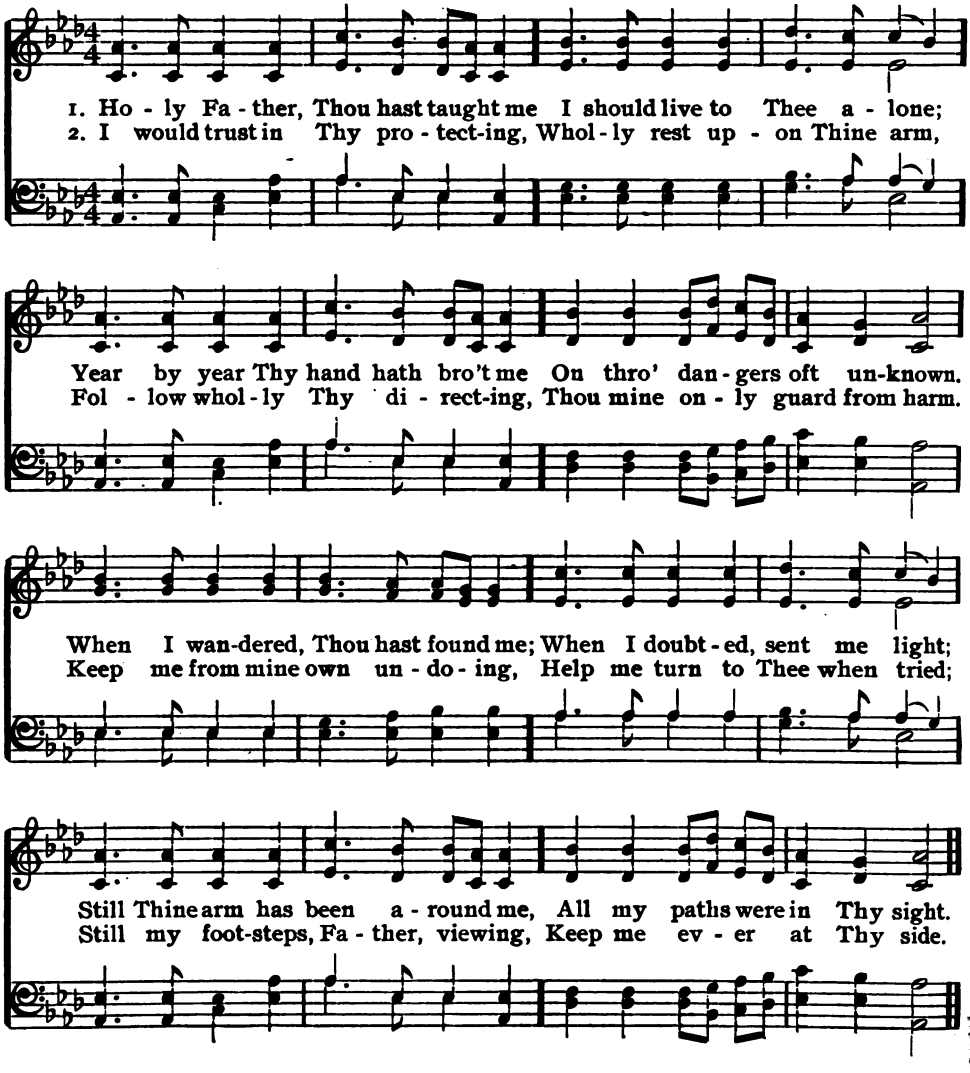
3 Keep Thou our souls from tho't of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

—*Breviary.*

200 Pilgrim.

Anon. 8, 7. Arr. from MOZART.



201 Strength and Peace.

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all Thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light:
Send us Thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength!

2 Let that love which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace.

—Paul Gerhardt and Samuel Longfellow.

202 Spirit of Prayer.

8. 4.

CLARA L. HAYES. OSCAR WEIL.

Andante non troppo lento.

1. Spir - it of Prayer, en - fold my heart, Let ev - 'ry tho't of earth de - part,
2. Spir - it of Prayer, Thy ho - ly peace Bids way - ward tho't and ac - tion cease;

Nor let temp - ta - tion's poi - soned dart My sense in - flame.
O may Thy life in mine in - crease To con - scious pow'r.

O Love di - vine, I look to Thee To nour - ish, bless, and strengthen me;
Then strong and fear-less, pure and true, O grant me pow'r Thy will to do;

Thus con-qu'ring each in - firm - i - ty In Thy dear name.
Re - fresh my soul, each day a - new Thy bless - ings show'r.

In Thy dear name.

203 Thou Givest All.

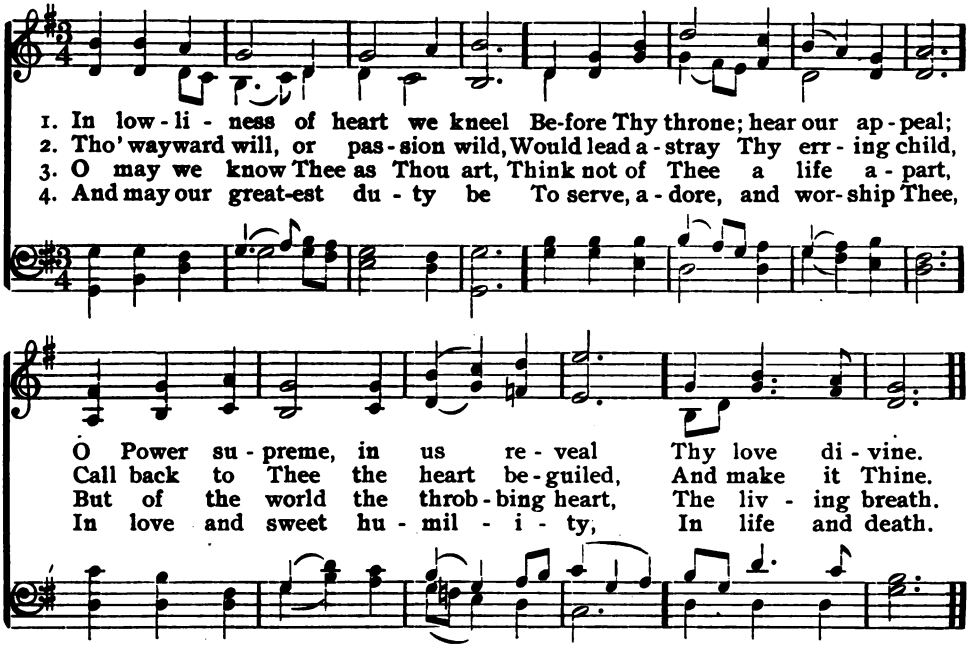
1 O Lord of heaven, earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?
For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

2 Thou givest the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

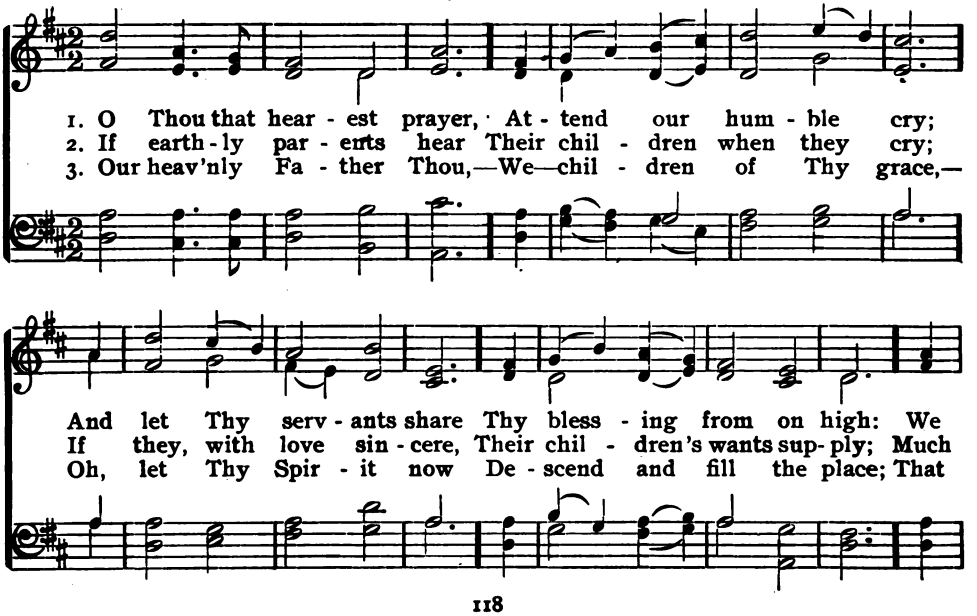
204 Almsgiving.

CLARA L. HAYES. 8, 4. JOHN B. DYKES.

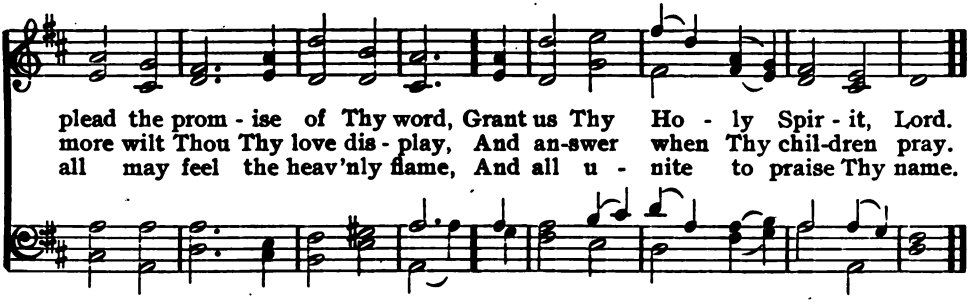


205 Warsaw. H. M.

JOHN BURTON. THOMAS CLARK.

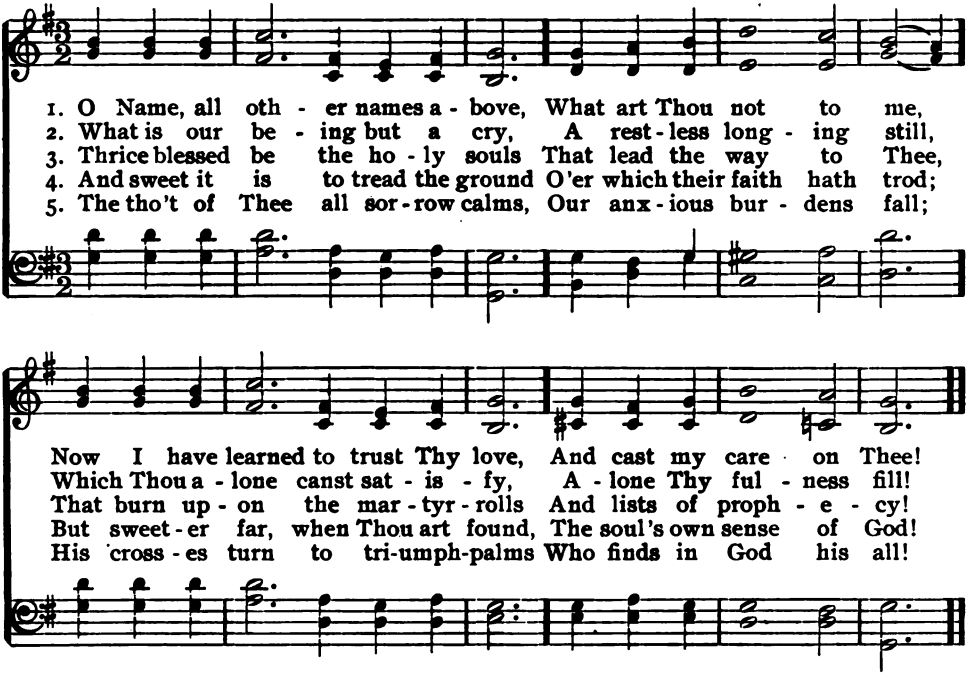


Warsaw.



206 Lambeth. C. M.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER. SAMUEL WEBBE.



207 O Love Divine, Thy Power Impart.

1 O Love divine, Thy power impart,
The life that makes me know
Thy presence and Thy guiding care
Wherever I may go.

2 I cannot drift beyond Thy life,
The boundaries of Thy care;
I cannot turn away from Thee,
For Thou art everywhere.

3 So, trusting fully in Thy love,
In Thee forever free,
I cannot build a wall of doubt
Between myself and Thee.

4 Though now I know Thee but in part,
The time will surely be,
When Thou shalt dwell within my heart,
Enshrined in purity.

—*Clara L. Hayes.*

208 Aurelia.

THOMAS HAWEIS. 7. 6. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - ior, My heart ex - ult - ing sings,
2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be-decks the dew - y east,
3. By Thee thro' life sup - port - ed, I'll pass the dangerous road,

Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings!
And when the sun re - pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast,
With heav'n-ly hosts es - cort - ed, Up to Thy bright a - bode;

I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy saints a - bove,
My voice, in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Then cast my crown be - fore Thee, And, all my con - flicts o'er,

And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.
Oh, grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore Thee:—What could an an - gel more?

209 A Prayer.

1 My Lord, my Master, help me
To walk apart with Thee
Outside the camp, where only
Thy beauty I may see:
Far from the world's loud turmoil,
Far from its busy din,
Far from its praise and honor,
Its unbelief and sin.

2 Oh, keep my heart at leisure
From all the world beside,
In close communion ever
Thus with Thee to abide:
So all Thy whispered breathings
Of love and truth to hear;
And hail Thee with rejoicing,
When Thou shalt soon appear.

—*Mrs. R. H. Taylor.*

210 Austria.

JOHN NEWTON. 8, 7. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa- ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,

He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as- suage?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

211 Prayer for Light.

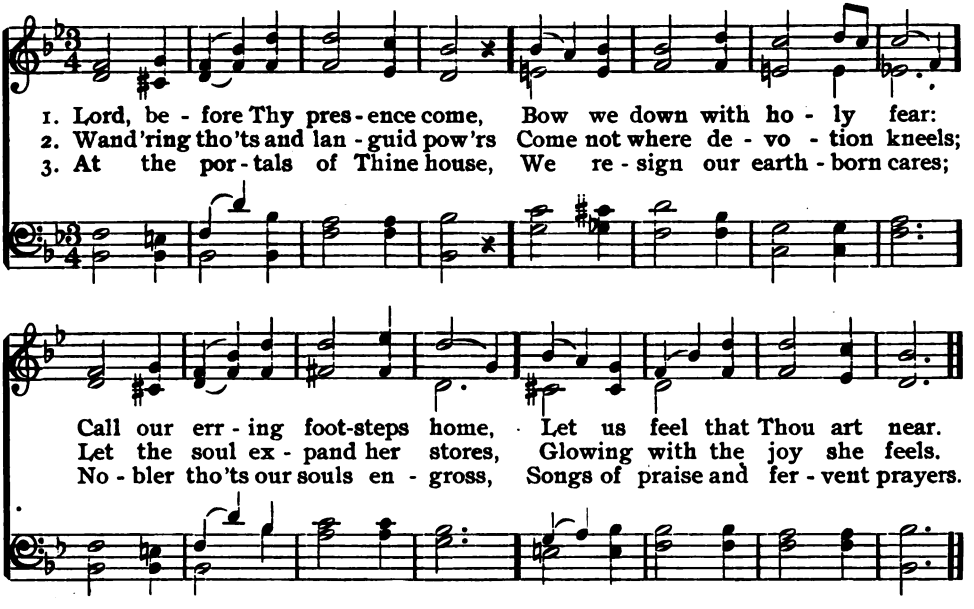
1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, Thyself revealing;
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of life and light creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou God of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

—Charles Wesley.

212 Last Hope.

JOHN TAYLOR. 7. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.



213 Invocation.

1 Sovereign and transforming Grace,
We invoke Thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative Light,
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

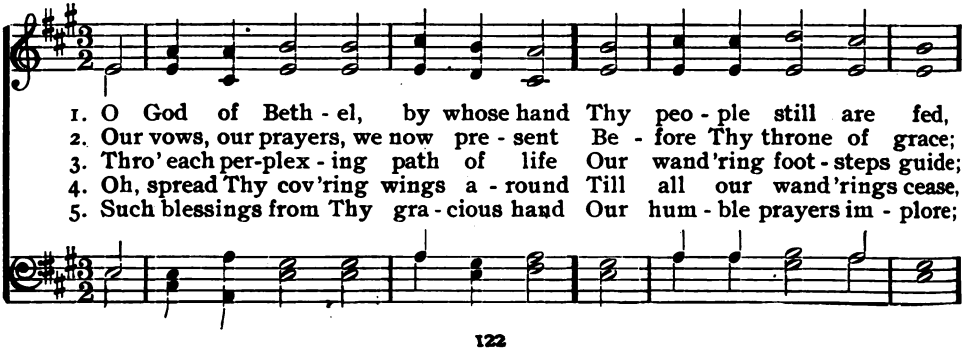
3 Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

4 Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

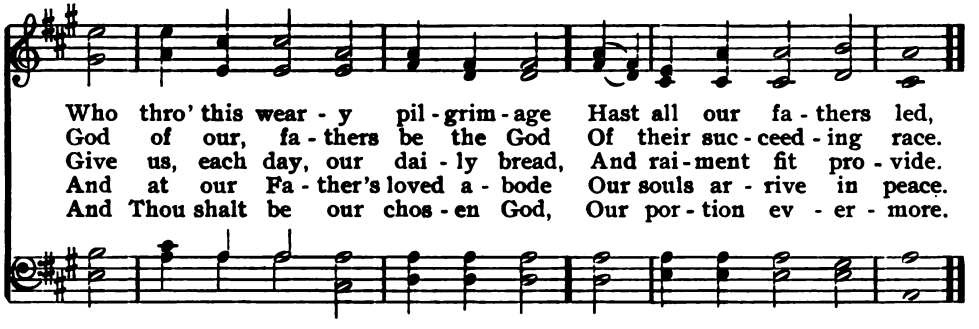
—*Frederic H. Hedge.*

214 Azmon. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.

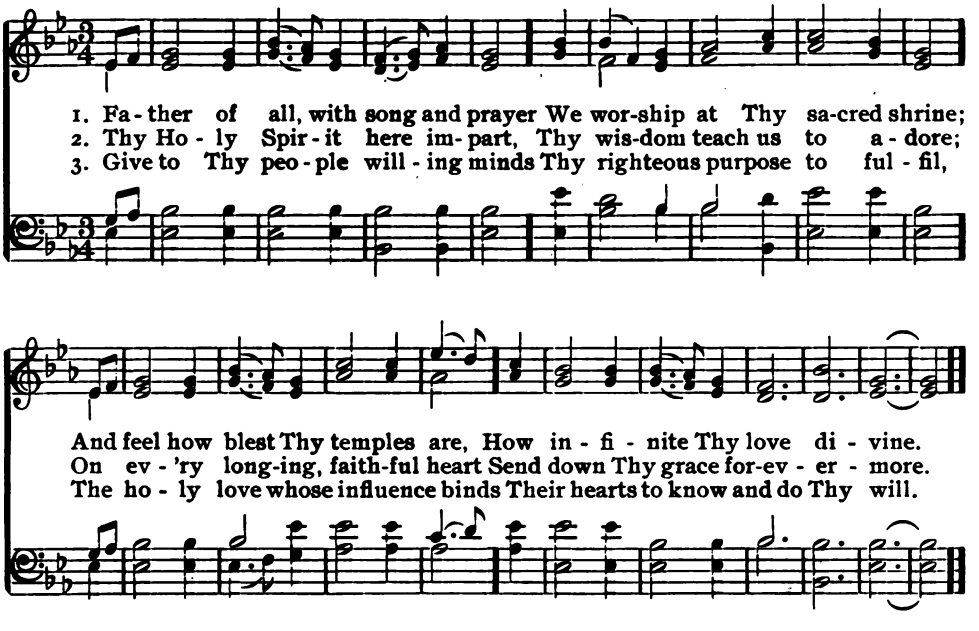


Azmon.



215 Woodworth. L. M.

J. G. FORMAN. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



216 I Will Go Unto My Father.

1 Just as I am,—without one plea
But that Thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—
O loving God! I come.

2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
O loving God! I come.

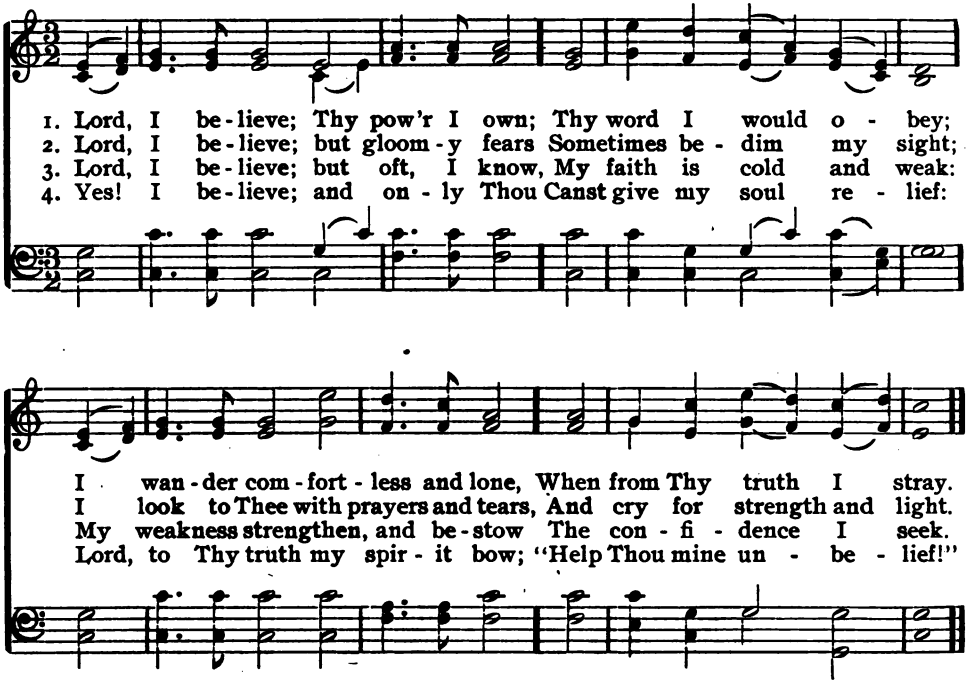
3 Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O loving God! I come.

4 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O loving God! I come.

—*Charlotte Elliott and Samuel Longfellow.*

217 Heber. C. M.

JOHN R. WREFORD. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



218 Prayer For Strong Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

—*William H. Bathurst.*

219 Resignation.

1 One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly Thine:
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

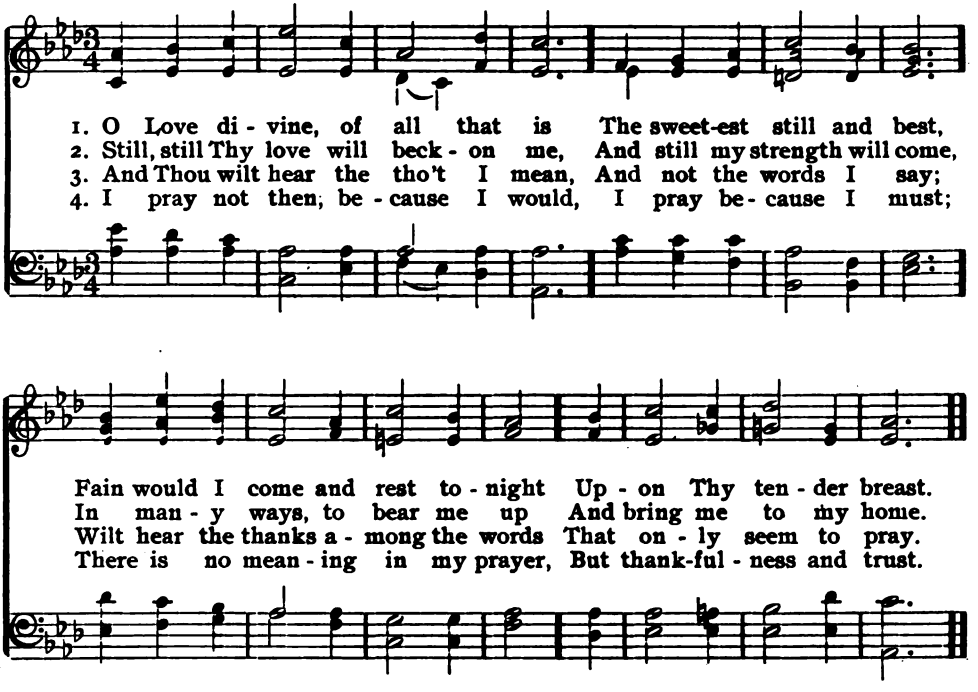
3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.

4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No: let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

—*James Montgomery.*

220 Beatitudo. C. M.

JOHN W. CHADWICK. JOHN B. DYKES.



221 He Knoweth What We Have Need Of.

1 Author of good, we rest on Thee:
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In Thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let Thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

—*James Merrick.*

222 Humble Thoughts.

1 Our Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble tho'ts, which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.

2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight,
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.

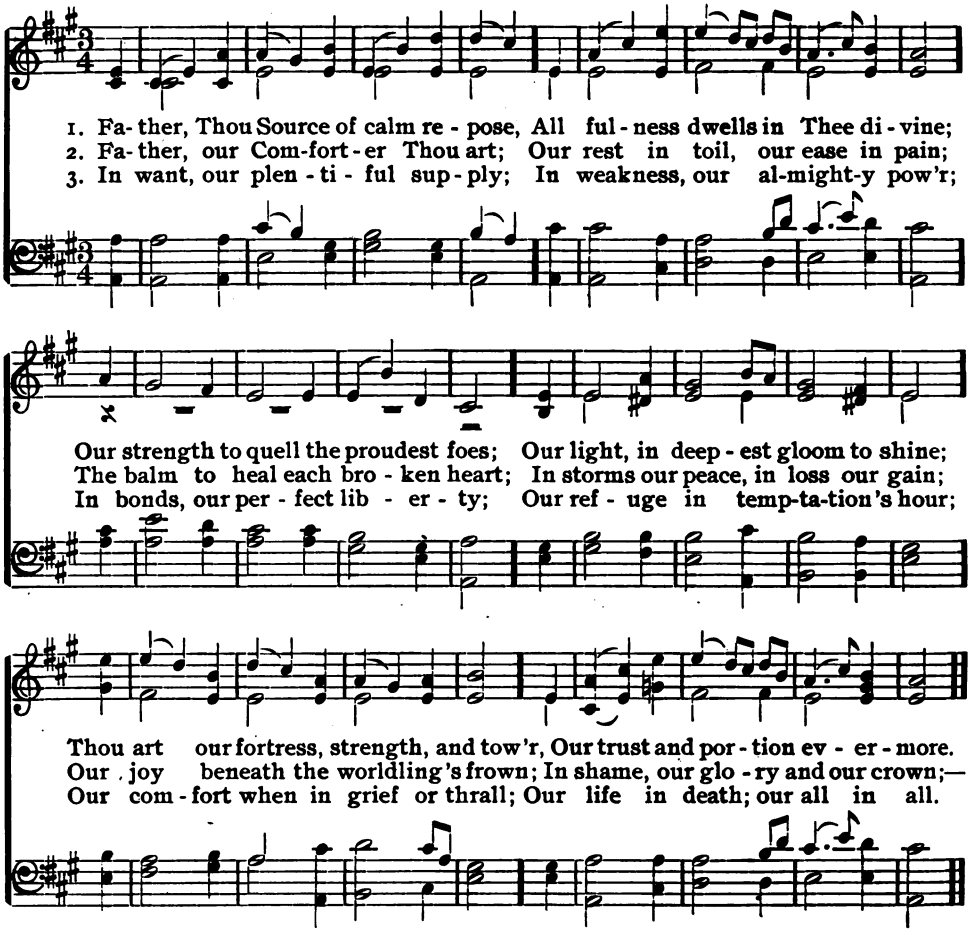
3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Savior; ours Thou art,
For we may be like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

—*George MacDonald.*

223 Brownell. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. ARR. from HAYDN.



224 My Strength, My Tower.

1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

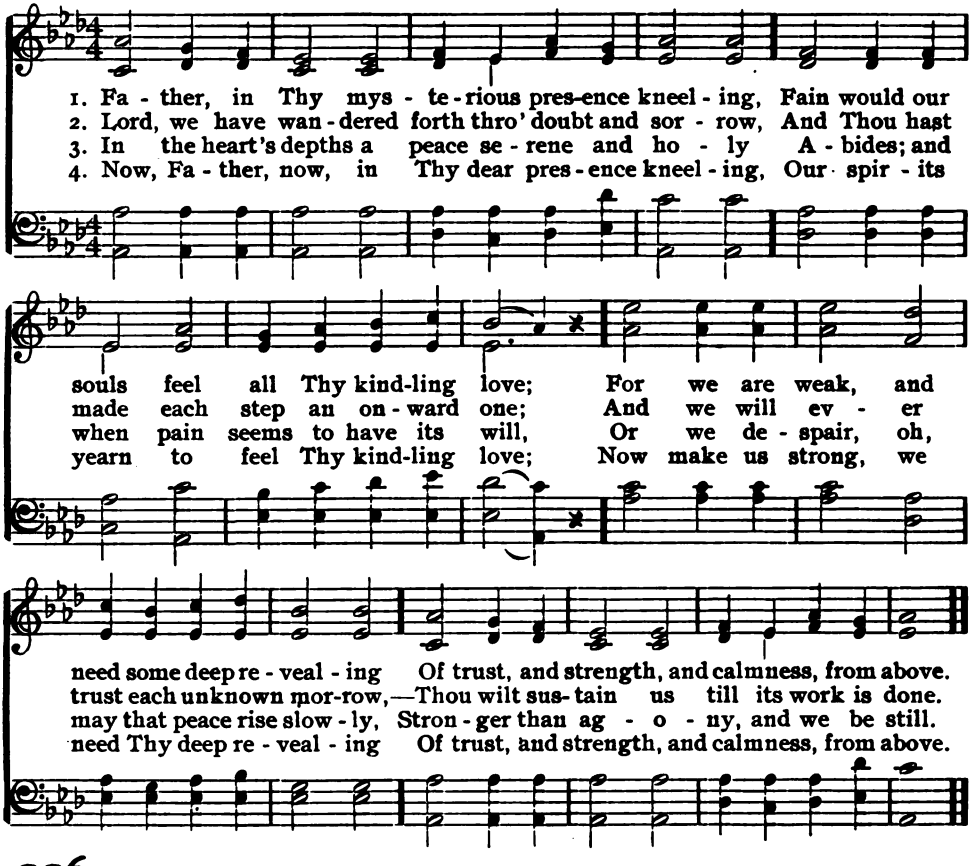
2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

3 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod:
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

—*John Wesley, tr.*

225 White.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 11, 10. T. B. WHITE.



226 No More Sea.

1 Life of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee,
What time our souls, to Thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

2 For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray;
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

3 And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our graves;
When its wild billows, with their mad commotion,
Would sweep us down—then only Thou canst save.

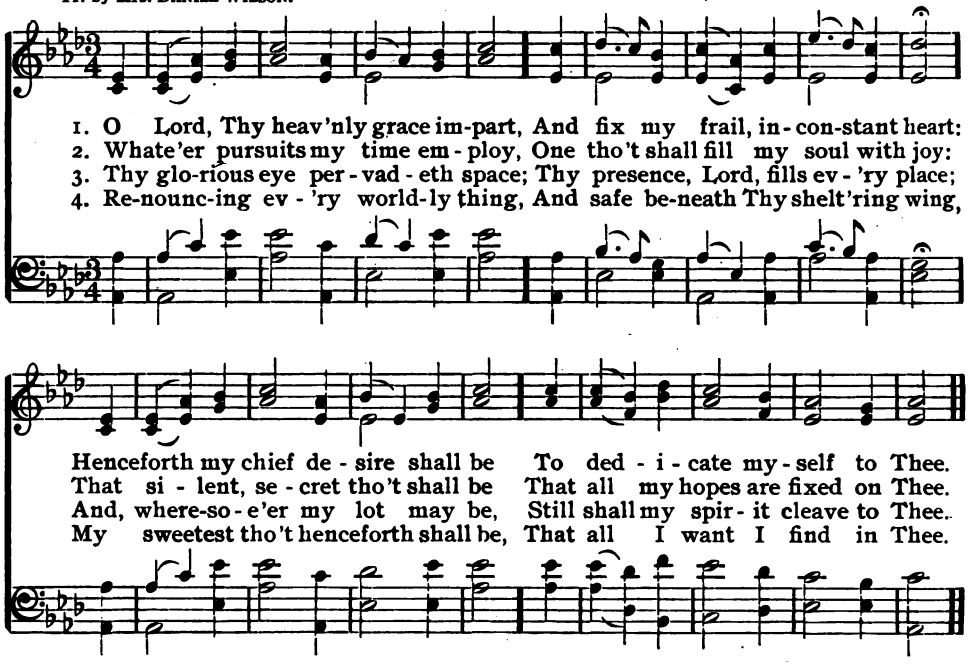
4 Yea! in Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves—Thou hold'st us all.

—*Eliza Scudder.*

227 Louvan. L. M.

JEAN F. OBERLIN.
Tr. by Mrs. DANIEL WILSON.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



228 O God, in Whom We Live and Move.

1 O God, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy law.

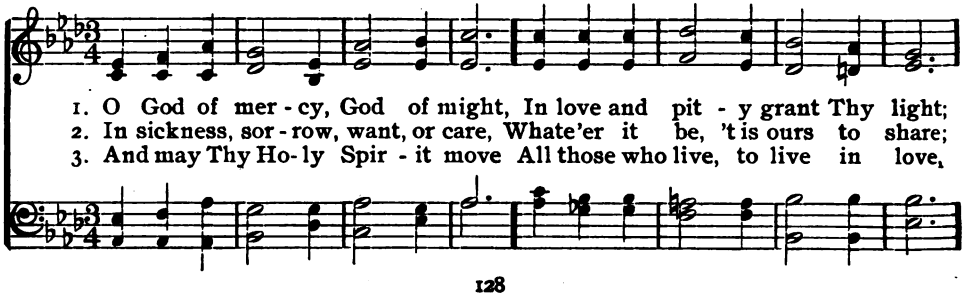
3 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will;
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

4 Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still;
Who works for justice, works for Thee;
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

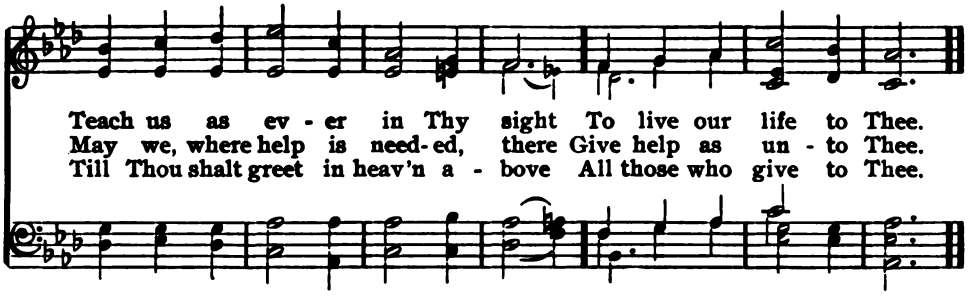
—*Samuel Longfellow.*

229 O God of Mercy.

GODFREY THRING. 8, 6. JOSEPH BARNBY.

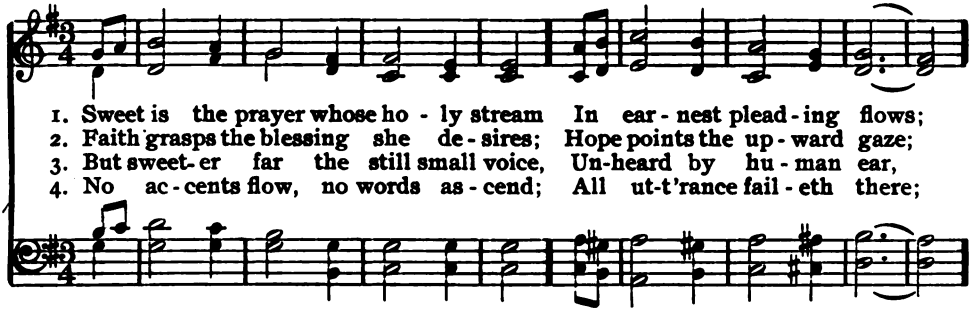


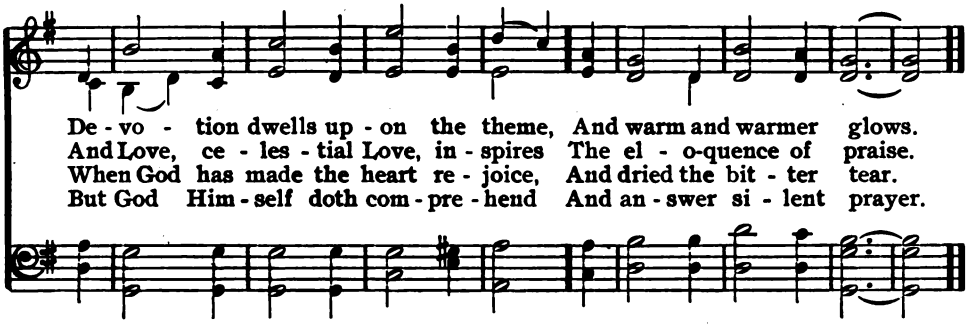
O God of Mercy.



230 Manoah. C. M.

Anon. GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI.





231 Prayer.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To Him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

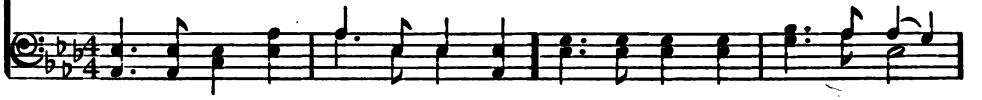
4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied;
When love for all is in his heart,
His prayer is ne'er denied.

—*Benjamin Beddome.*

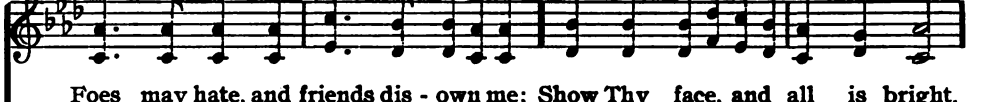
232 Pilgrim.

HENRY F. LYTE. 8, 7. ARR. from MOZART.

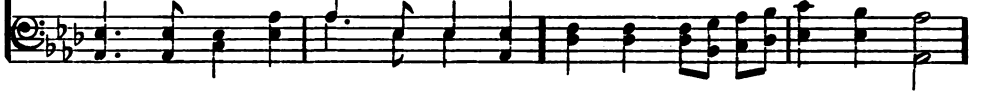
1. O while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
2. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
3. Soul, haste on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



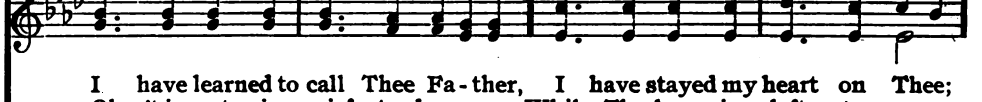
Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Thou canst give me sweet - est rest.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



I have learned to call Thee Fa - ther, I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,



Storms may howl and clouds may gath-er, All must work for good to me.
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



233 Selwyn. C. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. J. TILLEARD.

1. In du - ty's path - way, stained with blood, And wet with sor - row's tears,
2. Where an - gels pour sweet fra - grance down, Thou art a wel-come guest;
3. I find Thee in the morn - ing light; I take the morn-ing's wings,

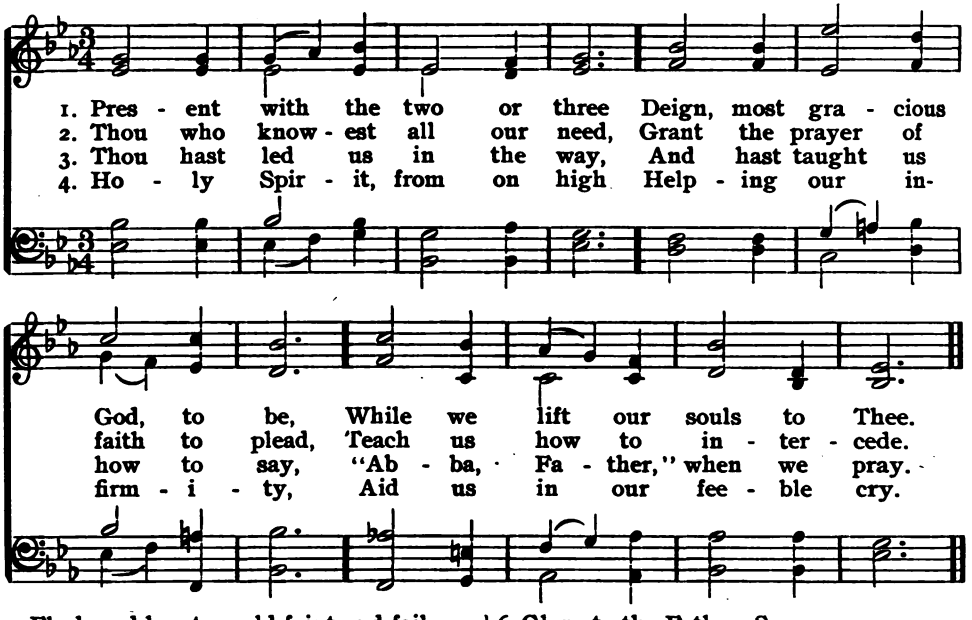
And on the waves of tri - al's flood, Thy sa - cred form ap - pears.
Thy life their joy, Thy light their crown, Thy heart with - in the breast.
And view Thee where the vault - ed night With praise and wor - ship rings.

Up - on temp - ta - tion's des - ert waste, And in the shrines of prayer,
I fol - low in the steps of Spring,—Thy path is sown with flow'rs:
Thou art the glo - rious All in - all; And ev - 'ry - where I see

Thou stand - est, and I fain would taste The strength Thou giv-est there.
Where Summer's birds in con - cert sing, Thy voice in - spires their pow'rs.
Thy pres - ent love, and hear Thy call, "A - rise and fol - low me."

234 Lachrymæ.

FANNY FRESER. 7. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

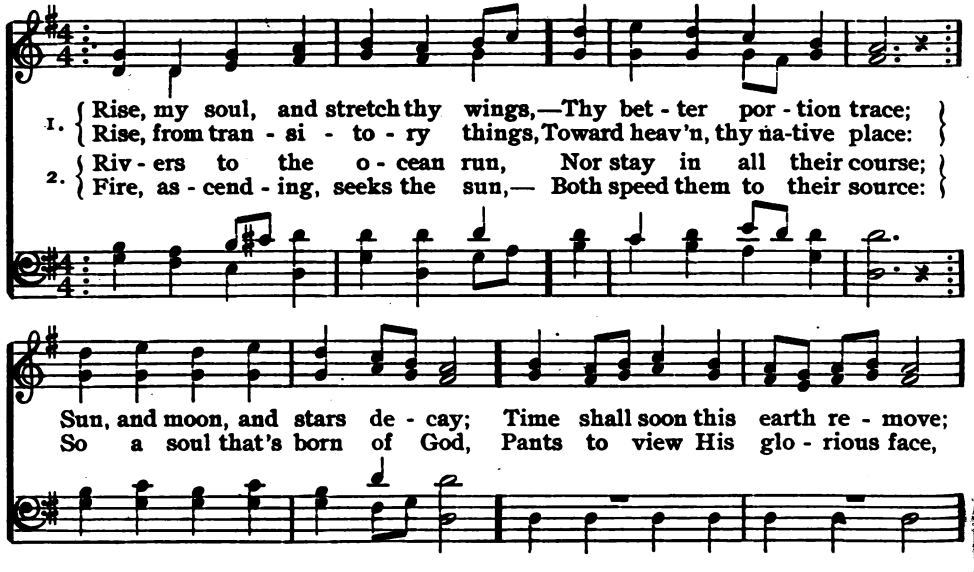


5 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.

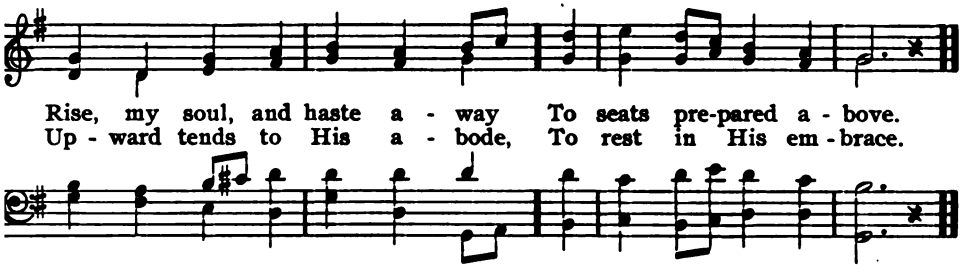
6 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

235 Amsterdam.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. 7. 6. JAMES NARES.

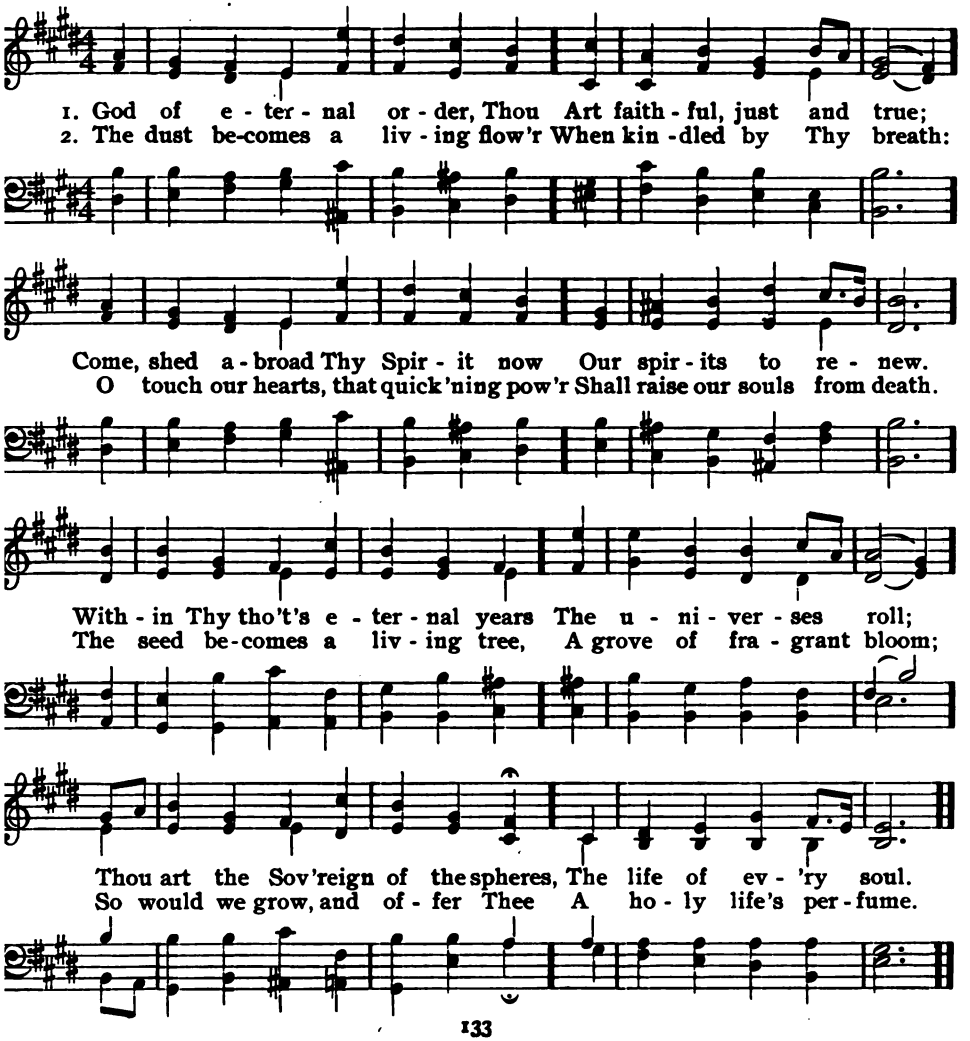


Amsterdam.



236 Mendelssohn. C. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. MENDELSSOHN.



237 Everett.

JOHN W. CHADWICK. 10. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. E - ter - nal Rul - er of the cease-less round Of cir - cling plan - ets
2. We would be one in ha-tred of all wrong, One in our love of
3. O clothe us with Thy heav'nly ar - mor, Lord,—Thy trust-y shield, Thy

sing - ing on their way; Guide of the na - tions from the night pro-found
all things sweet and fair, One with the joy that break-eth in - to song,
sword of love di - vine; Our in - spi - ra - tion be Thy con-stant word;

In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day; Rule in our hearts, that
One with the grief that trem-bles in - to prayer, One in the pow'r that
We ask no vic - to - ries that are not Thine; Give or with-hold, let

we may ev - er be Guid - ed, and strengthened, and up - held by Thee.
makes Thy children free To fol - low truth, and thus to fol - low Thee.
pain or pleas-ure be; E - nough to know that we are serv - ing Thee.

238

Deux Anges.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 7. ARR. from BLUMENTHAL.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth,
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Thee, One Je - ho - vah ev - er - more,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all Heav'n's tri - um-phant choir shall sing,

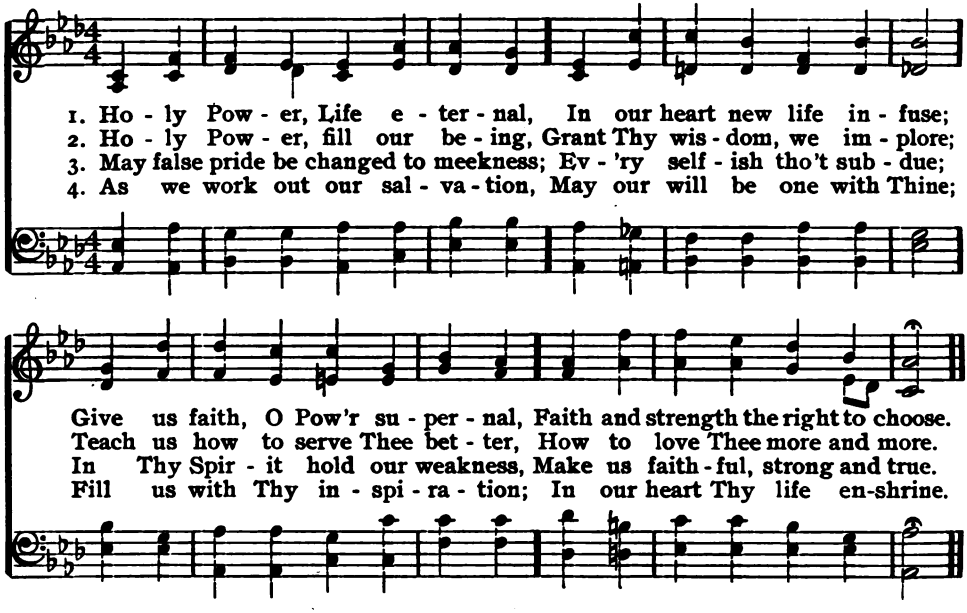
Out of dark-ness, at Thy word Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it! we, Dust and ash - es, would a - dore:
While the ran-somed na - tions fall At the foot - stool of their King:

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,
Light-ly by the world es-teemed, From that world by Thee re-deemed,
Then shall saints and ser - a - phim, Harps and voi - ces, swell one hymn,

While they sung with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Sing we here with glad ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Blend-ing in sub - lime ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

239 Luella.

CLARA L. HAYES. 8, 7. ALFRED BEIRLY.



240 Softly, Sweetly, in the Night-time.

1 Softly, sweetly, in the night-time,
Comes the precious thought to me,
That we may with prayer and service
Through unfoldment come to Thee.

2 Kindly light our way, dear Father;
Give us peace, good will to man;
Take us to Thy precious keeping;
Let us know Thee while we can.

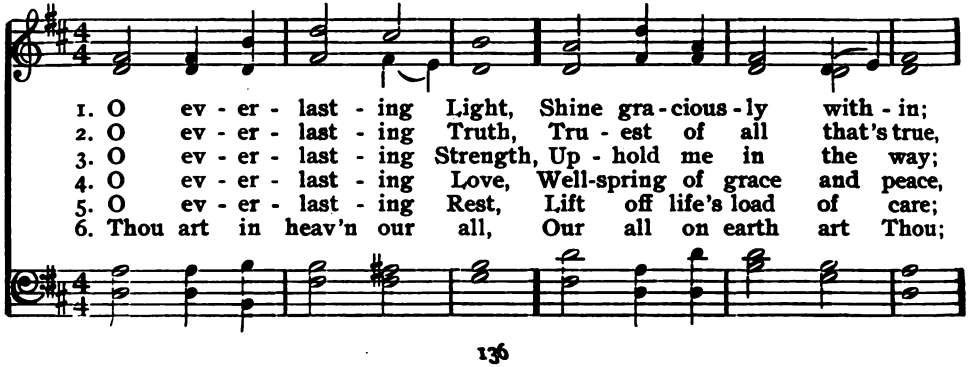
3 When in beauty dawns the morning,
Thy sweet Spirit may I feel;
Strengthened for the daily duties,
Thine own life in mine reveal.

4 Holy Father, blessed Teacher,
May we ne'er Thy love repel;
Strengthen our relation with Thee,
And forever with us dwell.

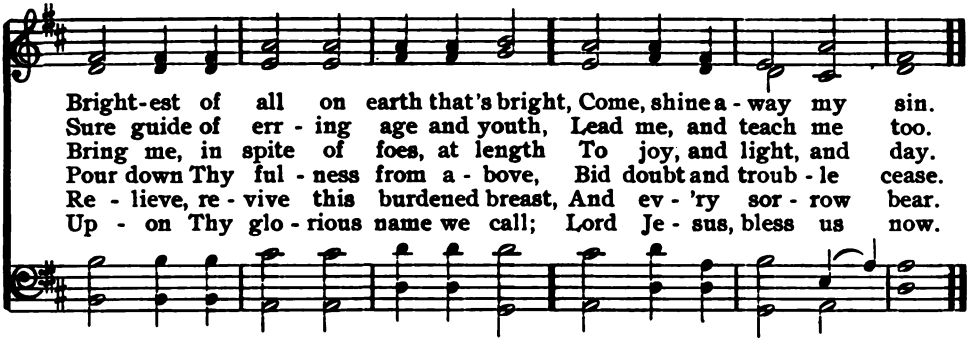
—*S. E. Miller.*

241 Owen. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

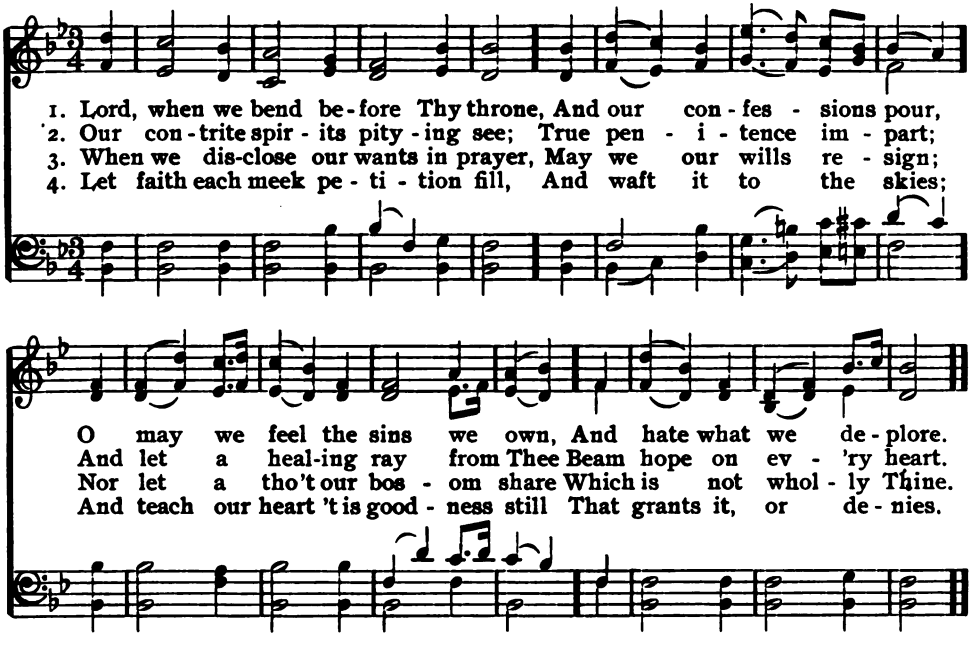


Owen.



242 Bemerton. C. M.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



243 Trust in God.

1 God of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to Thee.

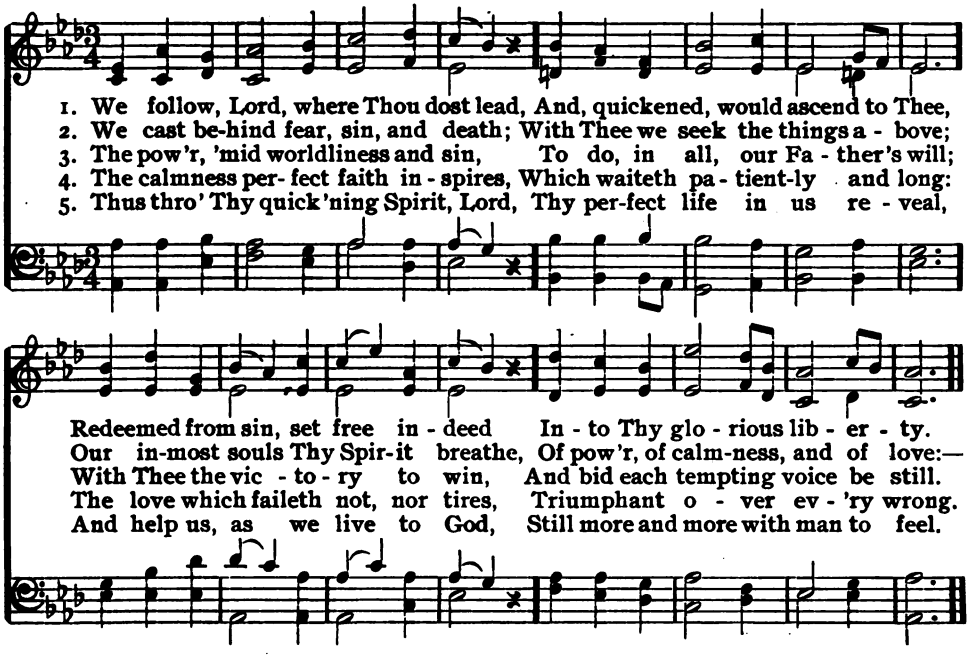
2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw Thy love depart.

3 But though the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in Thy house abide,
Shall ever share Thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On Thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

244 Easton. L. M.

Anon. — Johann C. W. A. Mozart.



245 I Am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 Thou art the Way; and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,—

2 By Thee must come, Thou Gate of Love,
Thro' which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

3 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Beams on thro' earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting Ray;
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

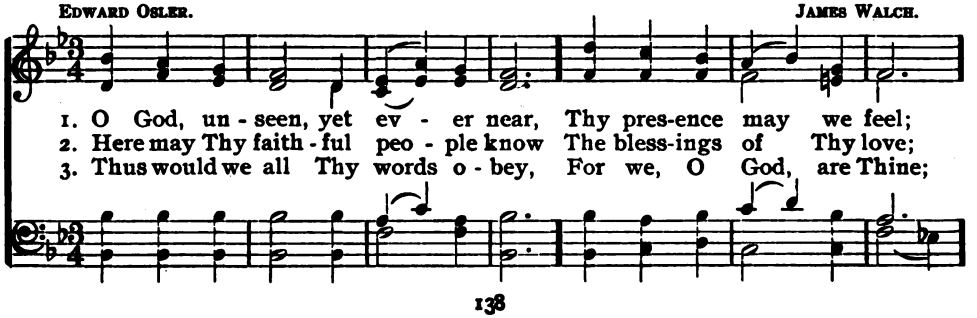
4 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.

5 Thou art the guiding Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven:
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

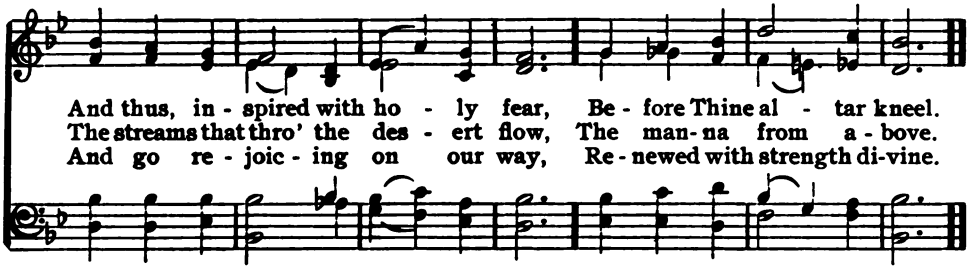
—*Anon.*

246 Sawley. C. M.

Edward Osler. — James Walch.

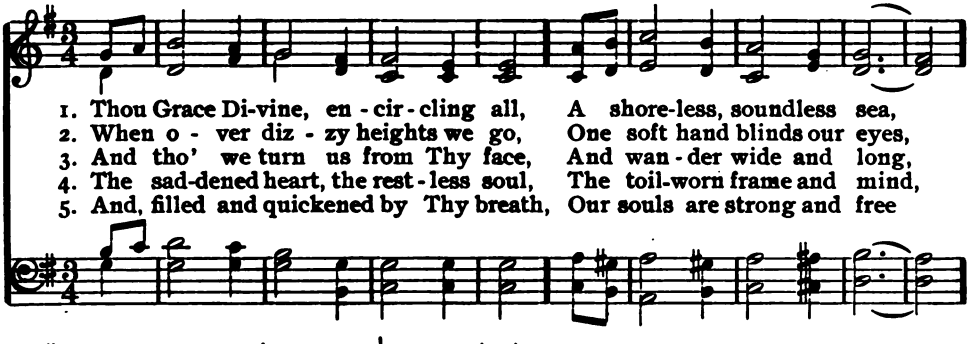


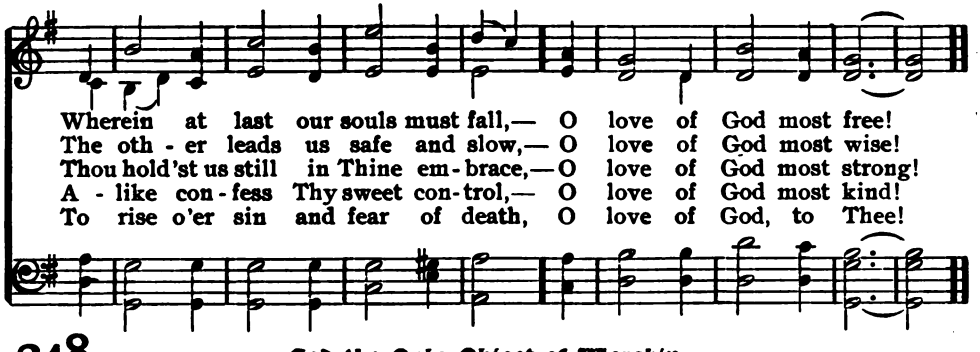
Sawley.



247 Manoah. C. M.

ELIZA SCUDDER. GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI.





248 God the Only Object of Worship.

1 O God, our strength! to Thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And Thou, O ever gracious Lord!
Wilt keep Thy promise still
If, meekly hearkening to Thy word,
We seek to do Thy will.

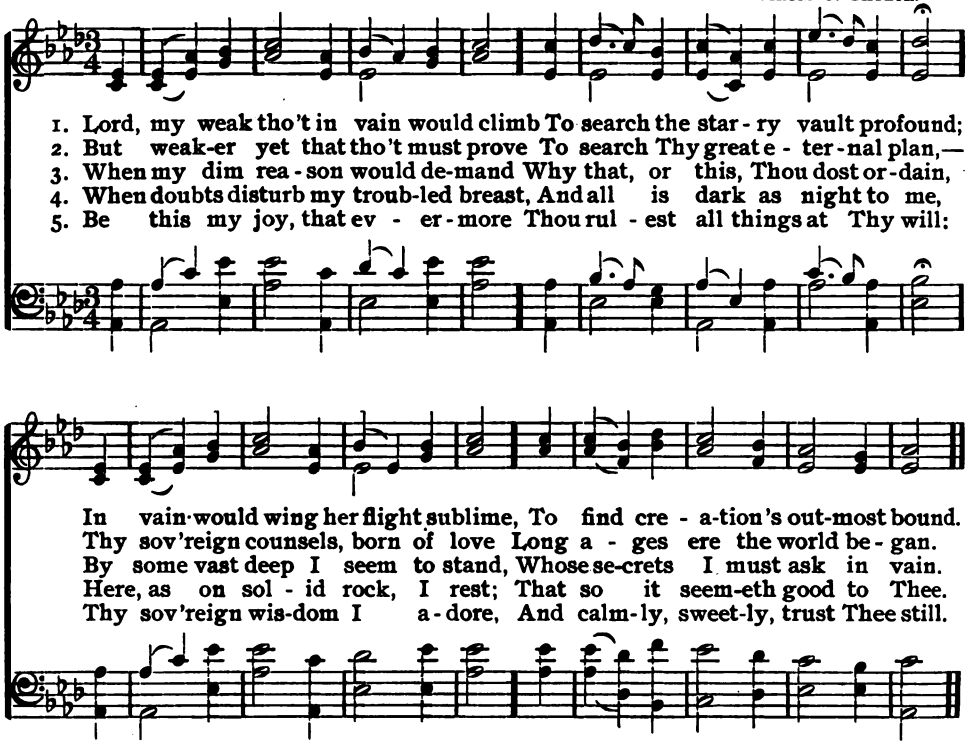
4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee.

5 So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

—*Harriet Auber.*

249 Louvan. L. M.

RAY PALMER. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



250 A Prayer.

1 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

2 Wilt Thou our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Oh, hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

—*Ambrose of Milan. Tr. by John Chandler.*

251 Providence.

1 Lord, how mysterious are Thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

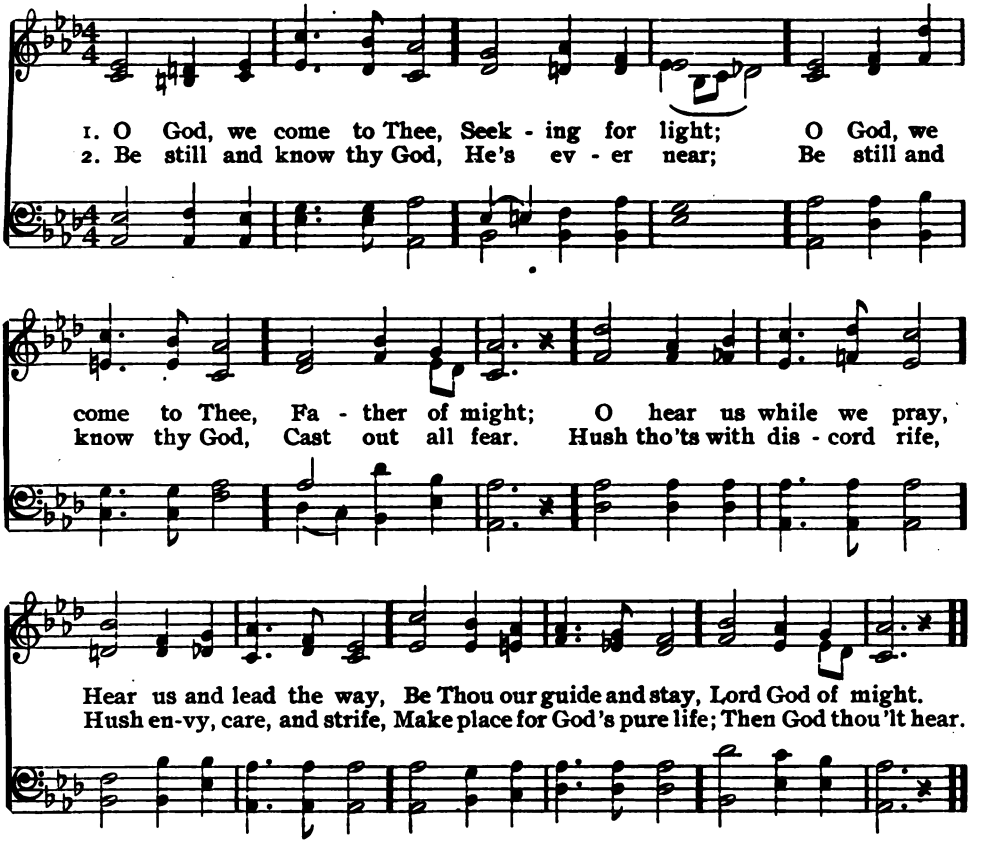
2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust Thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length thro' every cloud shall shine.

—*Anne Steele.*

252 Isabelle.

MARY B. HAYES. 6, 4. ALFRED BEIRLY.



253 Eternal Principle.

1 Eternal Principle,
Of life the way;
Thou art the truth and light,
To Thee we pray;
Father, Thy love we feel,
Wilt Thou our spirits heal,
Hear our sincere appeal,
Thy life reveal.

2 Guide Thou our wayward steps,
Lead us aright;
May we forevermore
Walk in the light.
Thou art all harmony,
Love, truth, and purity,
Grant that our life may be,
Perfect in Thee.

3 Strong in Thy faith we'd be,
Aided by Thee;
Perfect in charity,
Righteous and free.
Father, wilt Thou abide,
We should be satisfied,
Although Thy love denied
All else beside.

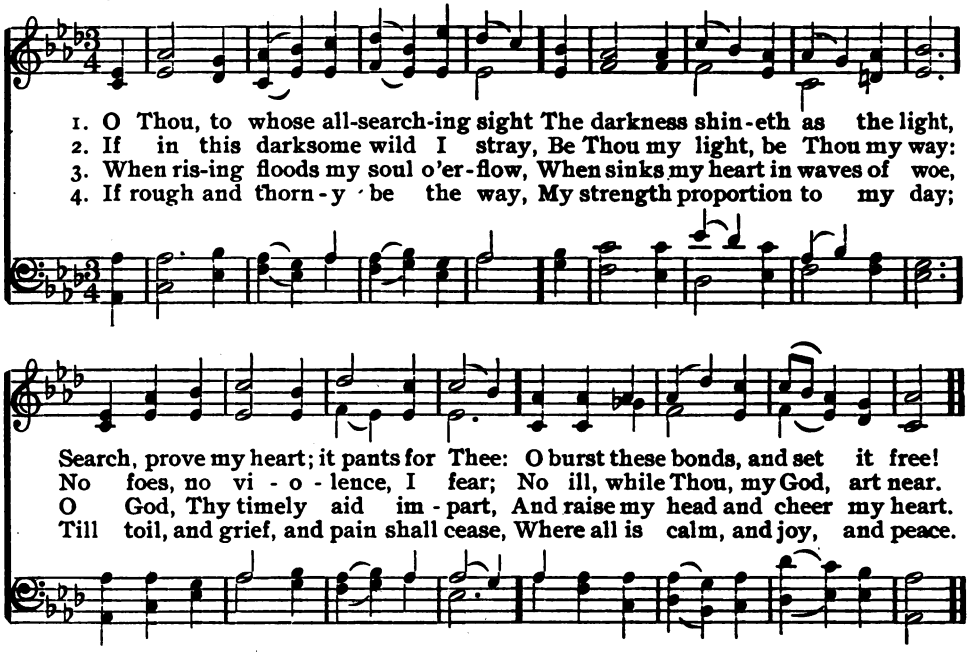
4 O make all service sweet,
Each task more dear;
Faithfully serving Thee,
We feel Thee near.
O may no clouds efface
The glory of Thy face,
Thy wisdom fills all space,
Grant us Thy grace.

—*Clara L. Hayes.*

254 Oberlin. L. M.

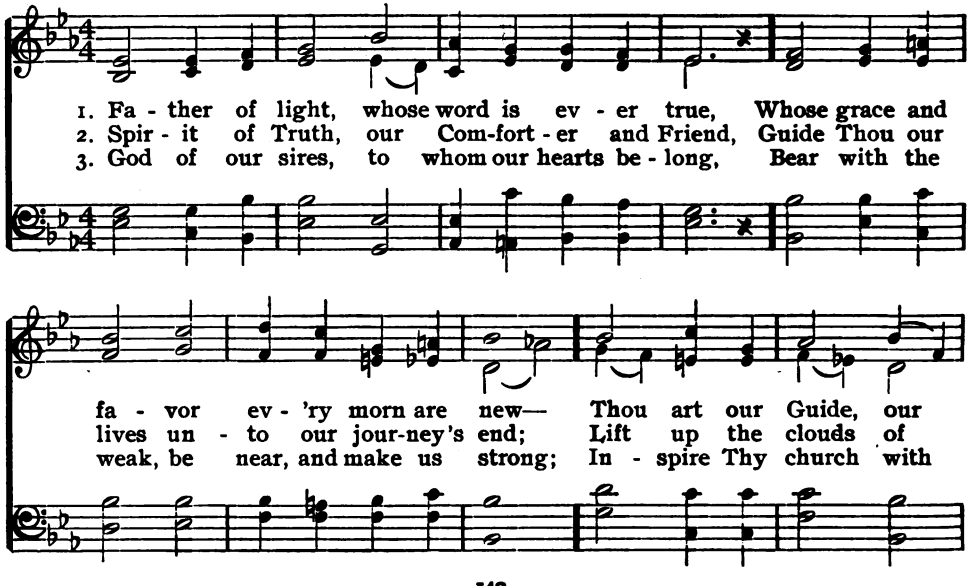
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

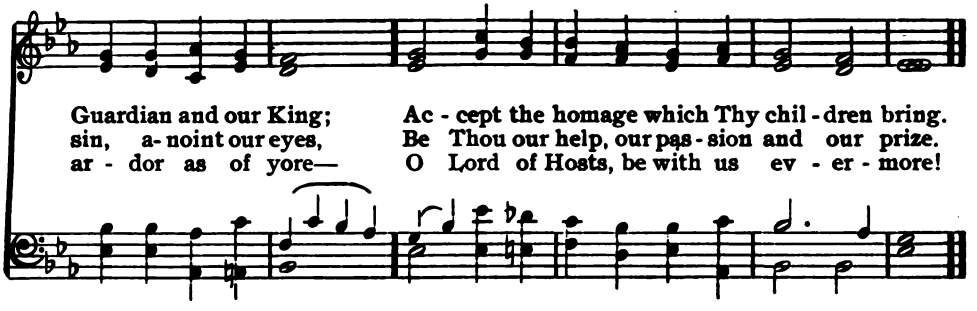


255 Everett.

F. T. BASTEL. 10. ALFRED BEIRLY.

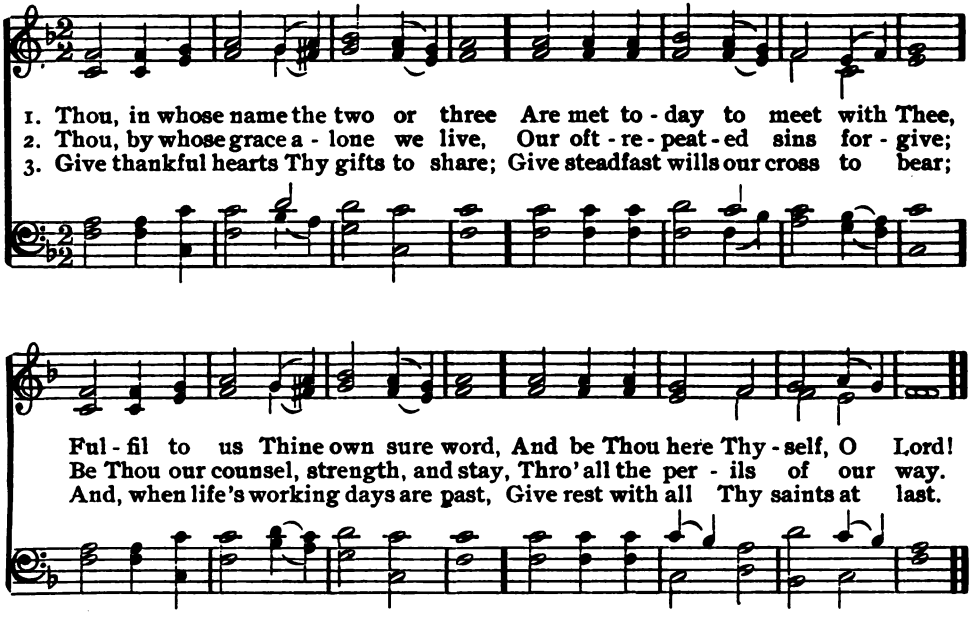


Everett.



256 Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



257 Daily Consecration.

1 O God, I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies, and air, and light:
O God, I thank Thee that I live.

2 That life I consecrate to Thee;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank Thee for another morn:

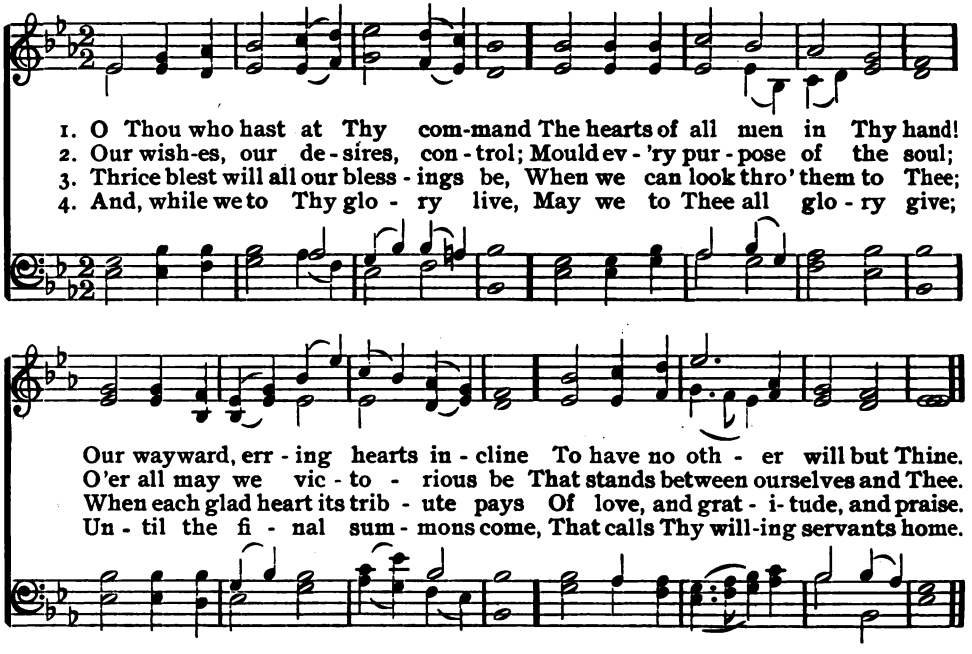
3 Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

4 Another day to do, to dare,
To use anew my growing strength,
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so win life and Thee at length.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

258 Duke Street. L. M.

Mrs. Joseph Cotterill. John Hatton.



259 Contentment.

1 O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

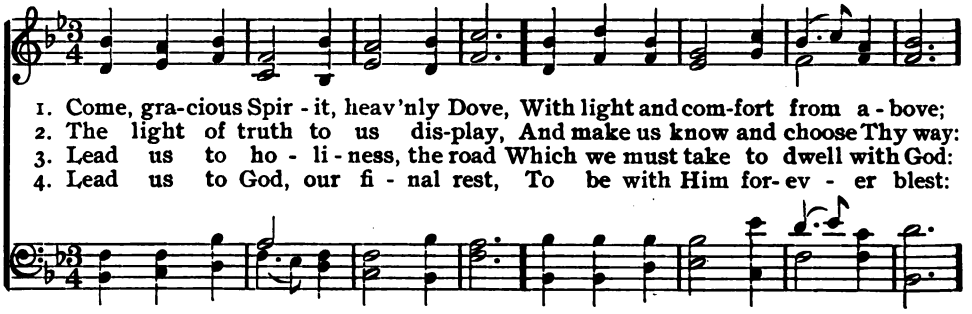
3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

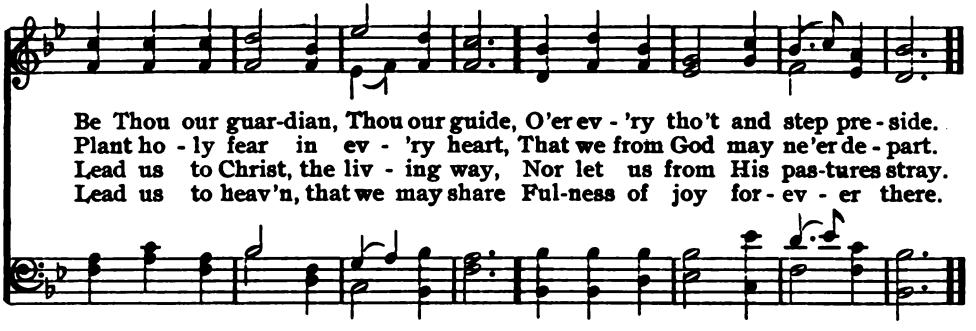
—*William Cowper, tr.*

260 Mendon. L. M.

Simon Browne. Arr. by Samuel Dyer.

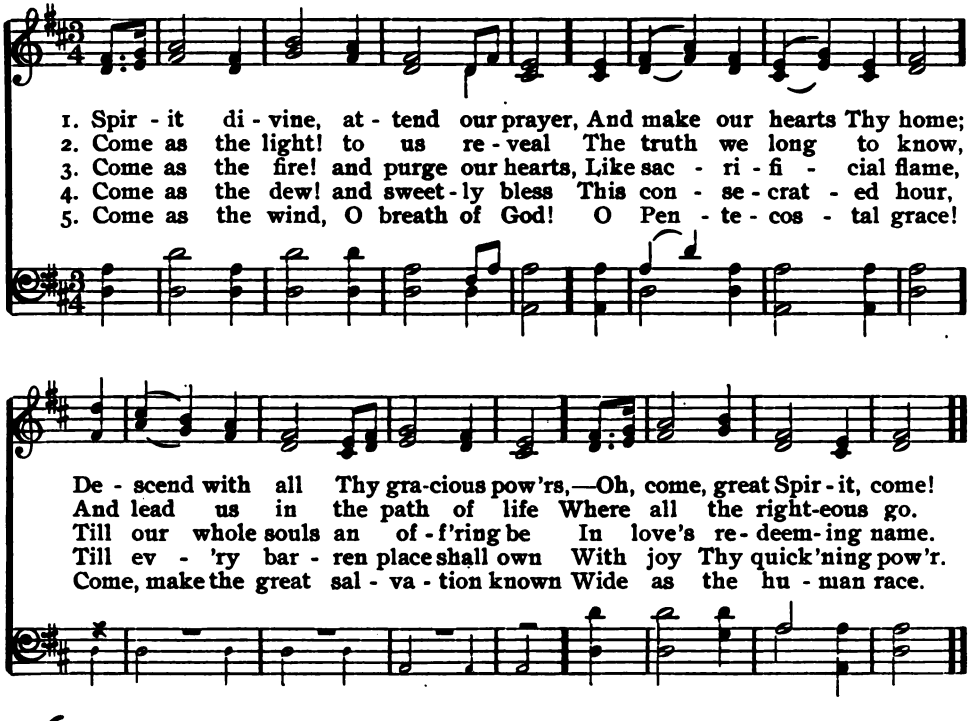


Mendon.



261 Siloam. C. M.

ANDREW REED. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



262 Gratitude.

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

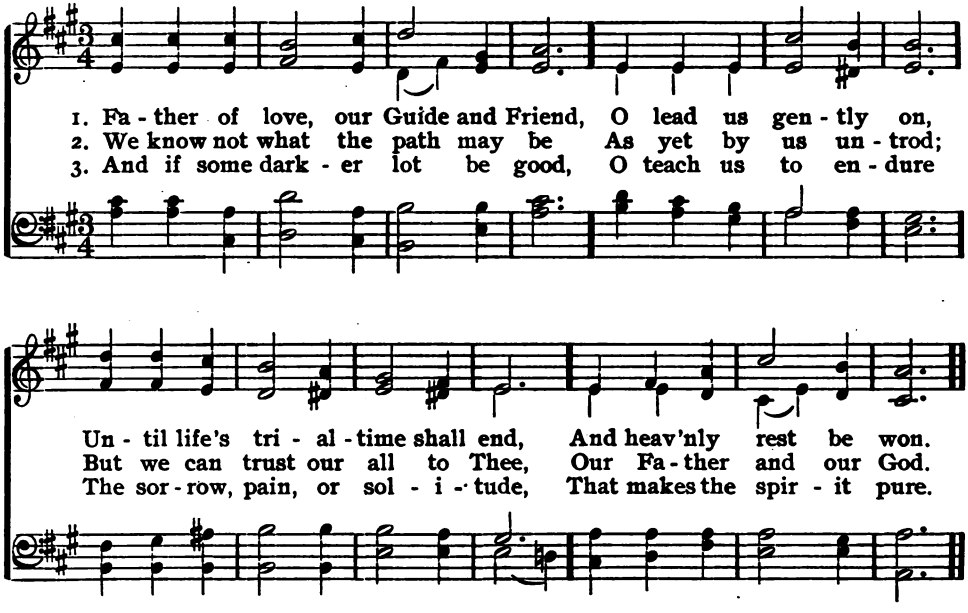
2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

—*Benjamin Beddome.*

263 St. Agnes. C. M.

WILLIAM J. IRONS. JOHN B. DYKES.



264 Early, My God, Without Delay.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

—*Isaac Watts.*

265 Prayer.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

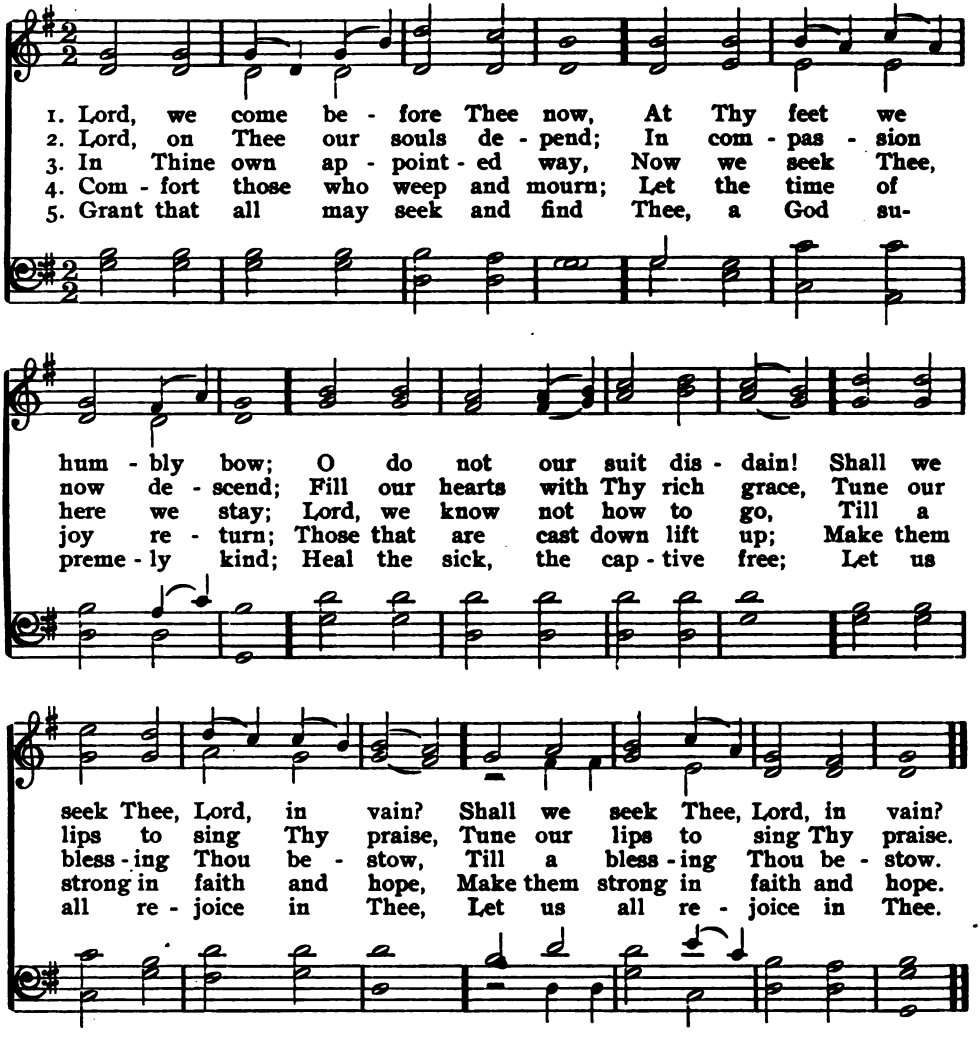
5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold, he prays!"

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

—*James Montgomery.*

266 Hendon.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 7. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.



267 Thine Forever.

1 Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Savior, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine forever! Savior, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,—
All our wants by Thee supplied,—
All our sins by Thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

—*Mary F. Maude.*

268 Autumn.

ELIZABETH CODNER. 8, 7. Spanish Melody. MARECHIO.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior; Let me love and cling to Thee;

Show'rs the thirst - y soul re - fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me.
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O call me.

Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa - ther, Lost and sin - ful tho' I be;
Love of God, so pure and changeless; Life of God, so rich and free;

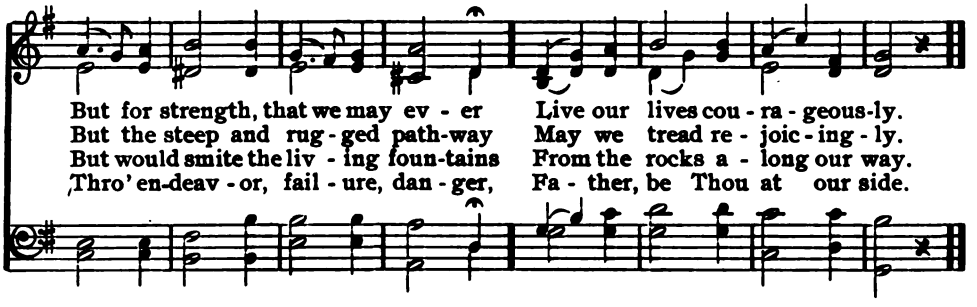
Thou might'st punish, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less; Mag - ni - fy it all in me.

269 Thornton.

8, 7.

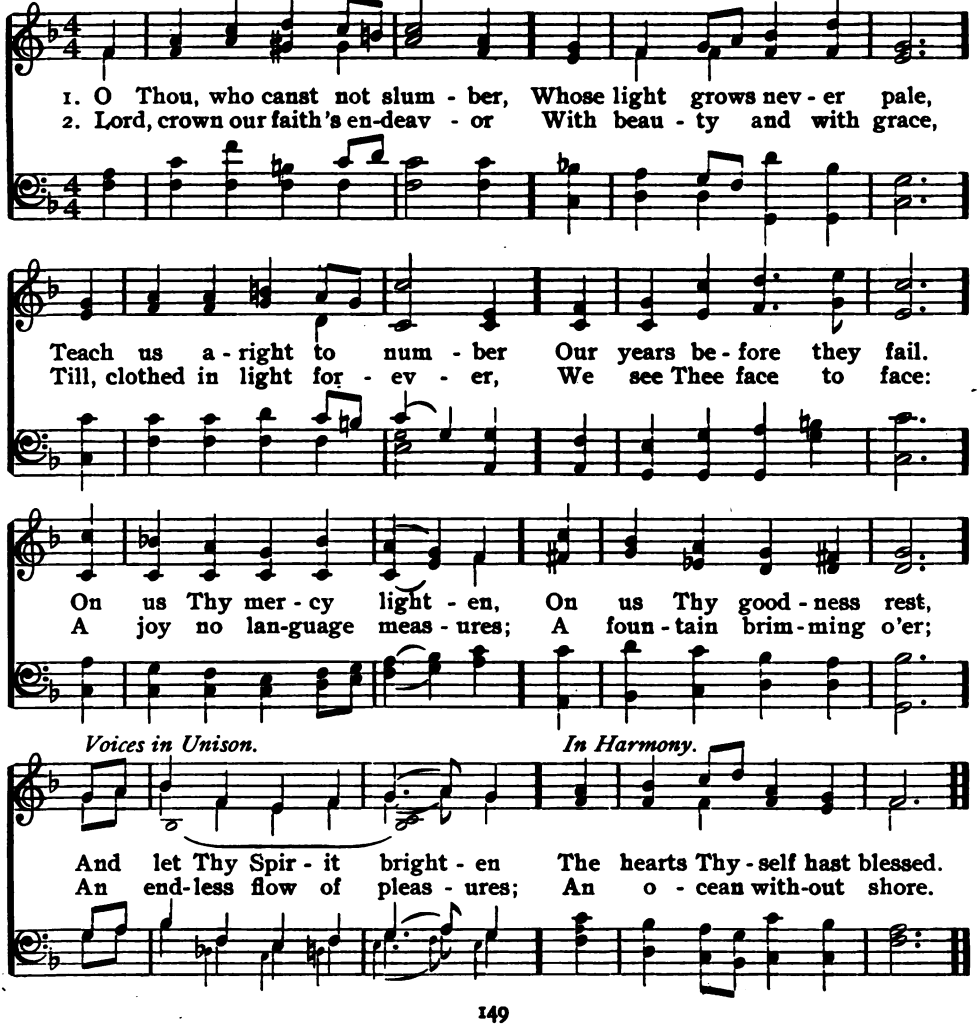
1. Fa - ther, hear the prayer we of - fer: Not for ease that prayer shall be;
2. Not for - ev - er in green pas-tures Do we ask our way to be;
3. Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly qui - et stay;
4. Be our strength in hours of weakness; In our wand'rings be our guide;

Thornton.



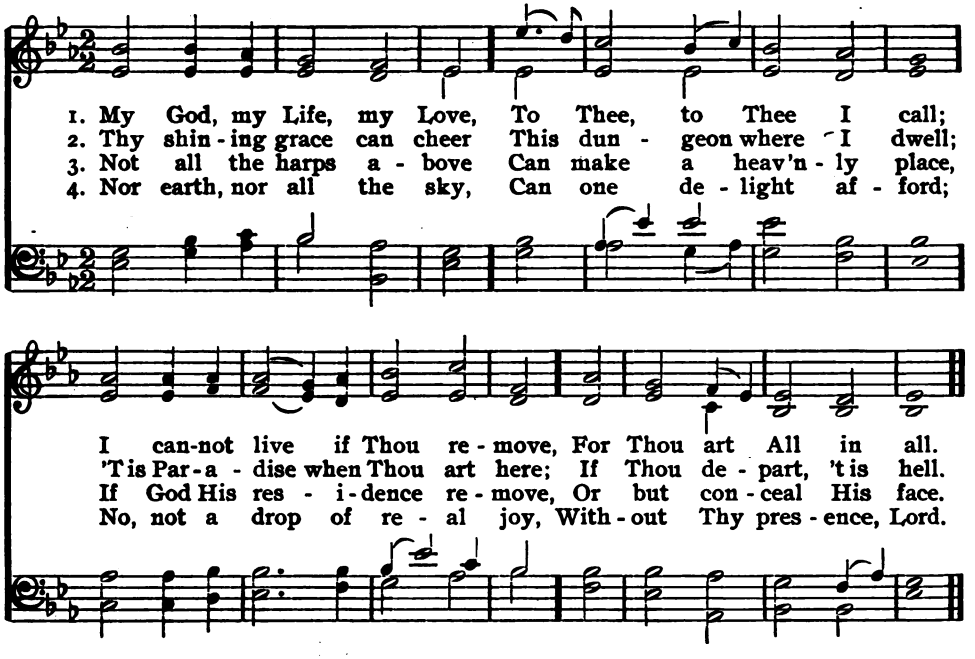
270 Day of Rest.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. 7, 6. JAMES W. ELLIOTT.



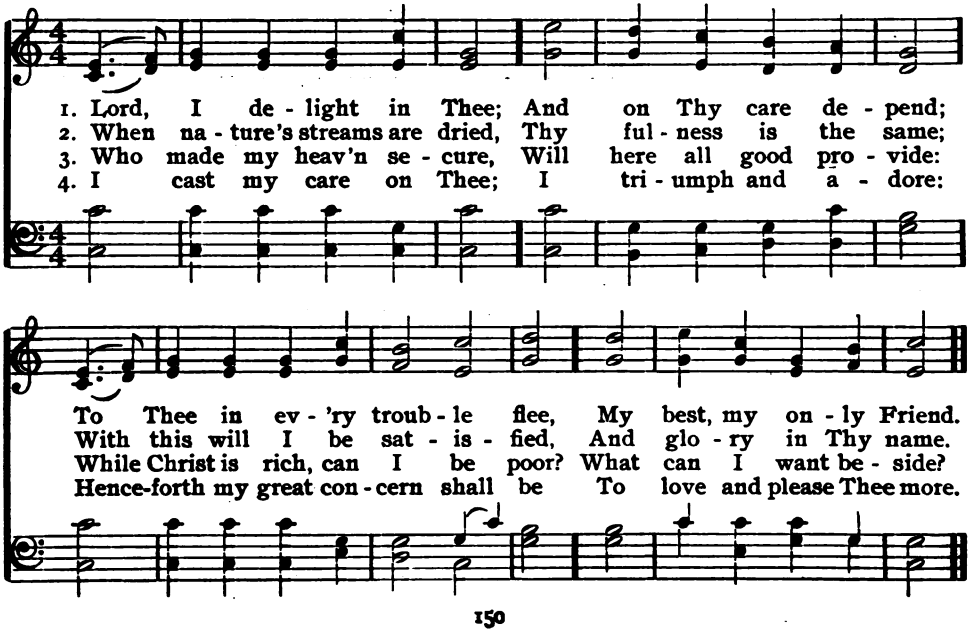
271 Mornington. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GARRETT W. MORNINGTON.



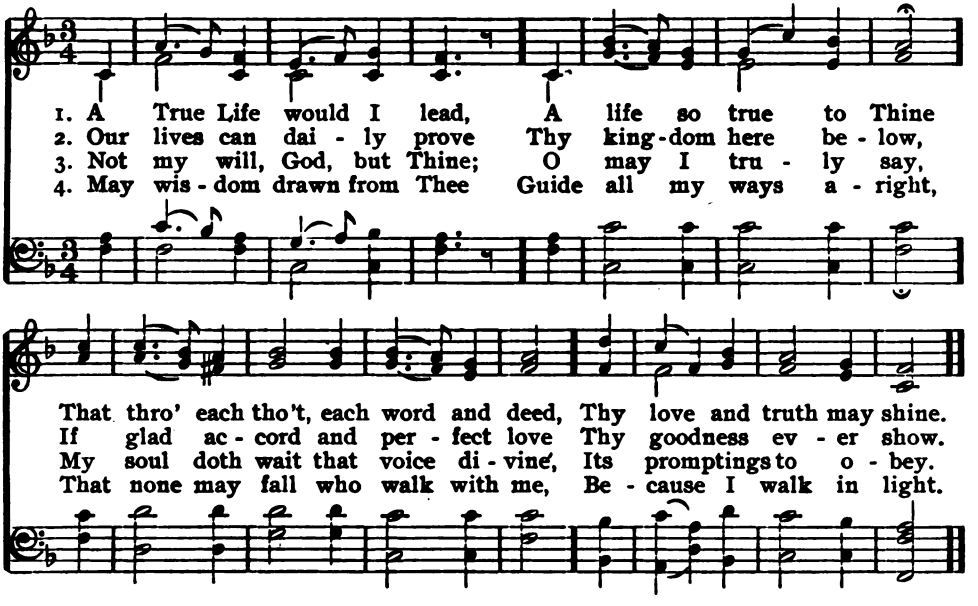
272 Laban. S. M.

JOHN RYLAND. LOWELL MASON.



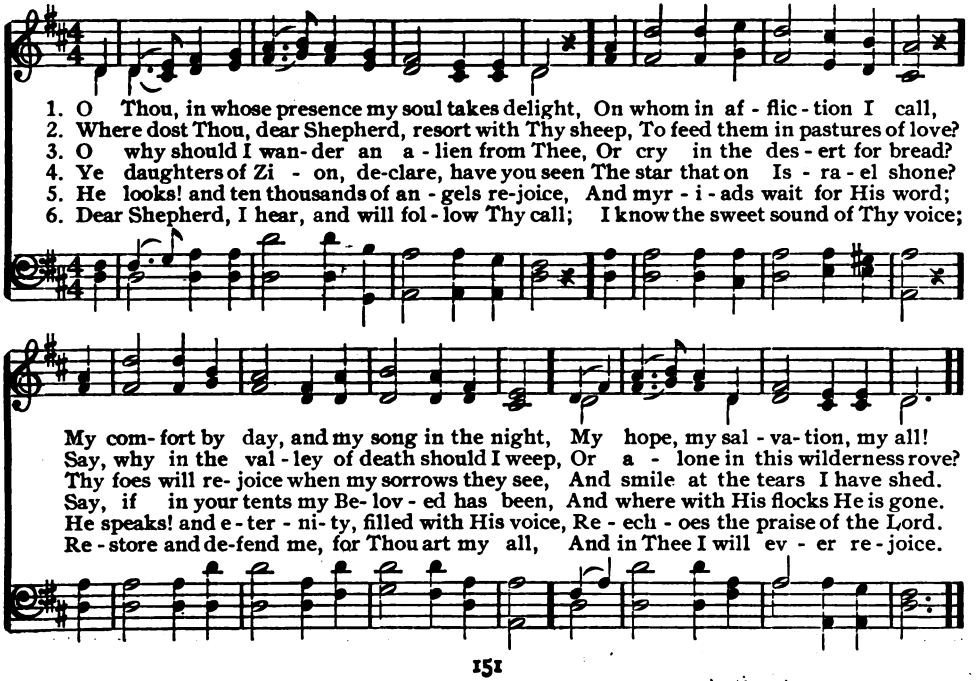
273 Lucetta. S. M.

MARY B. HAYES. Harmonized by ALFRED BEIRLY.



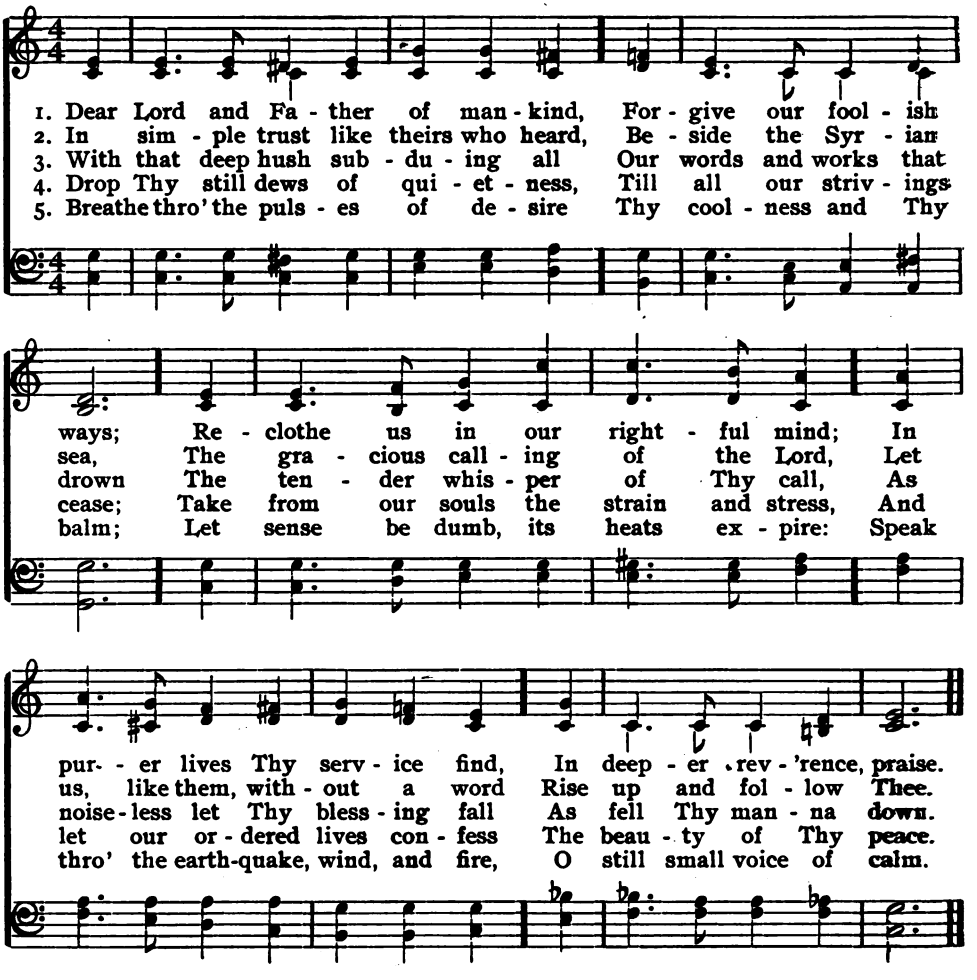
274 Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 11, 8. FREEMAN LEWIS. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



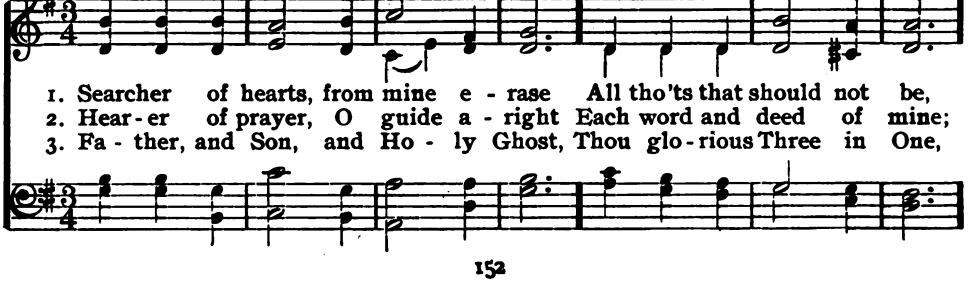
275 Whittier.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. 8, 6. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

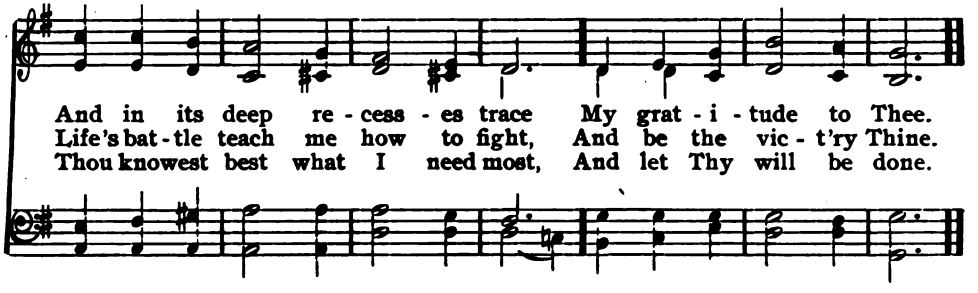


276 St. Agnes. C. M.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. JOHN B. DYKES.

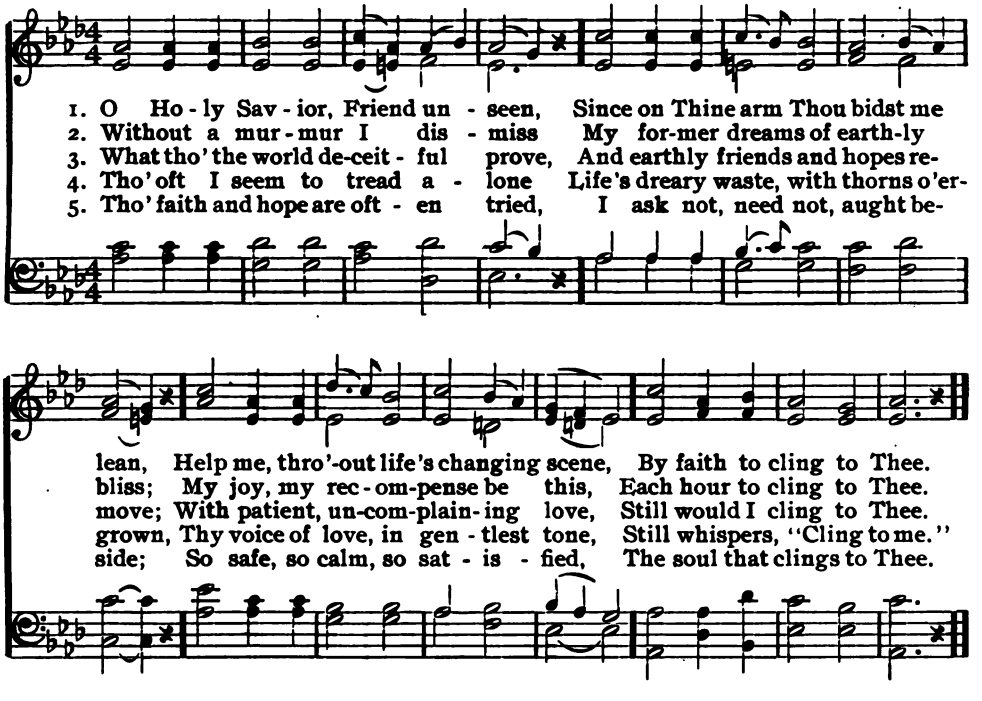


St. Agnes.



277 Flemming.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8, 6. ARR. from FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING.



278 A Will Resigned.

1 I ask not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to Thine own.

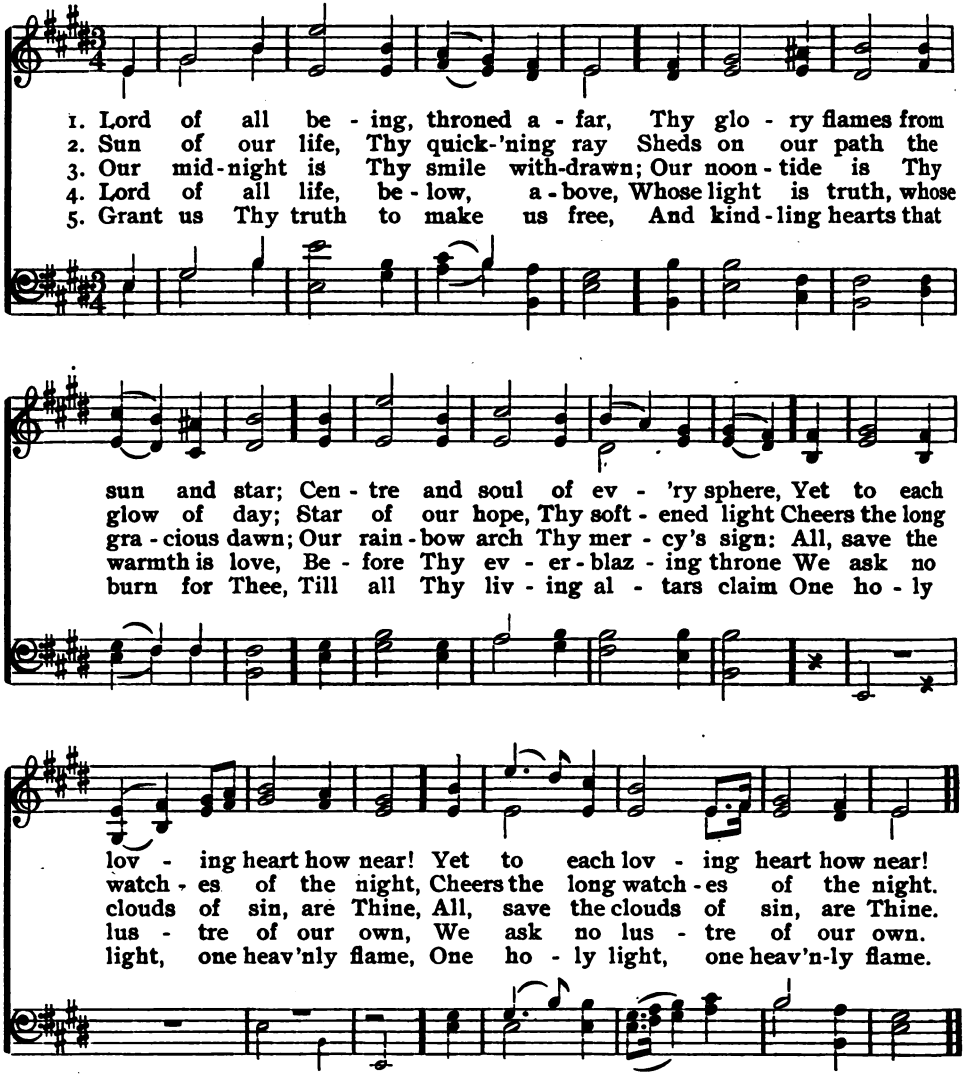
3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee.

—*John G. Whittier.*

279 Rothwell. L. M.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.



280 Sweet Peace of Conscience.

1 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly Guest,
Come, fix Thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here:
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope and peace divine,
Make Thou these secret pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

—Ottiwell Heginbotham.

281 Leominster. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. ARR. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. My God, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care,
2. I want a so - ber mind, A self - re - nounc - ing will,
3. I want a god - ly fear, A quick - dis - cern - ing eye,
4. I want a true re - gard, A sin - gle stead - y aim,
5. I rest up - on Thy word, The prom - ise is for me;

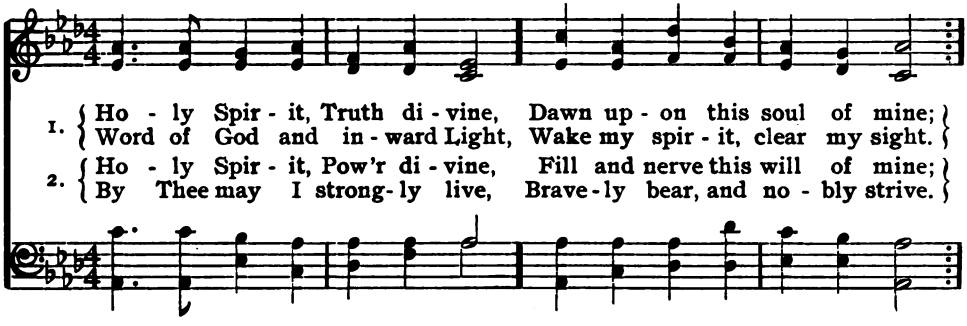
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
That tram - ples down and casts be - hind The baits of pleas - ing ill;
That looks to Thee when sin is near, And sees the tempt - er fly;
Un - moved by threat'ning or re - ward, To Thee and Thy great name;
My suc - cor and sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall sure - ly come from Thee.

Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do,—
A soul in - ured to pain, To hard - ship, grief and loss;
A spir - it still pre - pared, And armed with jeal - ous care,
A zeal - ous, just con - cern For Thine im - mor - tal praise;
But let me still a - bide, Nor from my hope re - move,

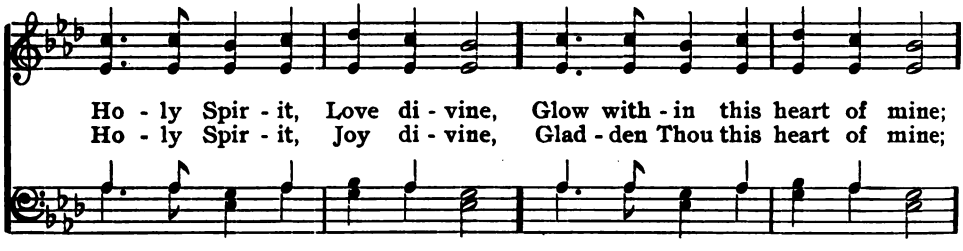
On Thee, al-might - y to cre - ate, Al-might - y to re - new.
Bold to take up, firm to sus - tain, The con - se - crat - ed cross.
For - ev - er stand - ing on its guard, And watch-ing un - to prayer.
A pure de - sire that all may learn, And glo - ri - fy Thy grace.
Till Thou my pa - tient spir - it guide In - to Thy per - fect love.

282 Spanish Hymn.

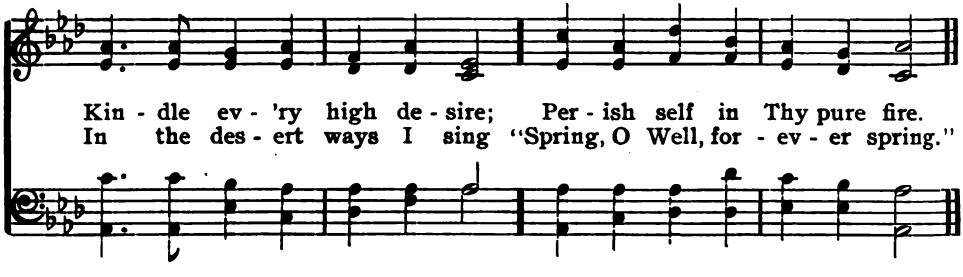
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. 7. Spanish Melody.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
   Word of God and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;
   By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.



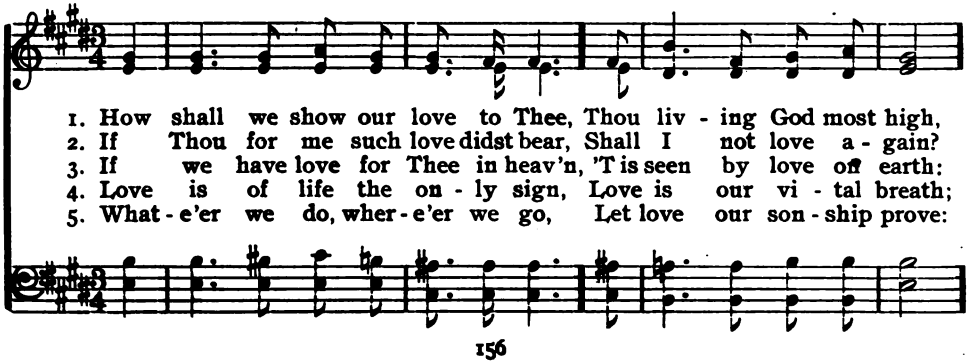
Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;
Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine, Glad - den Thou this heart of mine;



Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
In the des - ert ways I sing "Spring, O Well, for - ev - er spring."

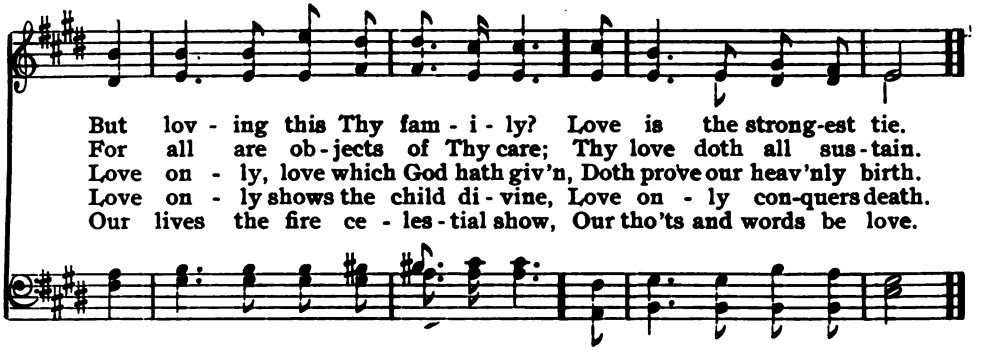
283 Serenity. C. M.

ISAAC WILLIAMS. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



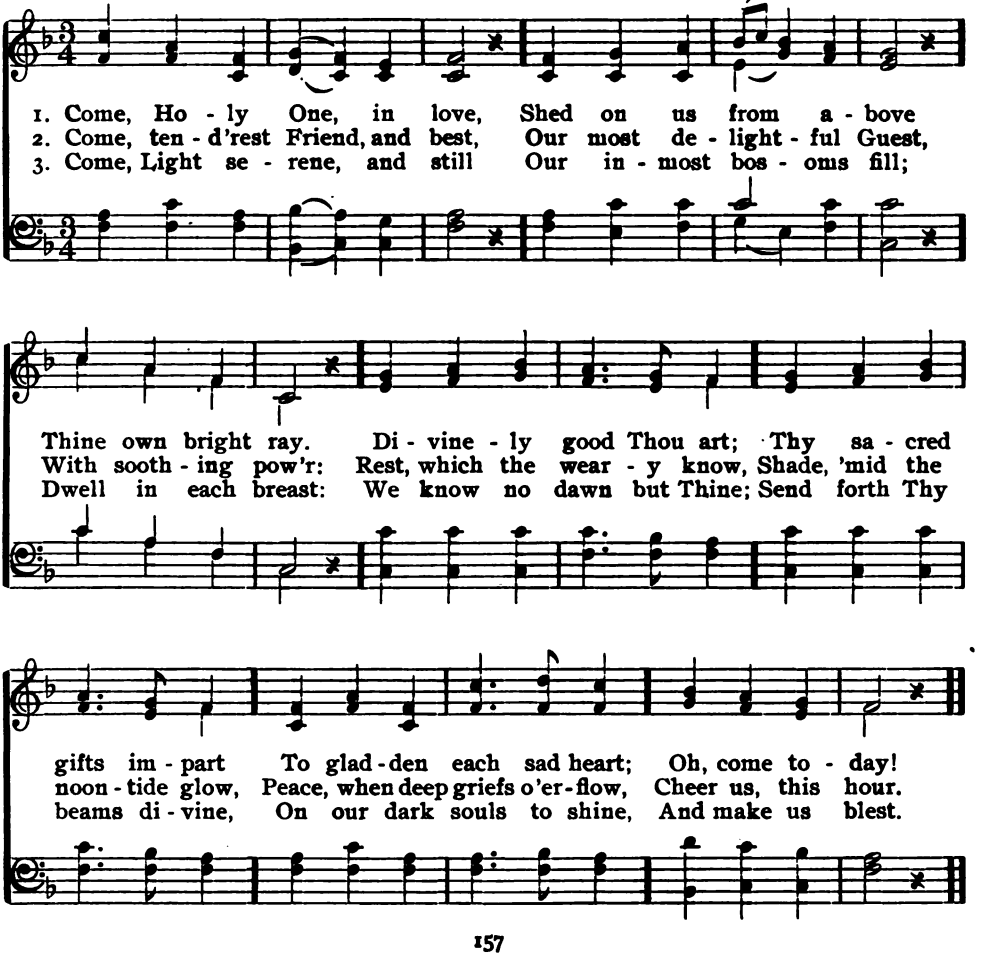
1. How shall we show our love to Thee, Thou liv - ing God most high,
2. If Thou for me such love didst bear, Shall I not love a - gain?
3. If we have love for Thee in heav'n, 'T is seen by love on earth:
4. Love is of life the on - ly sign, Love is our vi - tal breath;
5. What - e'er we do, wher - e'er we go, Let love our son - ship prove:

Serenity.



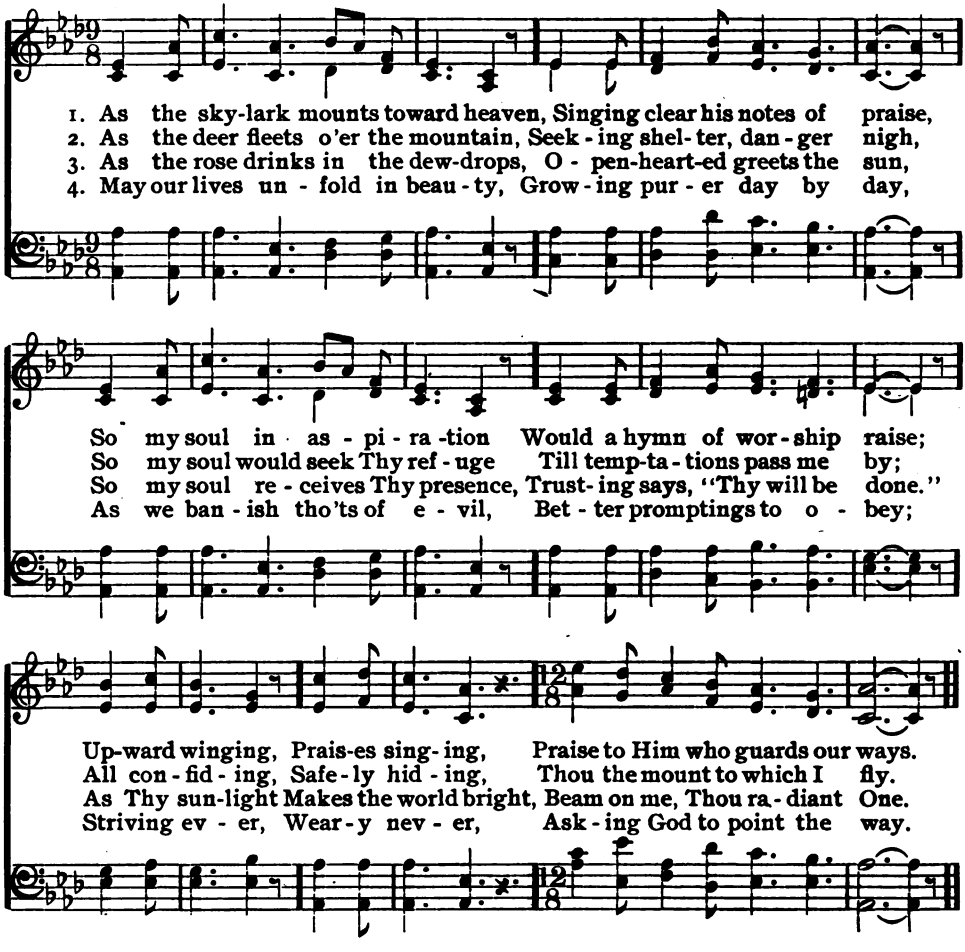
284 Italian Hymn.

Tr. by Ray Palmer. 6, 4. Felice Giardini.



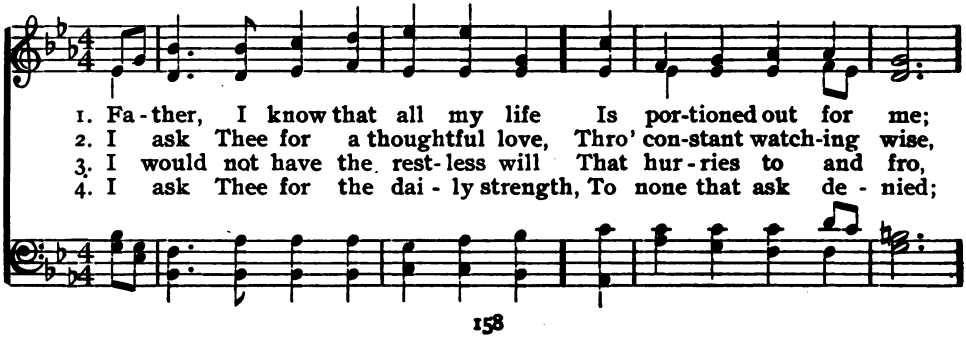
285 Triumph.

MARY B. HAYES. 8, 7, 4. ALFRED BEIRLY.

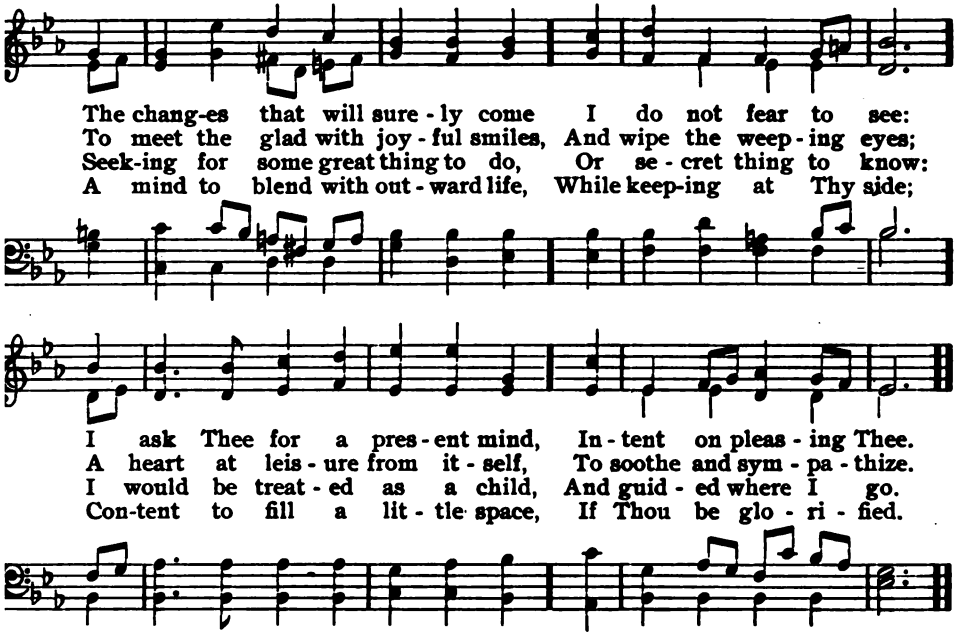


286 Slingsby. C. M.

ANNA L. WARING. JOHN B. DYKES.

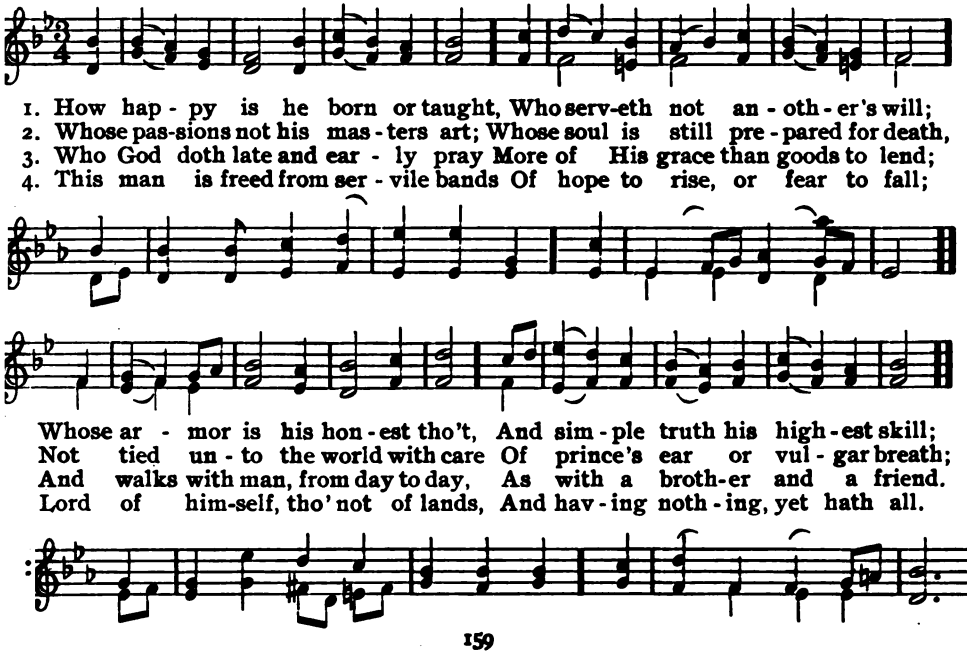


Slingsby.



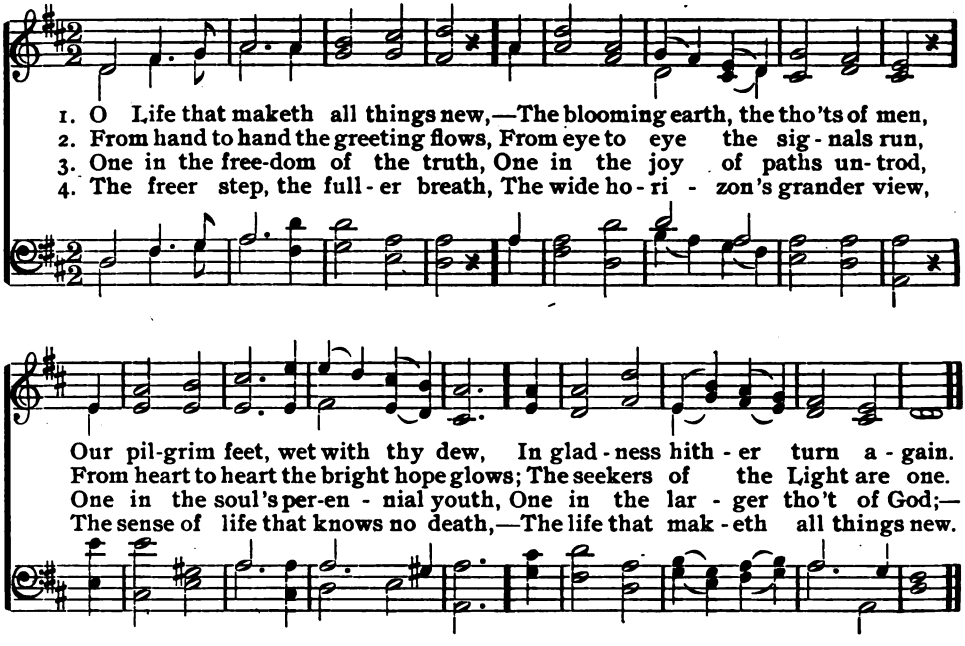
287 All Saints. L. M.

HENRY WOTTON. WILLIAM KNAPP.



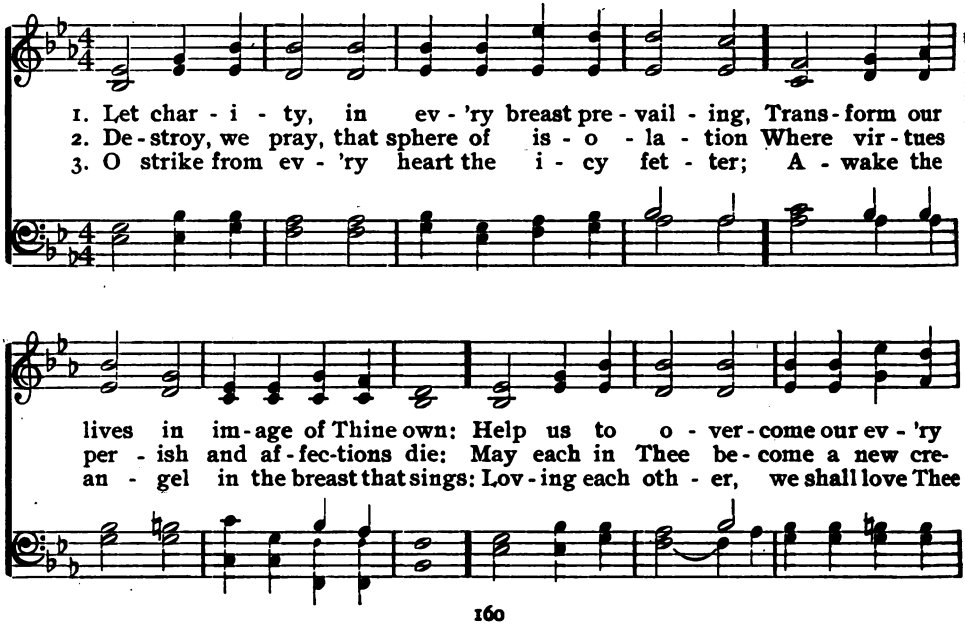
288 Truro. L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. CHARLES BURNEY.

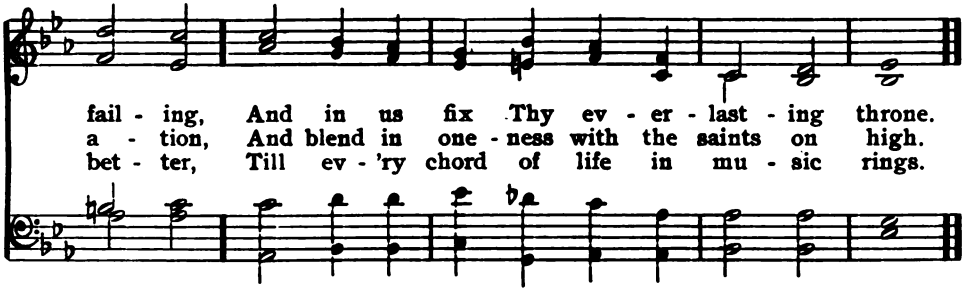


289 Perfect Love.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. 11, 10. JOSEPH BARNBY.

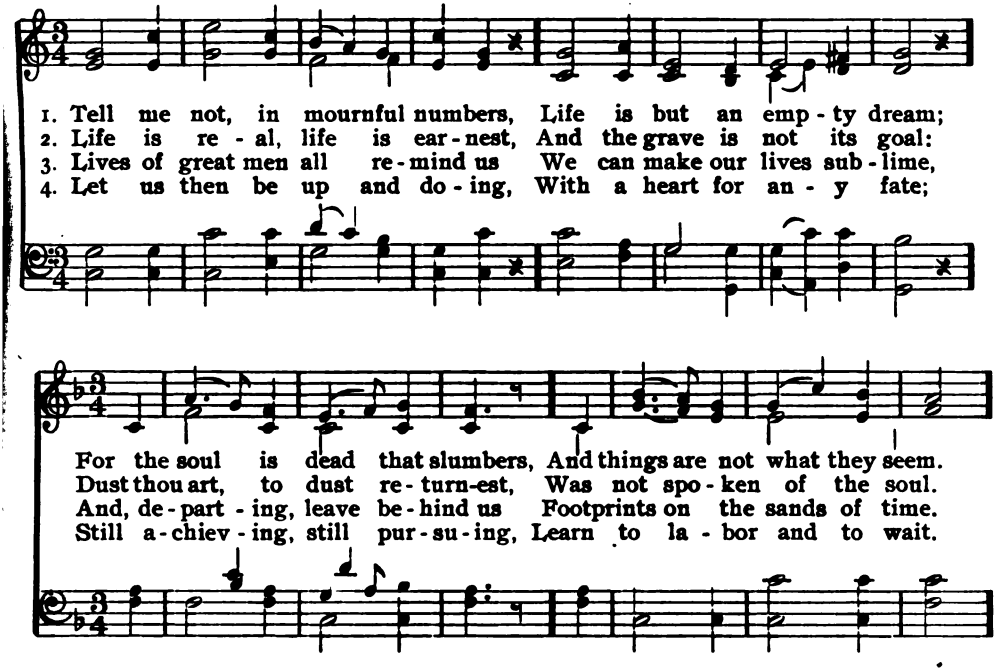


Perfect Love.



290 Rathbun.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 8, 7. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



291 Trust in God, and Do the Right.

1 Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Though the road be long and dreary,
And its end far out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

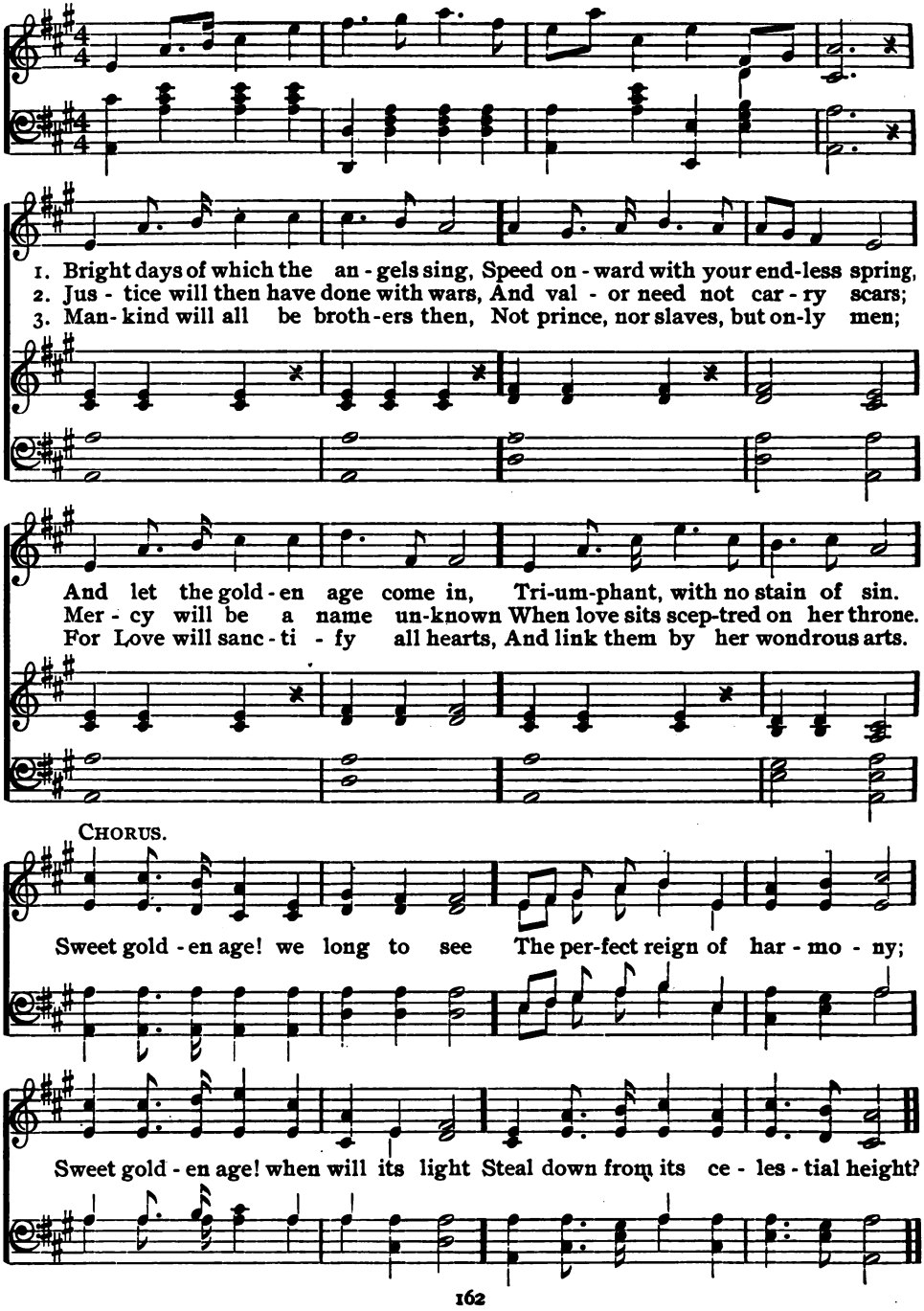
3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

—*Norman Macleod.*

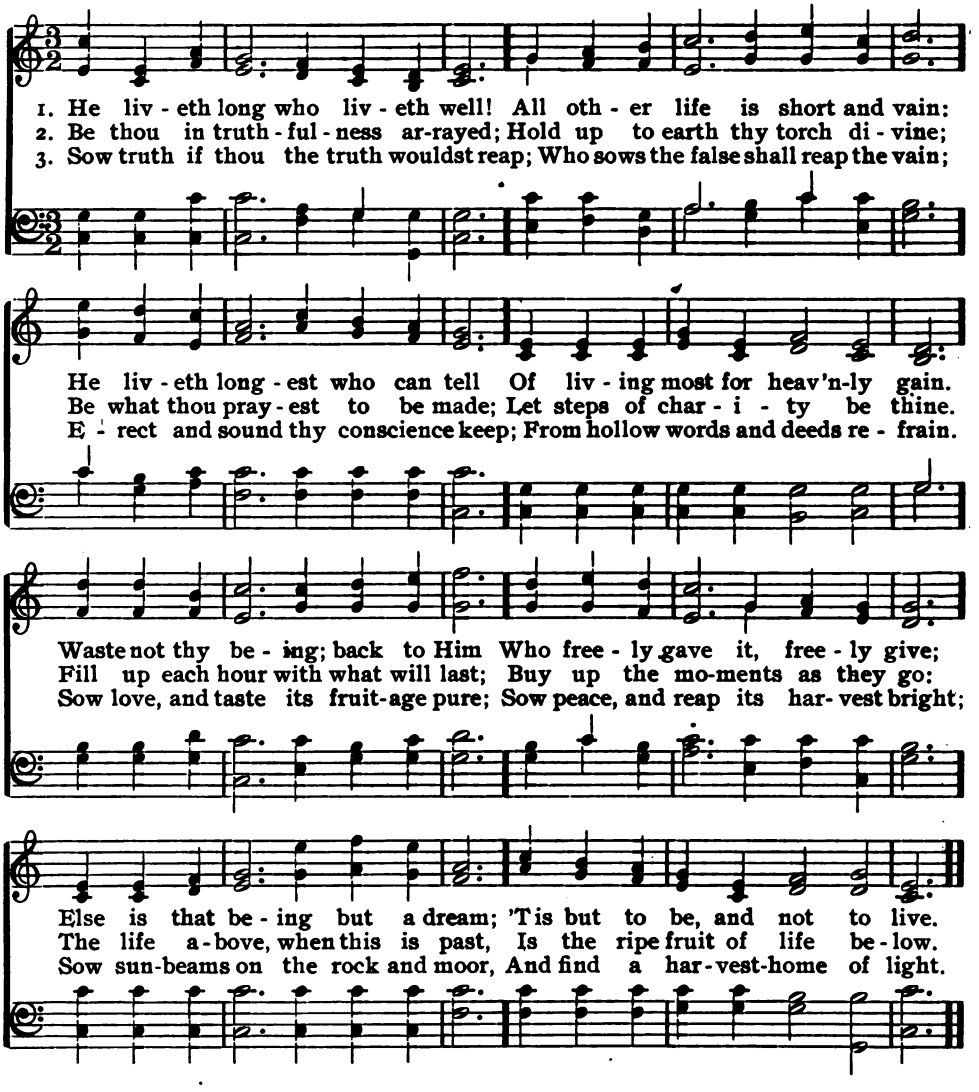
292 Golden Age.

EMMA TUTTLE. E. H. BAILEY.



293 Life. L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. L. M. DOW.



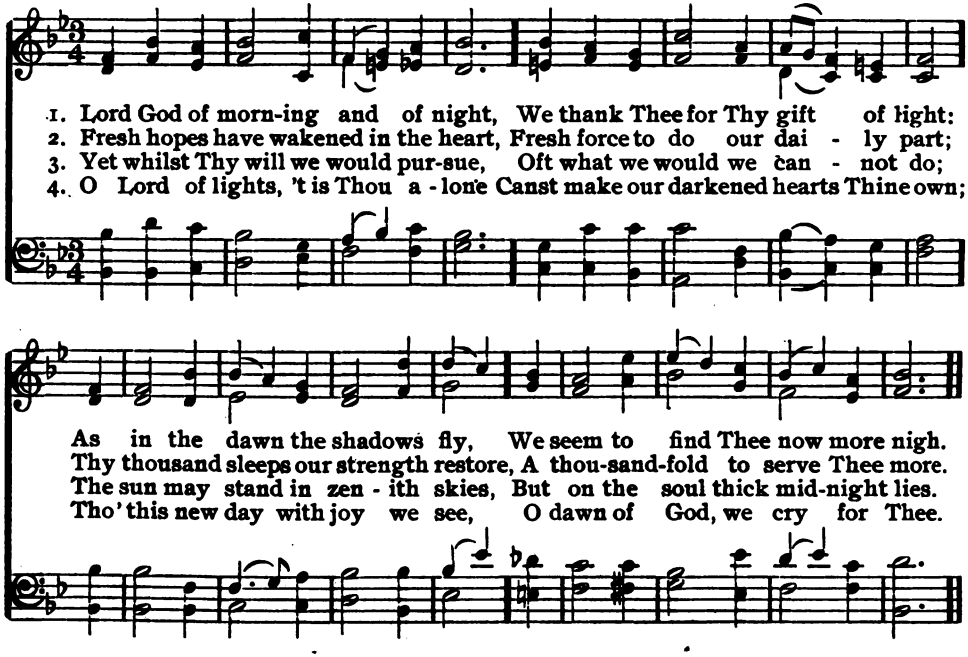
294 Sun of Truth.

1 O radiant Sun of Truth divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine,
And from the earth in glory rise,
To meet the brightness of the skies.
Wide let Thy glory be displayed,
In one bright day, without a shade;
And thus may we supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

2 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see
Its glorious brightness, and be free.
'Tis done! the Sun of Truth appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Its rays flow over land and main,
And one eternal day shall reign.

295 Germany. L. M.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



296 Live as We Pray.

1 O could we learn true sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

2 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

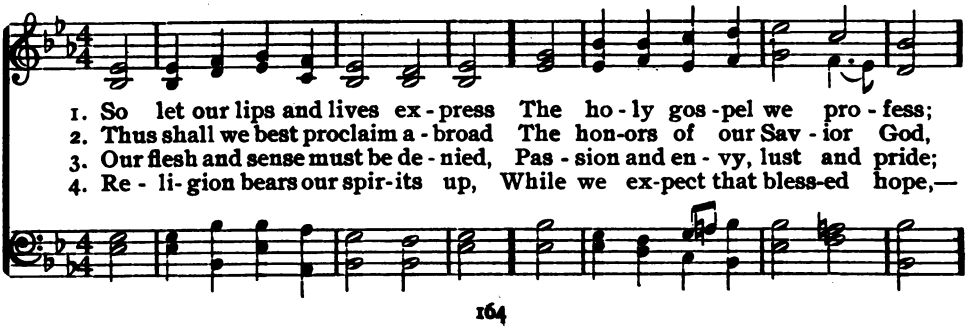
3 Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present comfort, rapture, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret this of rest below.

4 The secret this, in Thy dear love,
Of that more perfect rest above:
Lord, help us, every tired day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

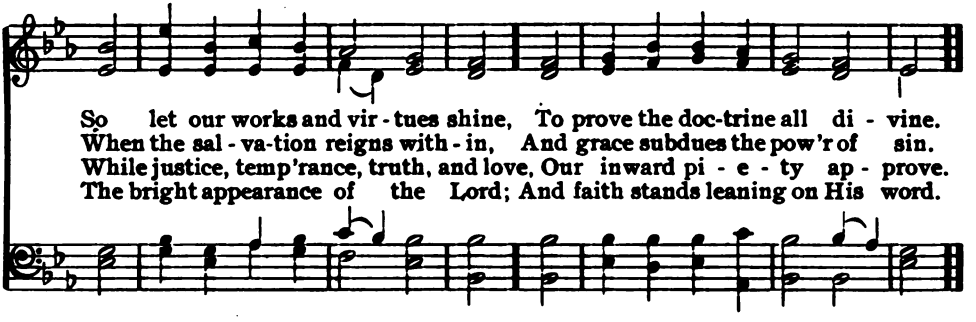
—John Keble.

297 Uxbridge. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.

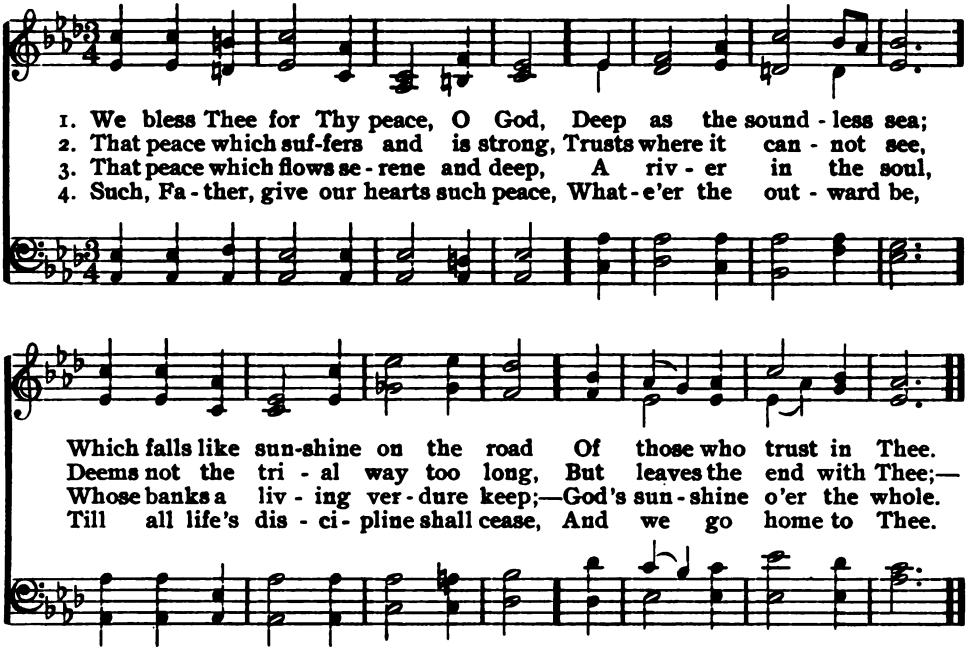


Uxbridge.



298 Boston. C. M.

Anon. — Uzziah C. Burnap.



299 Be True.

1 Be true to every inmost thought;
Be as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

2 Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

3 Show forth thy light; if conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow,
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

4 Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The true must first be tried.

—*Henry Alford.*

300 Things That Never Die. C. M.

E. H. Bailey.

1. The pure, the bright, the beau - ti - ful, That stirred our hearts in youth,
2. The tim - id hand stretched forth to aid A broth - er in his need,
3. Let noth - ing pass, for ev - 'ry hand Must find some work to do;

The im - pulse of a word - less prayer, The dream of love and truth,
That kind - ly word in grief's dark hour That proves the friend in - deed,
Lose not a chance to wak - en love; Be firm, and just, and true;

The long - ing aft - er something lost, The spir - it's yearn-ing cry,
That plea of mer - cy soft - ly breathed When jus - tice threatens nigh,
So shall a light that can - not fade Beam on thee from on high,

The striv - ing aft - er bet - ter hopes,—These things shall nev-er die.
The sor - row of a con - trite heart,—These things shall nev-er die.
And an - gel voi - ces say to thee,— These things shall nev-er die.

301 Fairbanks.

CLARA L. HAYES. 7, 6, 8. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Thro' ear - nest prayer and ef - fort The world is ours to win,
2. Tho' har - vest fields are rip - 'ning, And la - bor - ers are few,
3. With truth as our pro - tec - tion, With God's pure light to guide,

If with our might we work for right, For truth and God with - in.
With stron - ger will we'll la - bor still, God will our strength re - new.
Our hearts will know the path to go, Nor will we turn a - side.

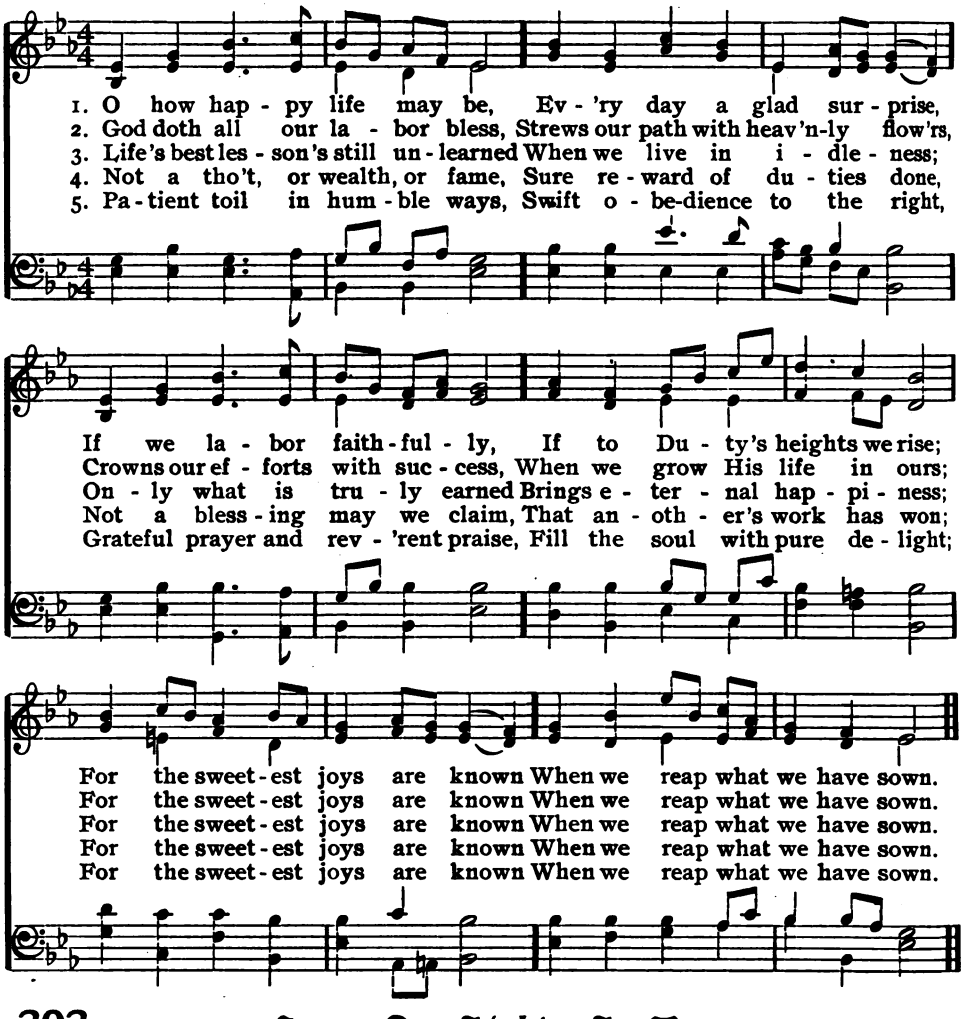
With heart and hand we la - bor, With faith we sow the seed,
His love will give us cour - age, When oth - er help - ers fail;
Then strong in God's pure Spir - it, His life di - vine we share;

rit.

For God will bless with fruit - ful-ness Un - self - ish tho't and deed.
We can - not fear when God is near, What - ev - er foes as - sail.
Our hearts we raise to God in praise, Our ev - 'ry tho't, a prayer.

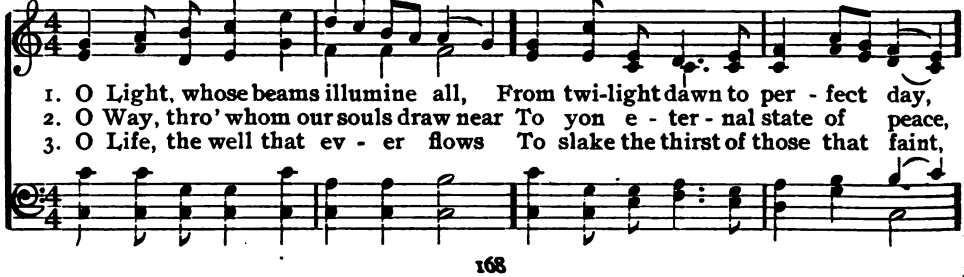
302 Crosby.

CLARA L. HAYES. 7. ALFRED BEIRLY.

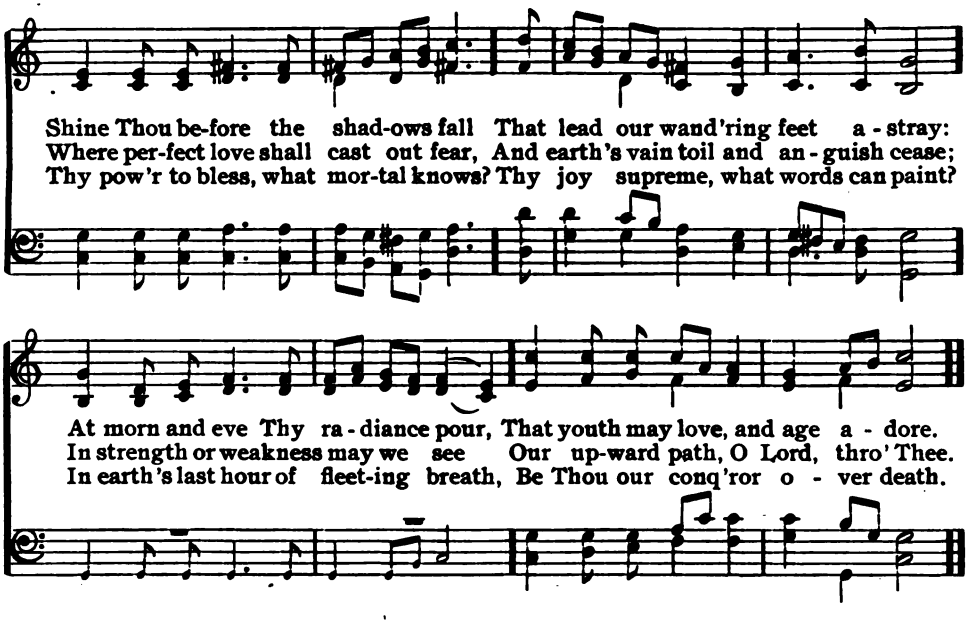


303 Jesus Our Light. L. M.

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.

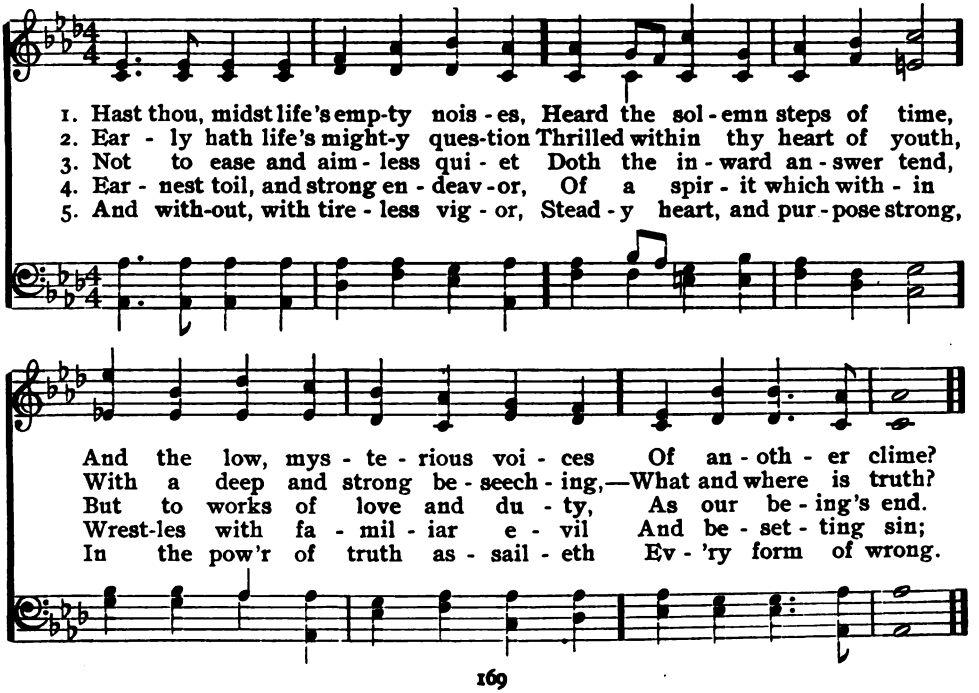


Jesus Our Light.



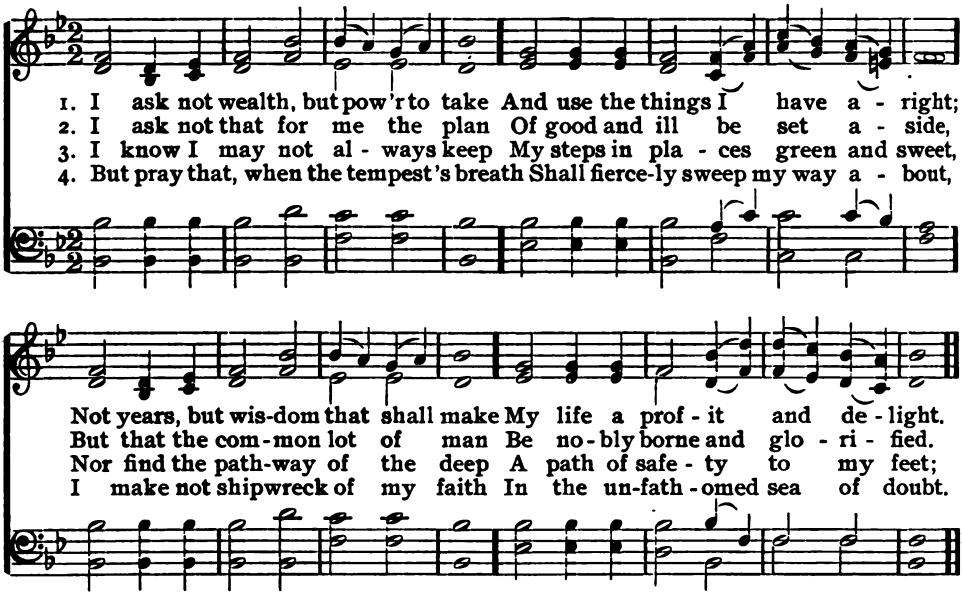
304 Turpin.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. 8, 7, 5. EDWARD H. TURPIN.



305 Ernan. L. M.

PHŒBE CARY. LOWELL MASON.



306 The Sacrifice of Love.

1 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee;
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of Thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile?

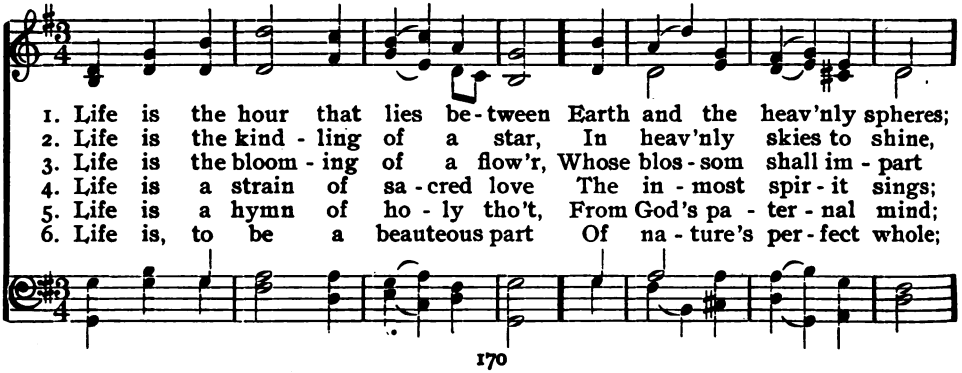
3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man: this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy Well-beloved preach.

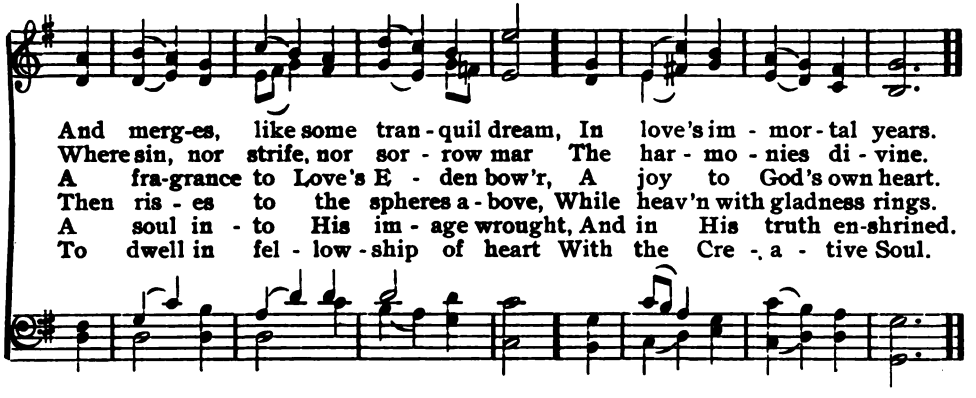
—*Thomas Scott.*

307 Chesterfield. C. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. THOMAS HAWEIS.

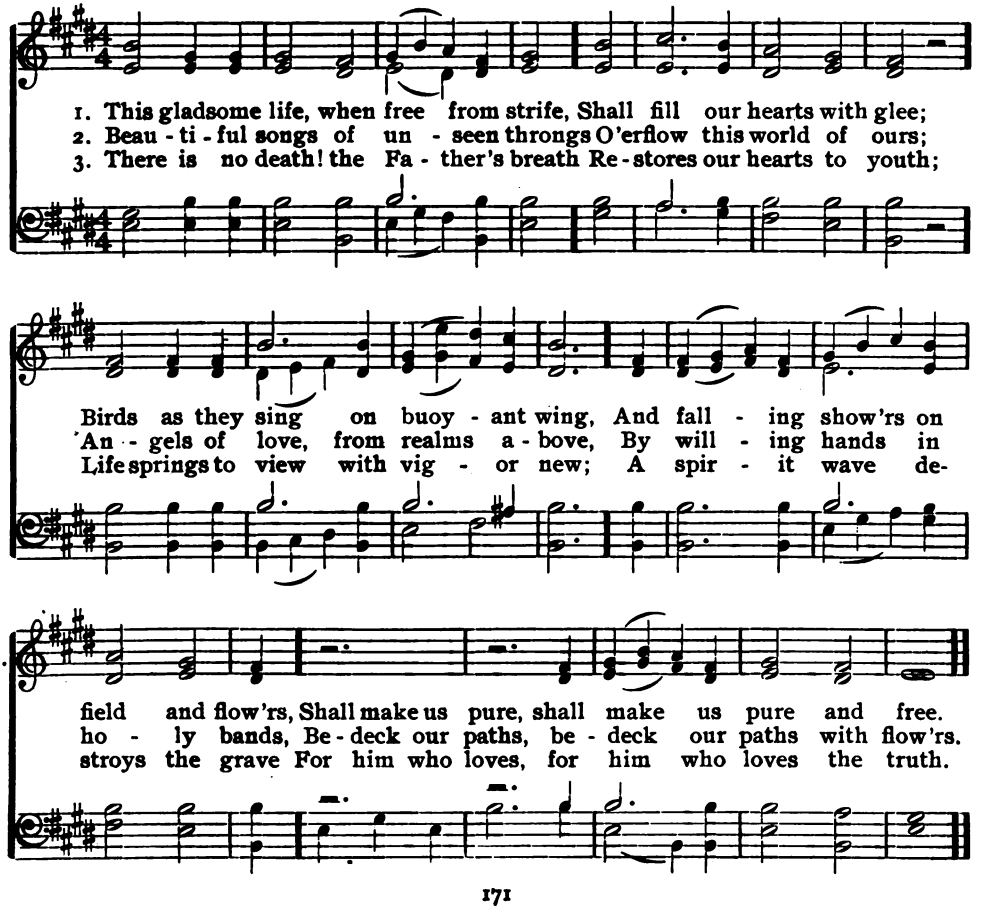


Chesterfield.



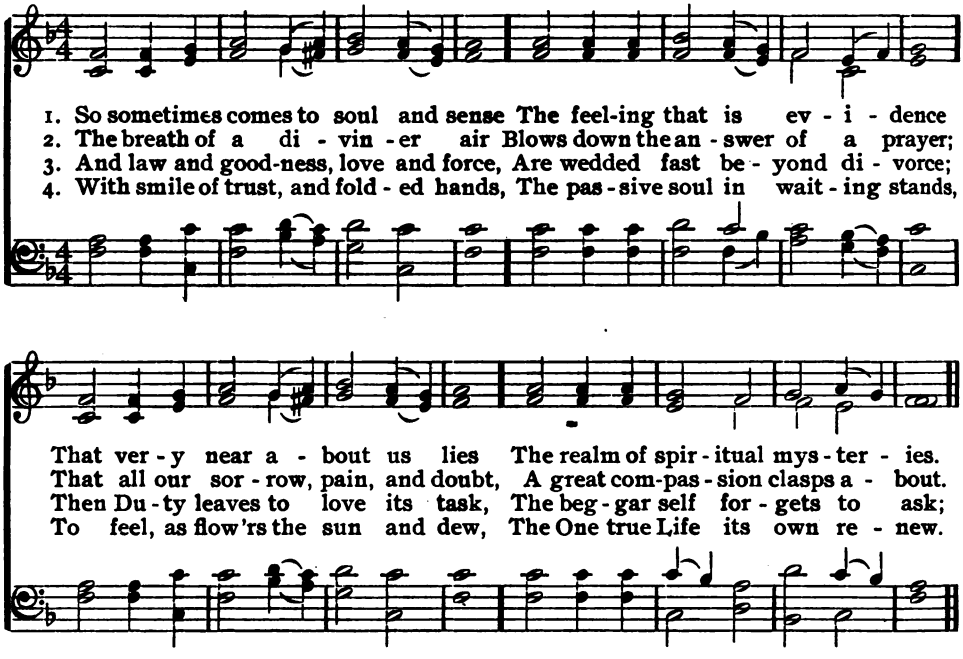
308 Gladsome Life.

A. J. D. 8, 6. A. J. Davis.



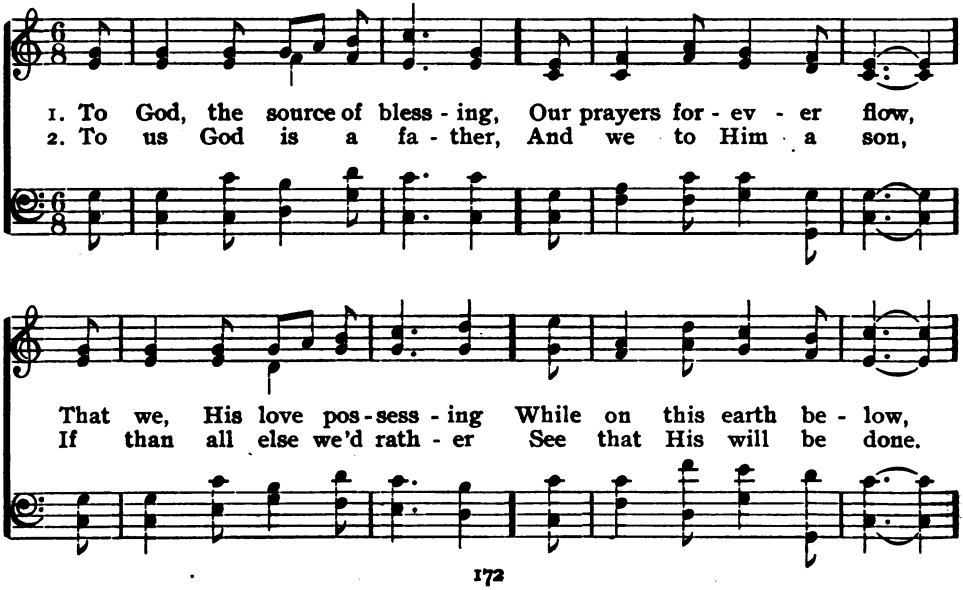
309 Hamburg. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.

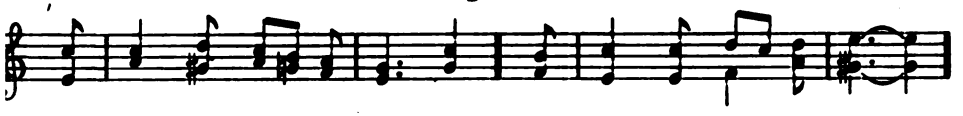


310 Elgin.

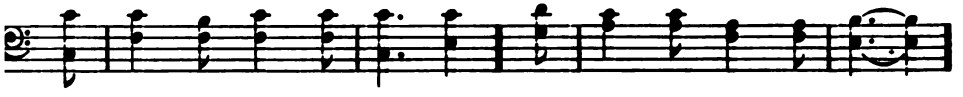
ELLEN C. LYON. 7. 6. ALFRED BEIRLY.

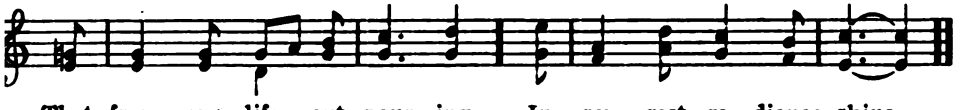


Elgin.

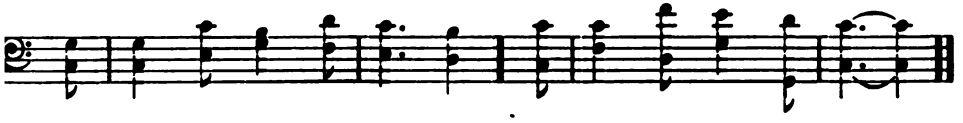


May prove to Him our son - ship By deeds of love di - vine,
If we will scat - ter sun - shine A - round our brother's way,



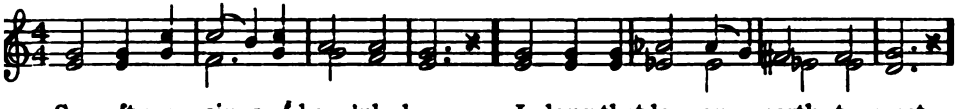


That from our life out - pour - ing, In pu - rest ra - diance shine.
We'll hear His lov - ing "Wel - come," Greet us on earth's last day.

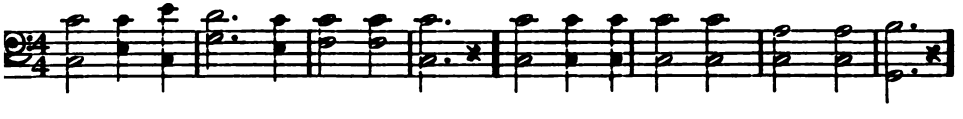


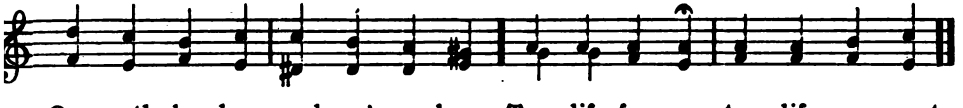
311 Lasea. L. M.

Ellen C. Lyon. J. W. Crawford.

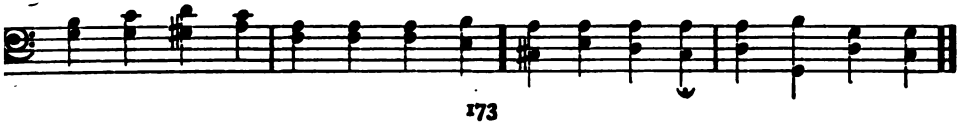


1. So oft man sings of heav'nly love, I long that love on earth to meet;
2. Be true to God with ceaseless zeal, Your sor - est ills His life will cure;
3. There lives no soul so thralled by sin God can - not free him from the ban;
4. To God's great world this truth we give, All men can live the life di - vine;



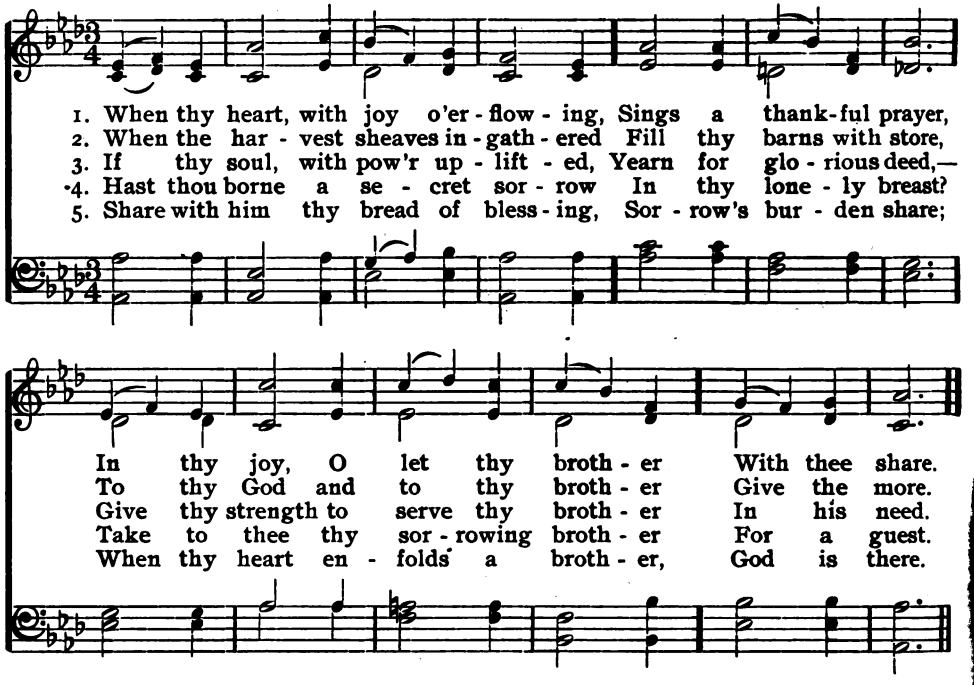


On earth be - low, as heav'n a - bove, True life for me—true life so sweet.
Grow God with - in, and you will feel True life for you—true life so pure.
Then with one voice we'll sing to Him, True life for all,—God's gift to man.
E'en on this earth 't is ours to live, True life of God, to bless man-kind.



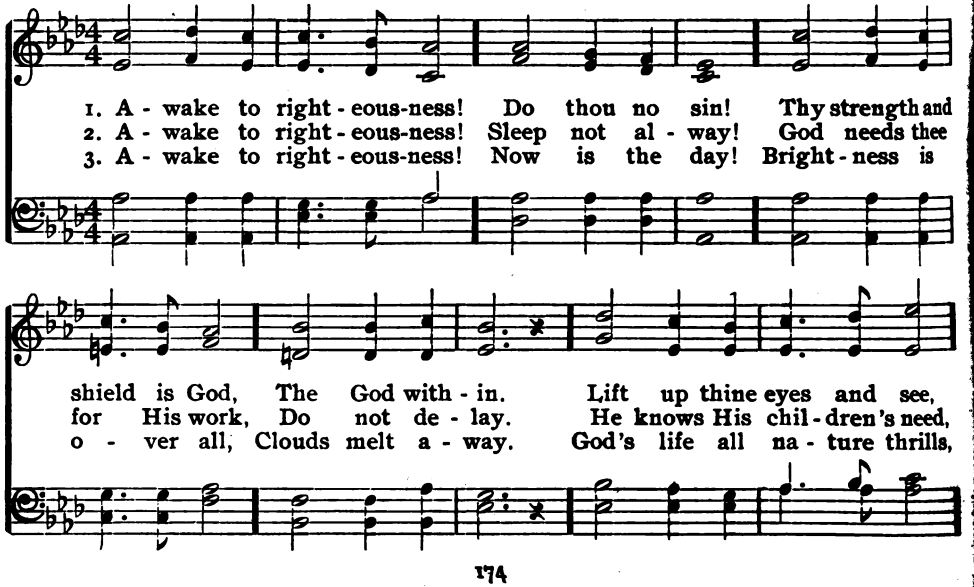
312 Geneva.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS. 8, 5, 3. ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.

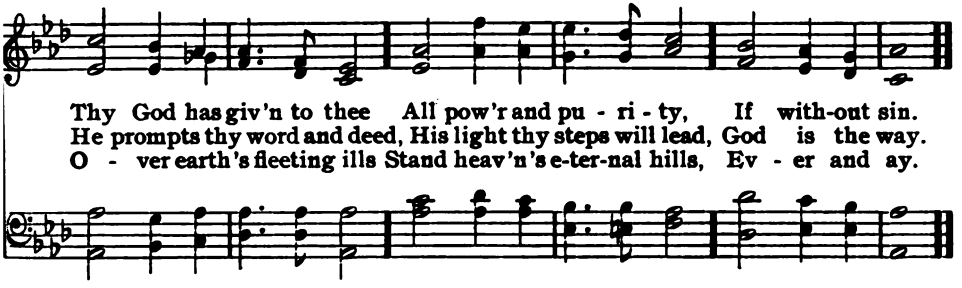


313 Holbrook.

CLARA L. HAYES. 6, 4. ALFRED BEIRLY.

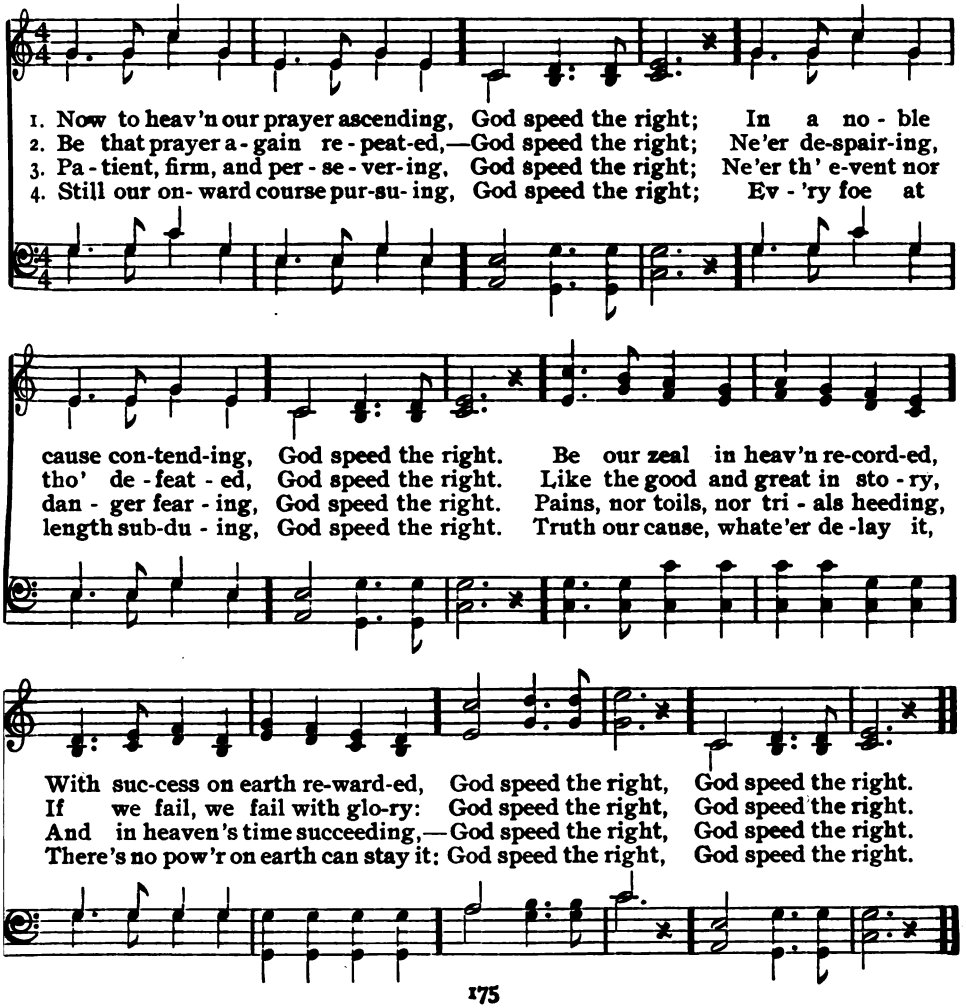


Holbrook.



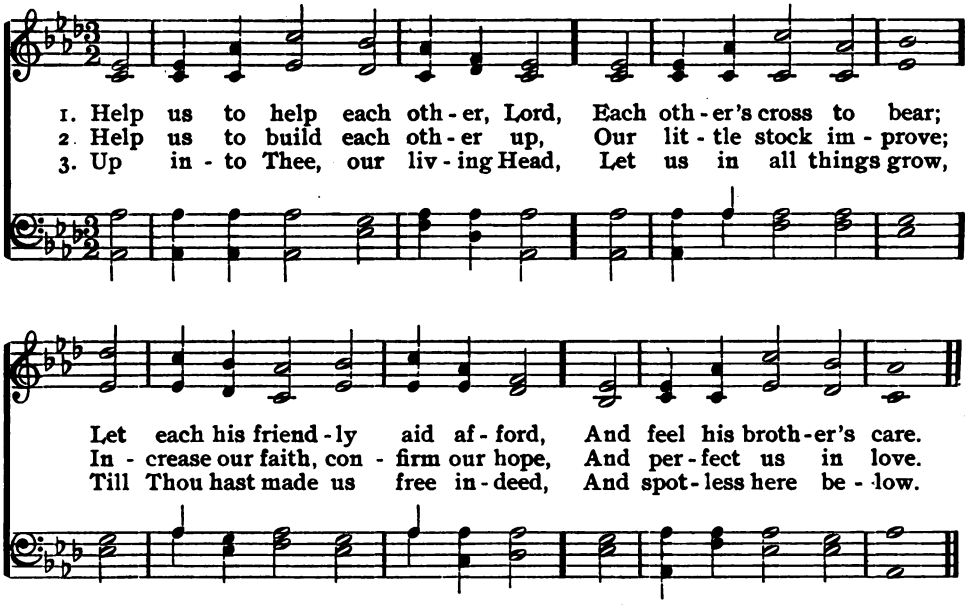
314 God Speed the Right. P. M.

WILLIAM E. HICKSON. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



315 Evan. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



316 Nature's Worship.

1 The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

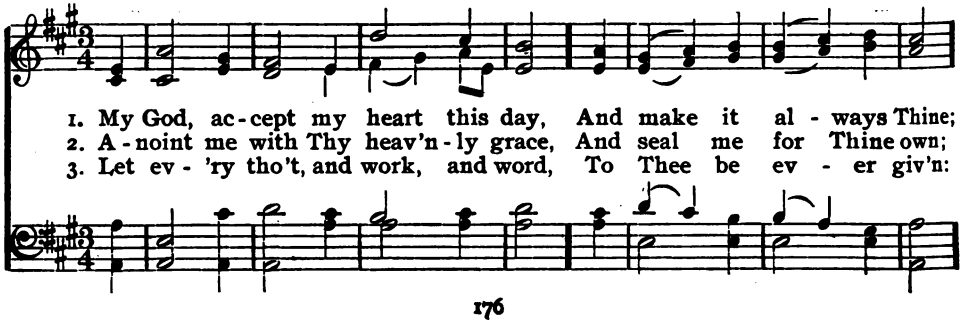
3 The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

4 The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

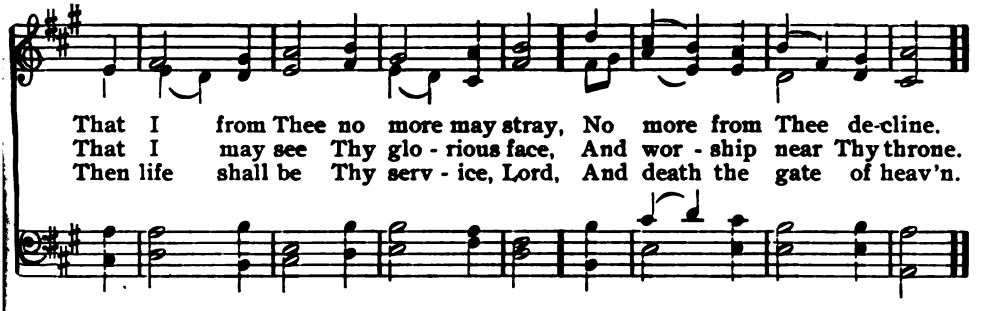
—*John G. Whittier.*

317 Evangelist. C. M.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.

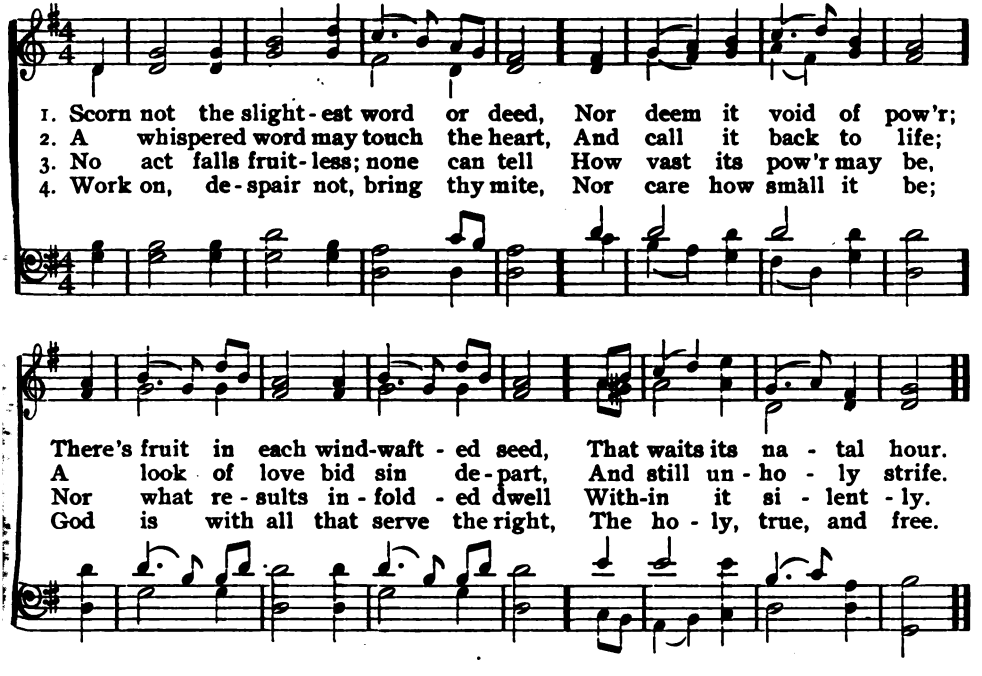


Evangelist.



318 Bridgman. C. M.

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY.



319 We Pray No More, Made Lowly Wise.

1 We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

2 We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

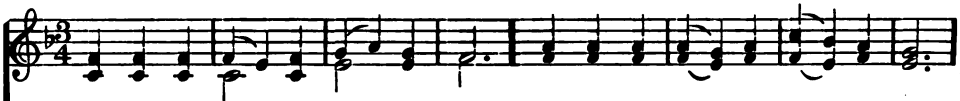
3 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

4 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

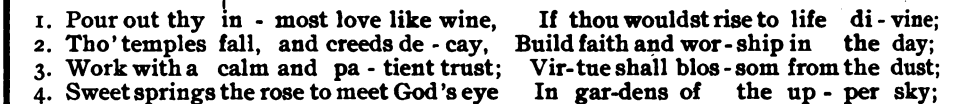
—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

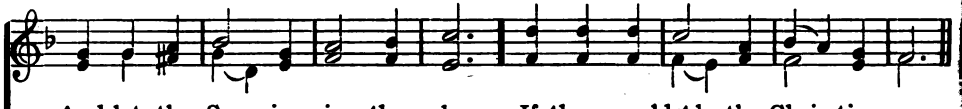
320 Bursley. L. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. PETER RITTER. ARR. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

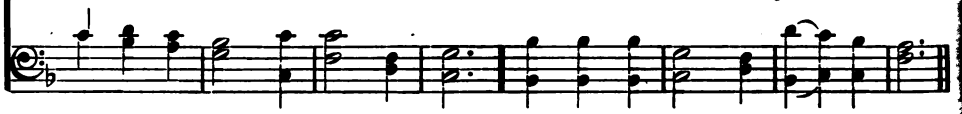


1. Pour out thy in - most love like wine, If thou wouldst rise to life di - vine;
2. Tho' temples fall, and creeds de - cay, Build faith and wor - ship in the day;
3. Work with a calm and pa - tient trust; Vir-tue shall blos - som from the dust;
4. Sweet springs the rose to meet God's eye In gar-dens of the up - per sky;



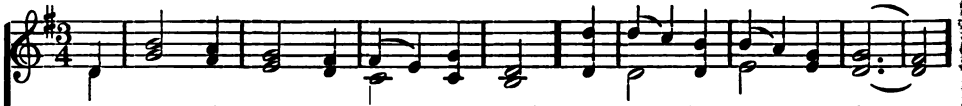


And let thy Sav - ior in thee plan, If thou wouldst be the Chris-tian man.
Un - til thy deeds a-round thee stand, Like an - gels at the Lord's right hand.
Her pyr - a - mid of toil shall be A land-mark to e - ter - ni - ty.
Sweet human love! thou too shalt bloom For faith - ful hearts be - yond the tomb.

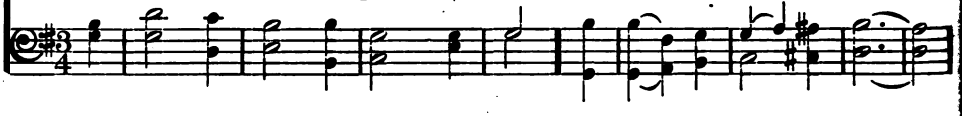


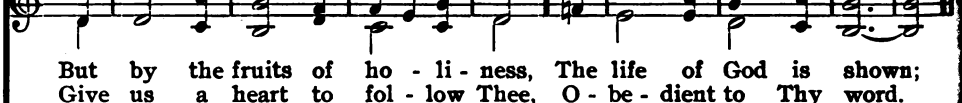
321 Belmont. C. M.

HENRY ALFORD. SAMUEL WEBBE.

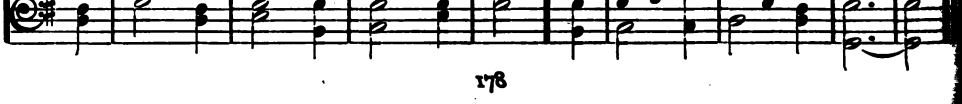


1. O Thou, who hast Thy serv - ants taught That not by words a - lone,
2. While in Thy house of prayer we meet, And call Thee God and Lord,
3. Thro' all the dang'rous paths of life Up - hold us as we go,





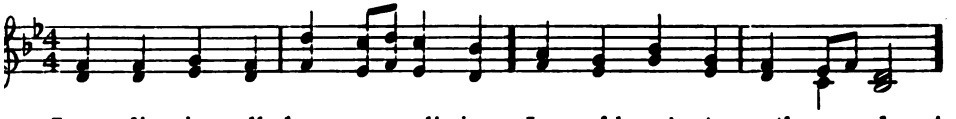
But by the fruits of ho - li - ness, The life of God is shown;
Give us a heart to fol - low Thee, O - be - dient to Thy word.
That with our lips, and in our lives, Thy glo - ry we may show.



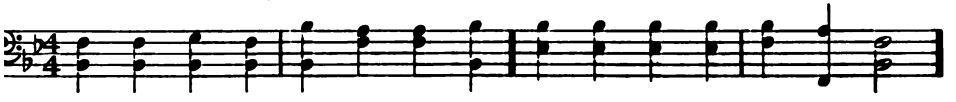
322

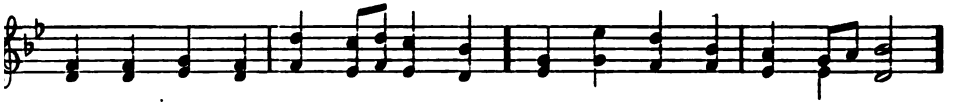
Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. 8, 7. JOHN ZUNDEL.

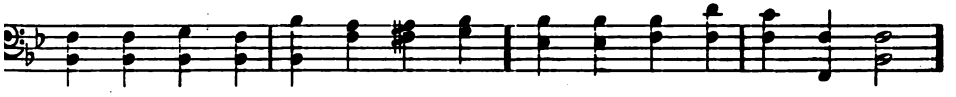


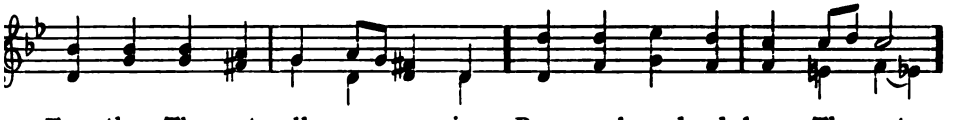
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be;



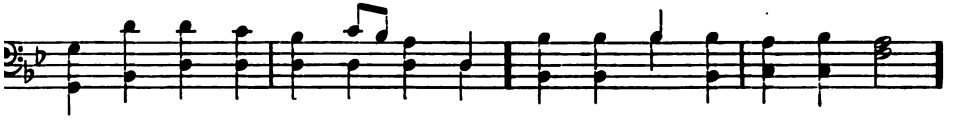


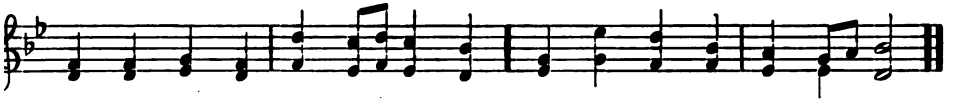
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cure in Thee.



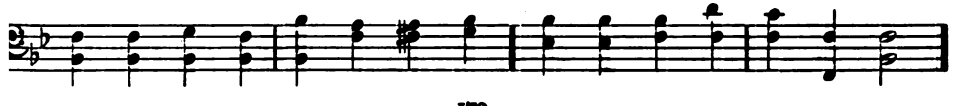


Fa - ther, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,



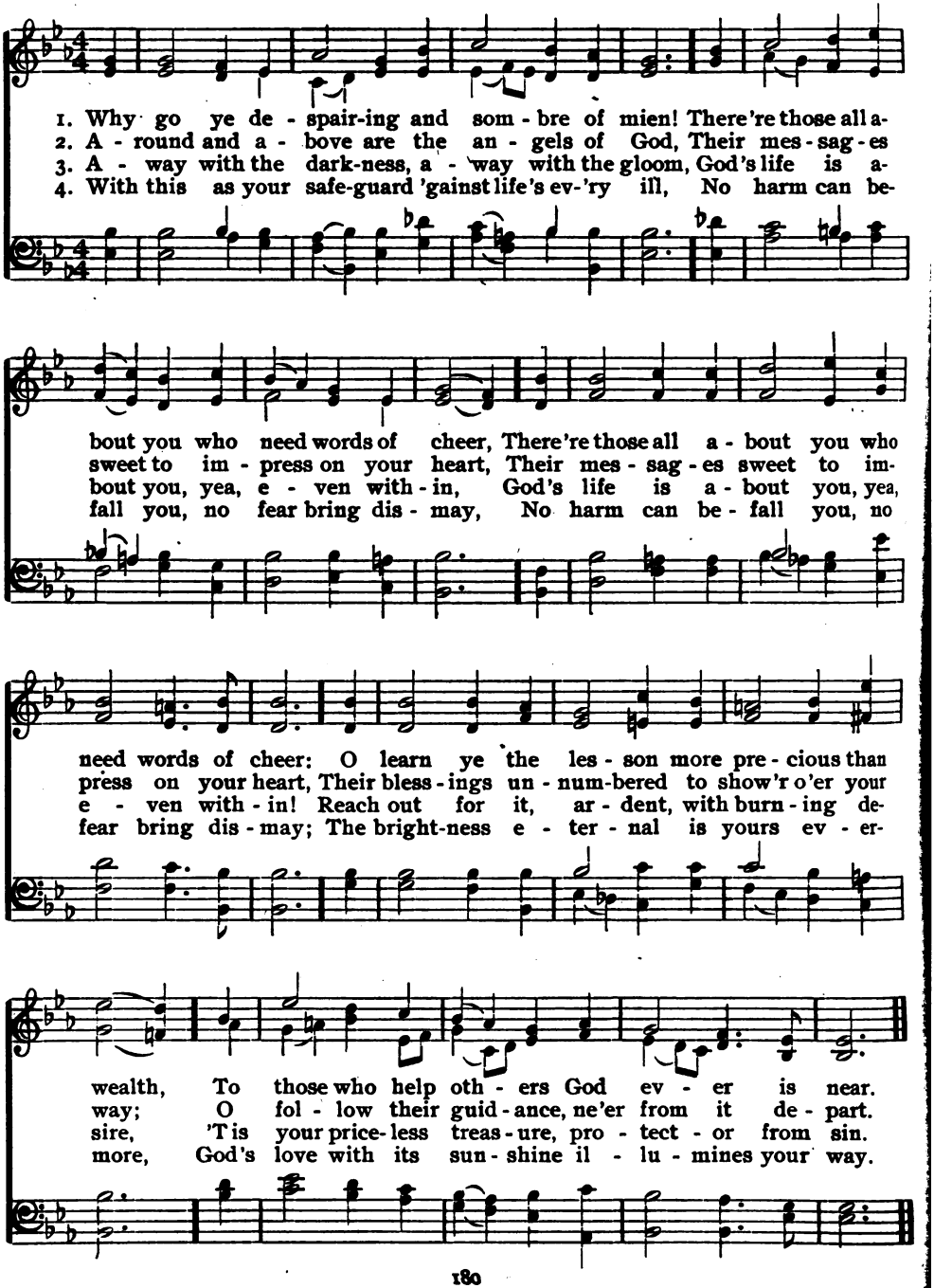


Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.



323 Bliss.

ELLEN C. LYON. 11. ALFRED BEIRLY.



324 Ontido.

7. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Let us sing the praise of Love, Ho - ly Spir-it, from a - bove,
2. Let us sing the praise of Love Ev - 'ry - where, a - round, a - bove;

Bring - ing on its bless - ed wings Life to all cre - a - ted things;
How its bless - ed sun-shine lies In the light of lov - ing eyes!

Watching with its star - ry eyes From the blue of boundless skies,
And when words are all too weak, How its deeds of mer - cy speak!

Mind - ful of the spar-row's fall, Heeding when the low - ly call.
They who learn to love a - right, Pass from dark-ness in - to light.

325 O Grave, Where is Thy Victory?

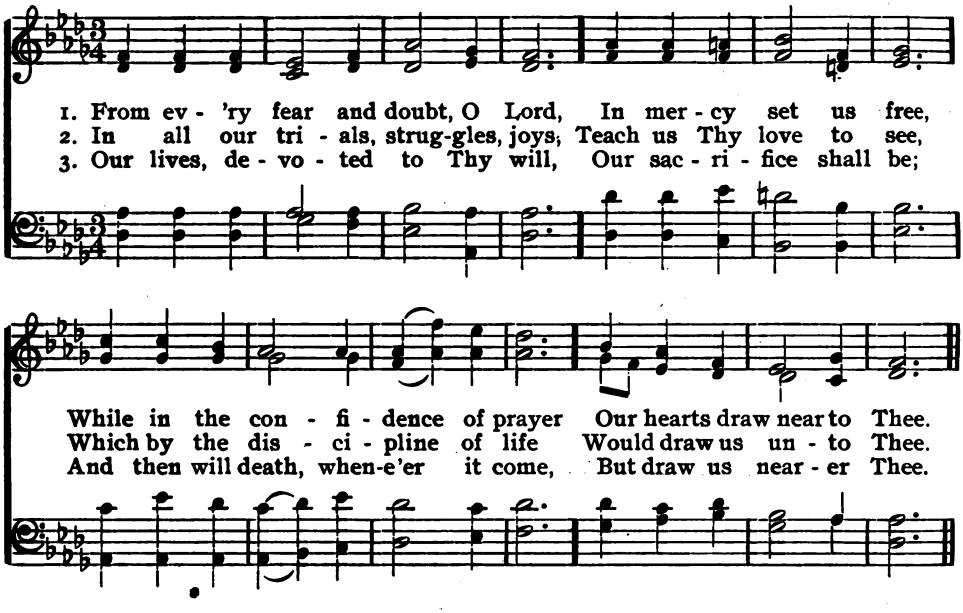
1 Lord, in Thee I place my trust:
Thou art my defense and tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul it hath no power.
Thou wilt save and strengthen me,
Give me of Thy peace and might:
Father, Thou art unto me
Resurrection, Life, and Light.

2 Life of life, within me dwell;
For the peace Thy presence sheds
Gives a joy no tongue can tell,
Charms the pain from dying-beds.
I am safe within Thine arm;
Thanks, O Father, unto Thee;
Death can hurt not, nor alarm,—
Thou hast given the victory.

—*Heermann.*

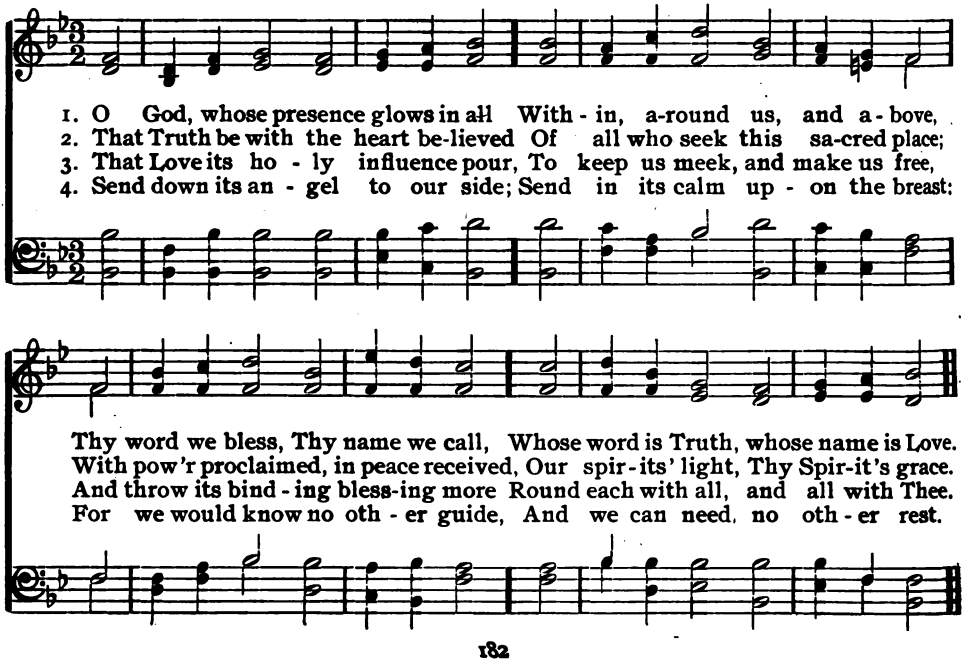
326 Lynton. C. M.

Anon. A. J. Jamouneau.



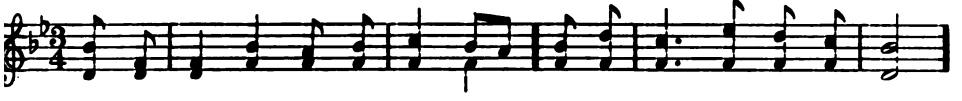
327 Hebron. L. M.

N. L. Frothingham. Lowell Mason.

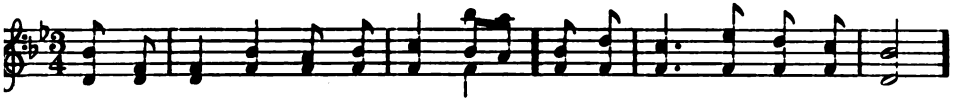


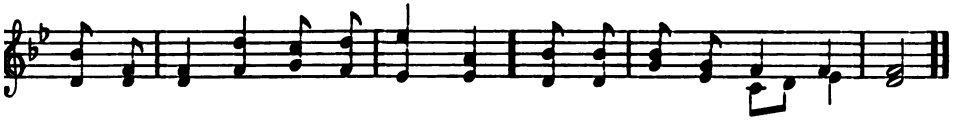
328 Stockwell.

JOHN BOWRING. 8, 7. DARIUS E. JONES.

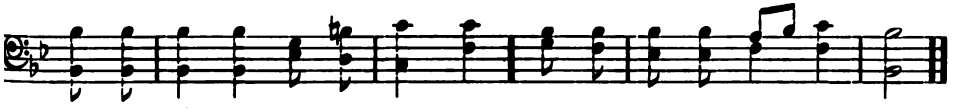


1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;
3. Ev'n the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;



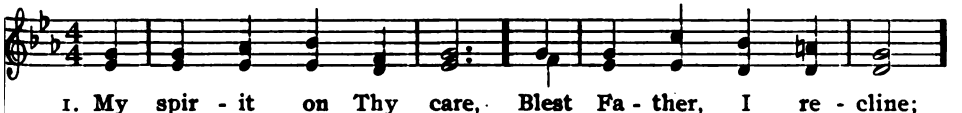


Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

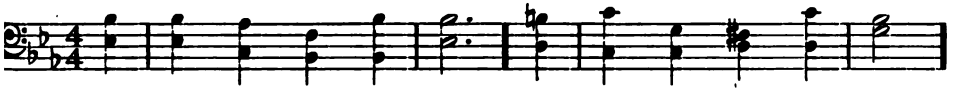


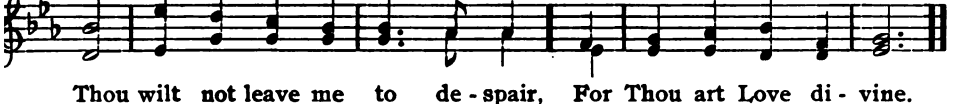
329 St. Andrew. S. M.

HENRY F. LYTE. JOSEPH BARNBY.

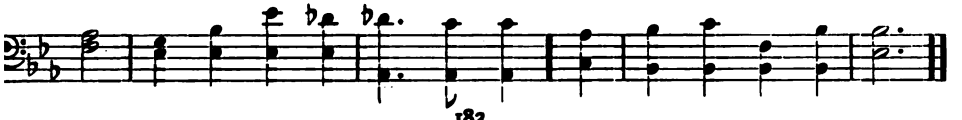


1. My spir-it on Thy care, Blest Fa-ther, I re-cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm-ly rest;
3. What-e'er e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form;
4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me;



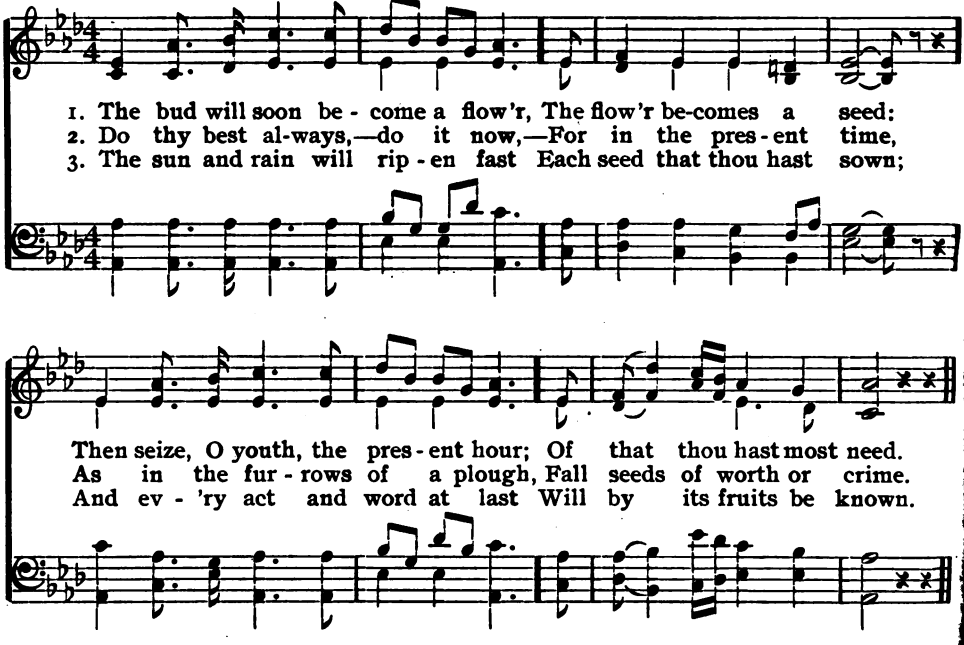


Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love di-vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com-ing storm.
Se-cure of hav-ing Thee in all, Of hav-ing all in Thee.



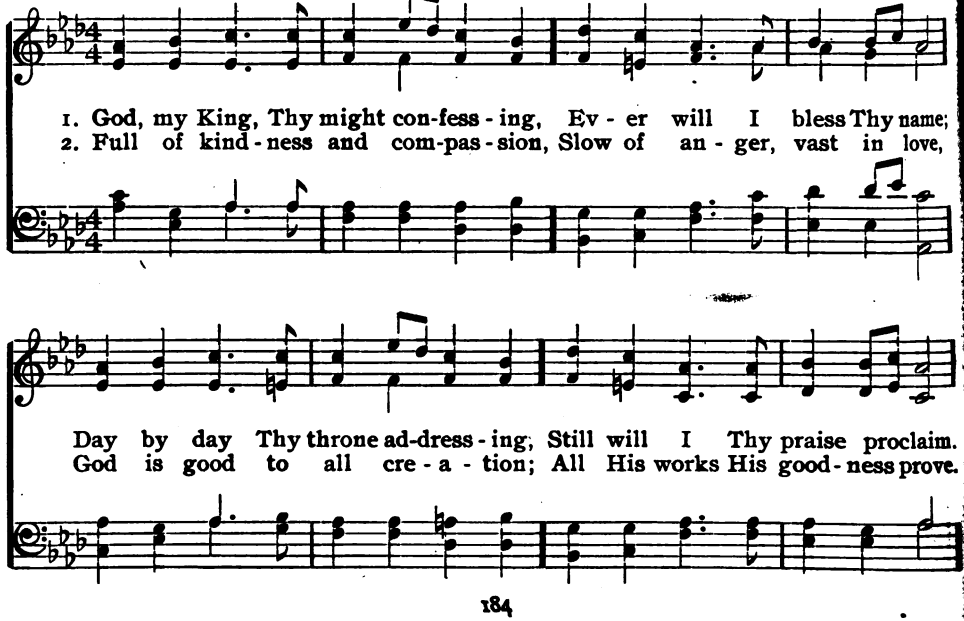
330 Gould. C. M.

JONES VERY. JOHN E. GOULD.

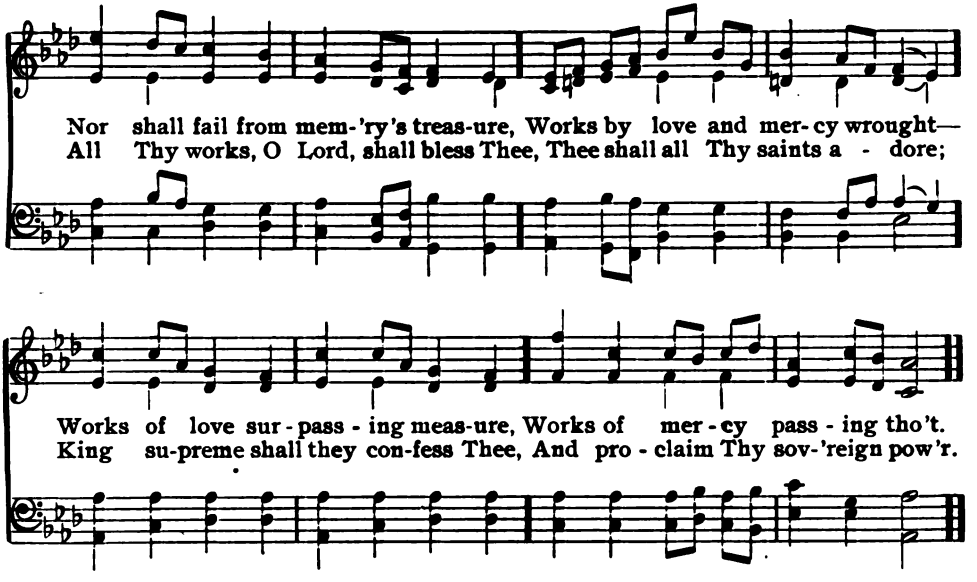


331 Mansfield.

RICHARD MANT. 8, 7. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.

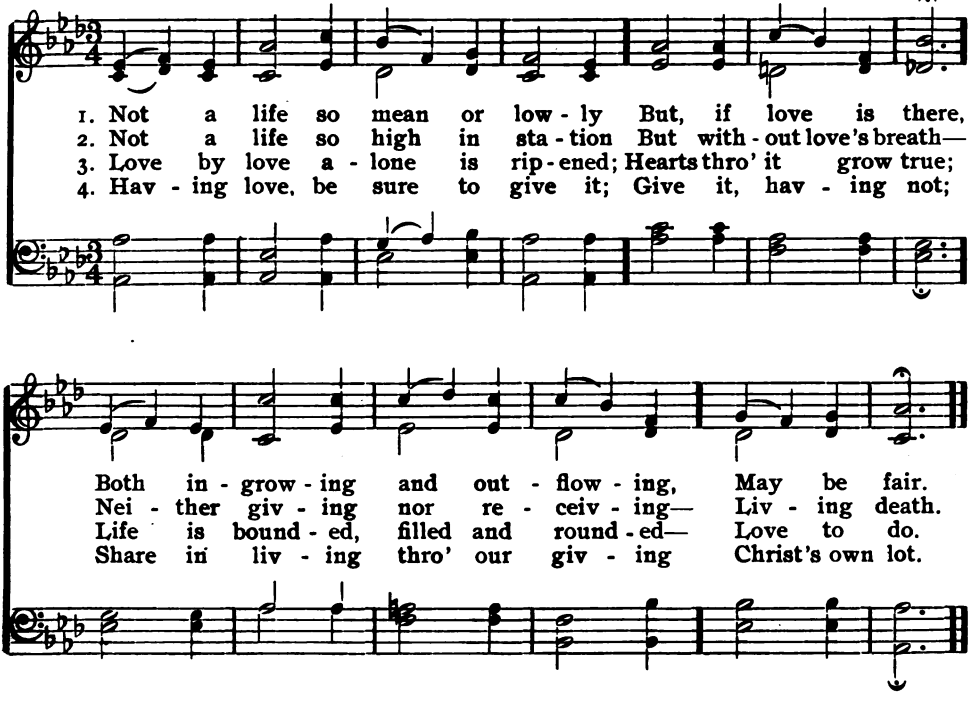


Mansfield.



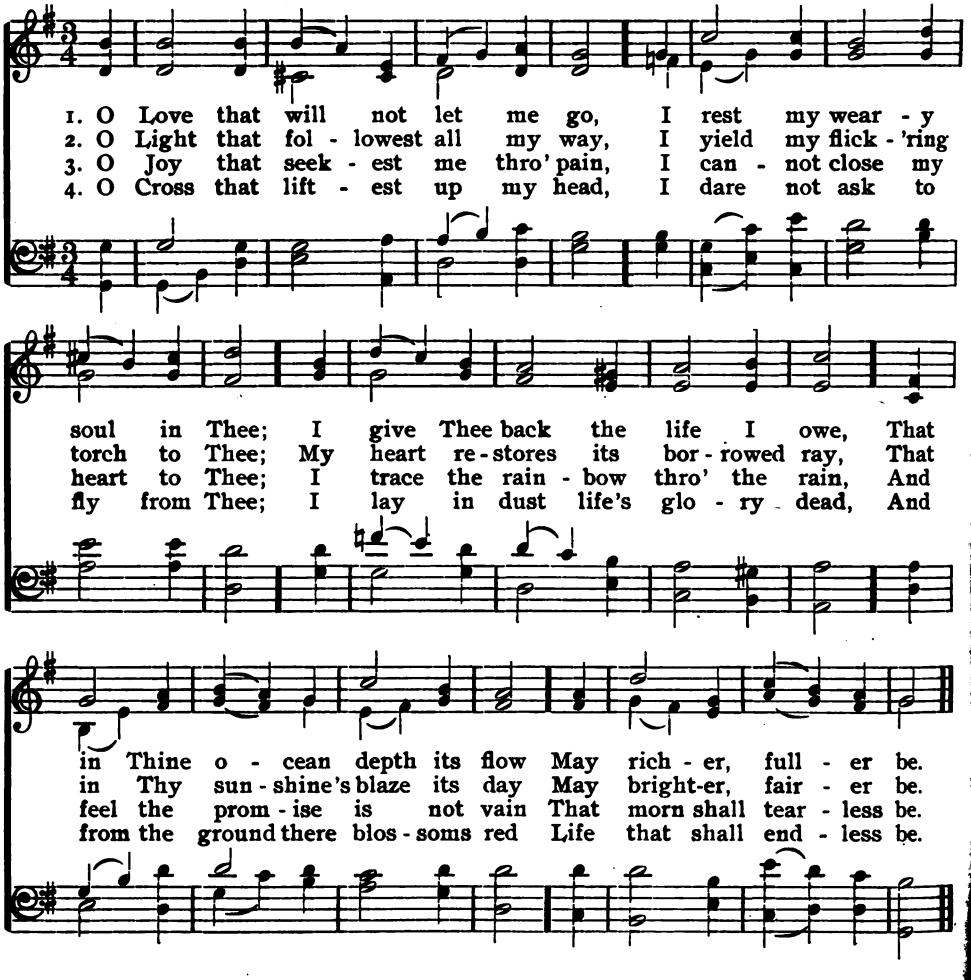
332 Geneva.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, arr. 8, 5, 3. ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.



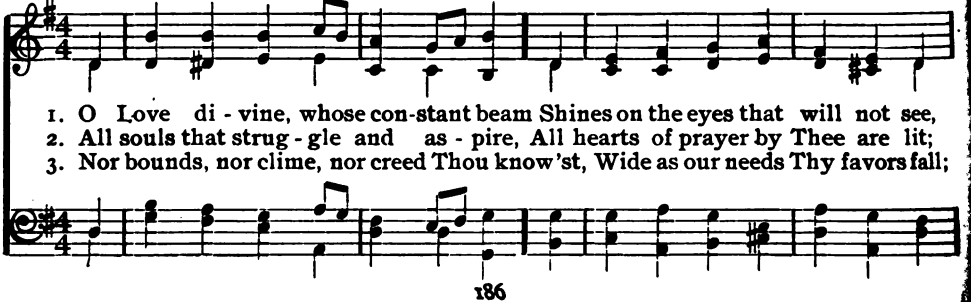
333 Matheson.

GEORGE MATHESON. 8, 6. ALFRED BEIRLY.

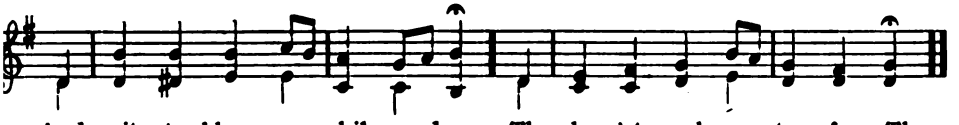


334 Canonbury. L. M.

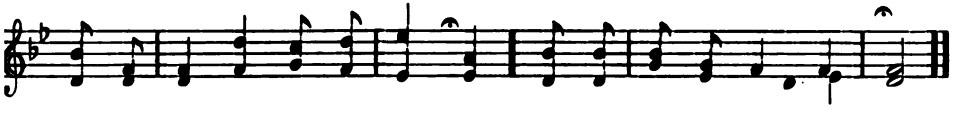
JOHN G. WHITTIER. ROBERT SCHUMANN.



Canonbury.

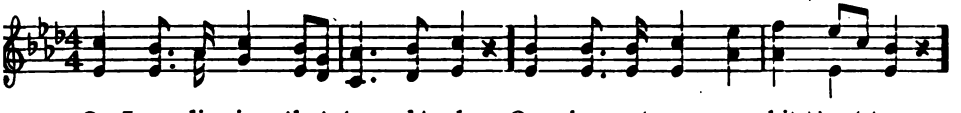


And waits to bless us, while we dream Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee.
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire On dusk - y tribes and centuries sit.
The white wings of the Ho - ly Ghost Bend un - seen o'er the heads of all.

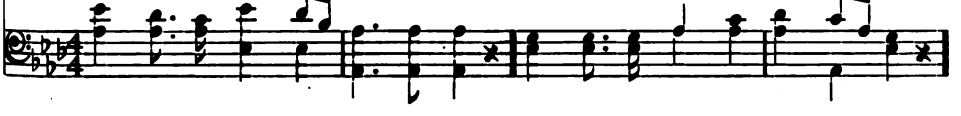


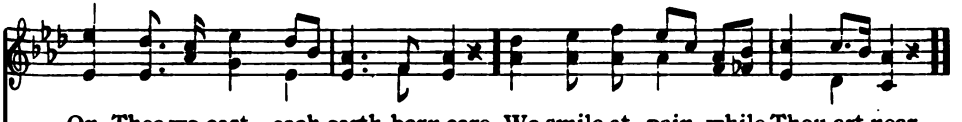
335 Dwight. L. M.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. ARR. from BELLINI.

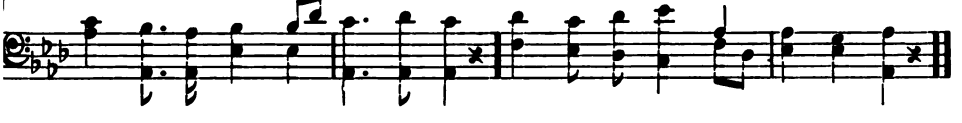


1. O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor - row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for - ev - er dear;





On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
Con-tent to suf - fer while we know, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Thou art near.



336 The Living Bread.

Away from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

Thou, Father, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By Thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press, though dangers multiply.

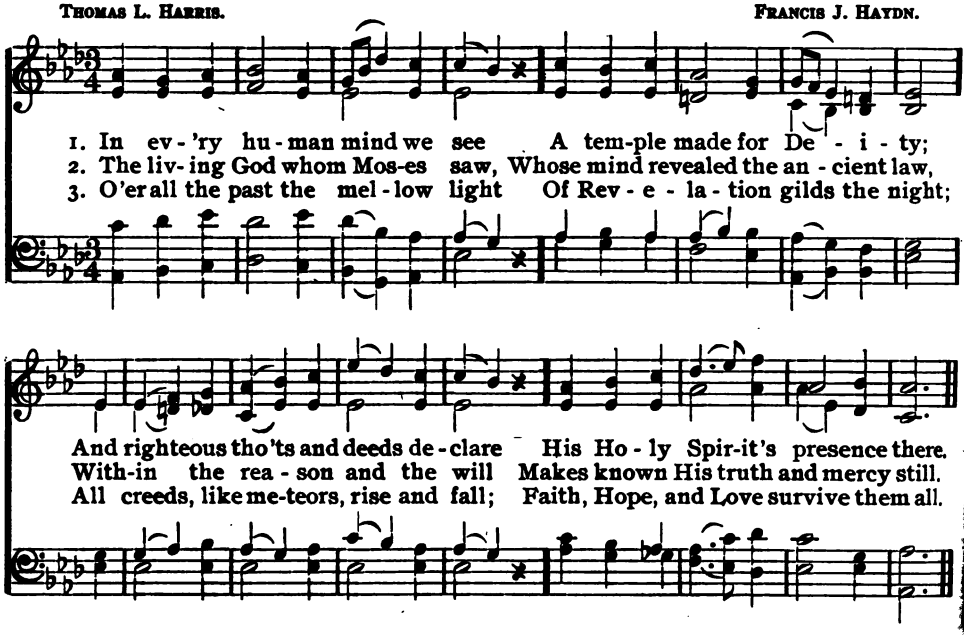
3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passions cease.

4 Then let me take Thy gracious hand,
And walk beside Thee onward still,
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm, on Zion's hill.

—*Ray Palmer.*

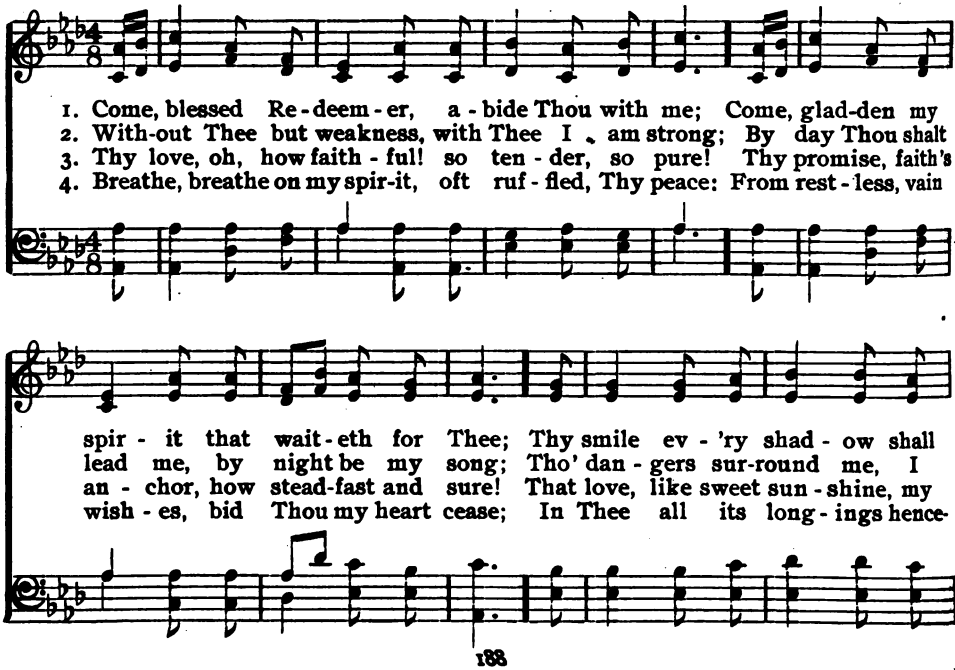
337 Bowen. L. M.

THOMAS L. HARRIS. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

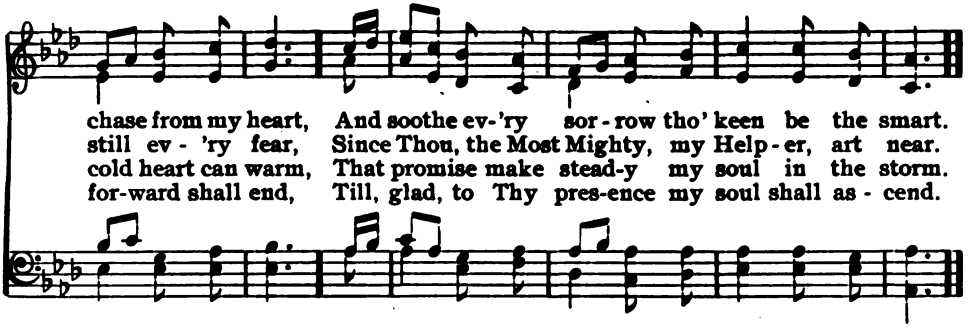


338 Magill.

RAY PALMER. 11. THEODORE E. PERKINS.

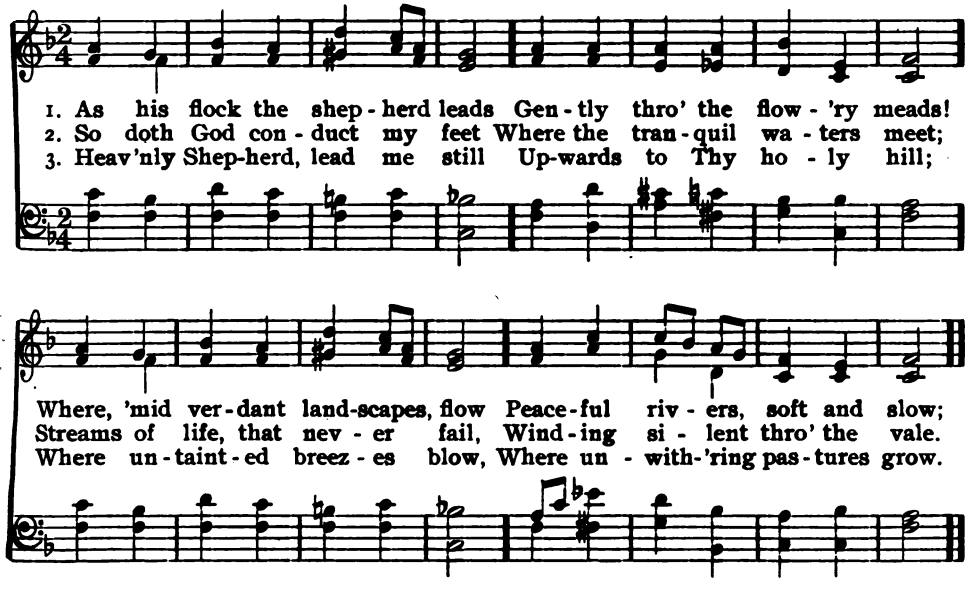


Magill.



339 Chatham.

WILLIAM LAMPORT. 7. From CARL M. VON WEBER. Arr. by HENRY W. GREATOREX.



340 Father, Teach Me.

1 Father, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

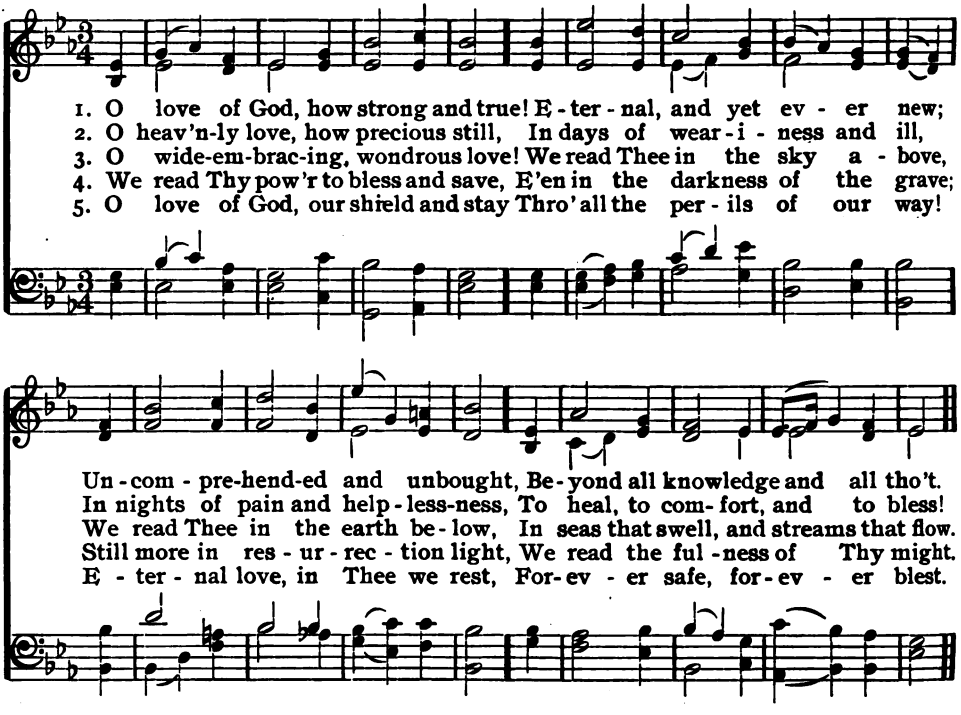
4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy:
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, through eternity,
Of His love who first loved me.

—*Jane D. Leeson.*

341 Rockingham. L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. EDWARD MILLER.



342 Creator Spirit.

1 O come, Creator Spirit blest,
Within these souls of Thine to rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend;
Most blessed gift which God can send:
Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our heart o'erflow with love.

—*Breviary.*

343 Prayer For the Spirit of God.

1 Spirit of Truth, who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

2 Spirit of Power, whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls Thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.

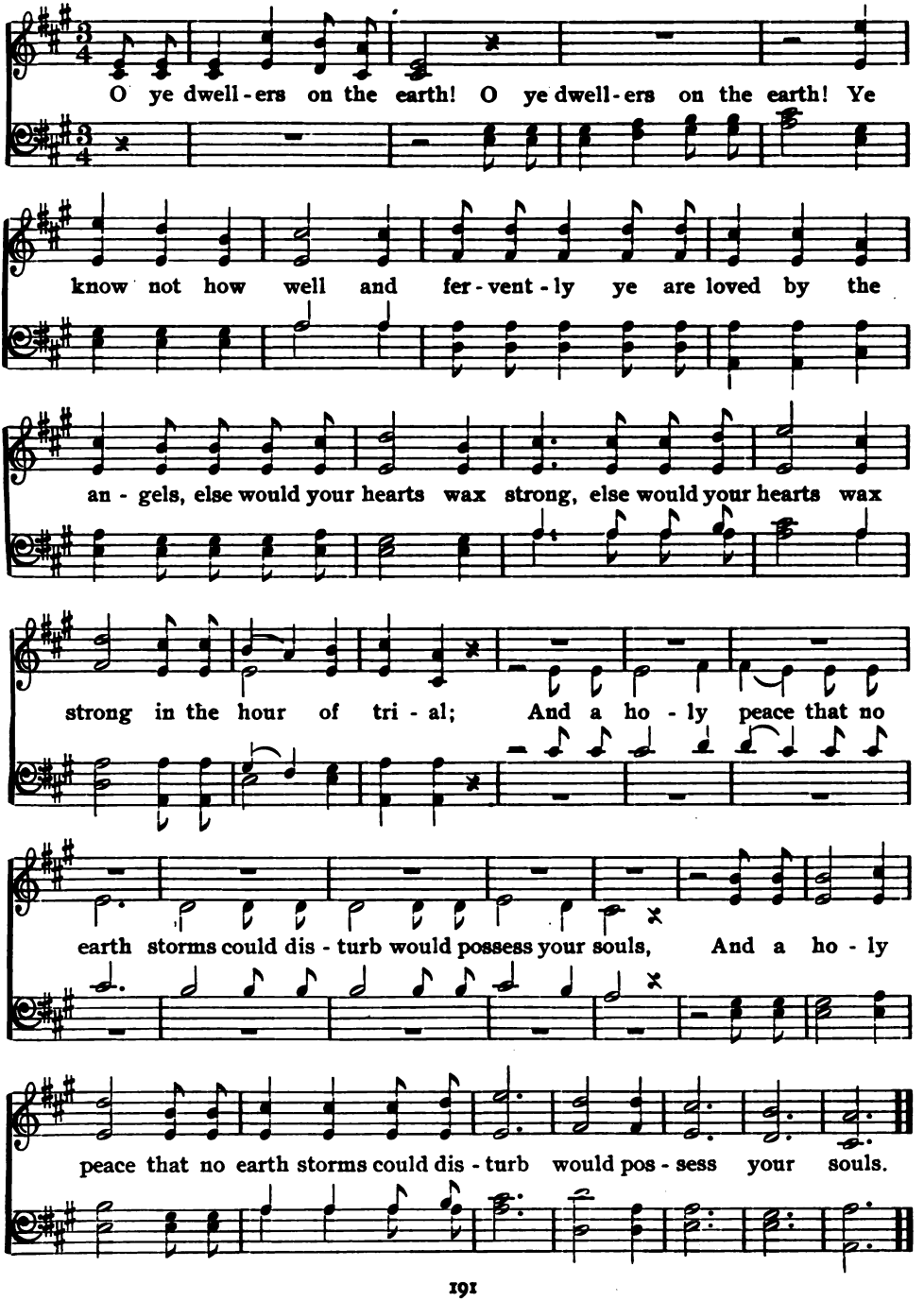
3 Spirit of Joy, who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer;
Give me to bless my Comforter.

4 O tender Spirit, who dost mourn
Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve Thee less;
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness:

5 Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

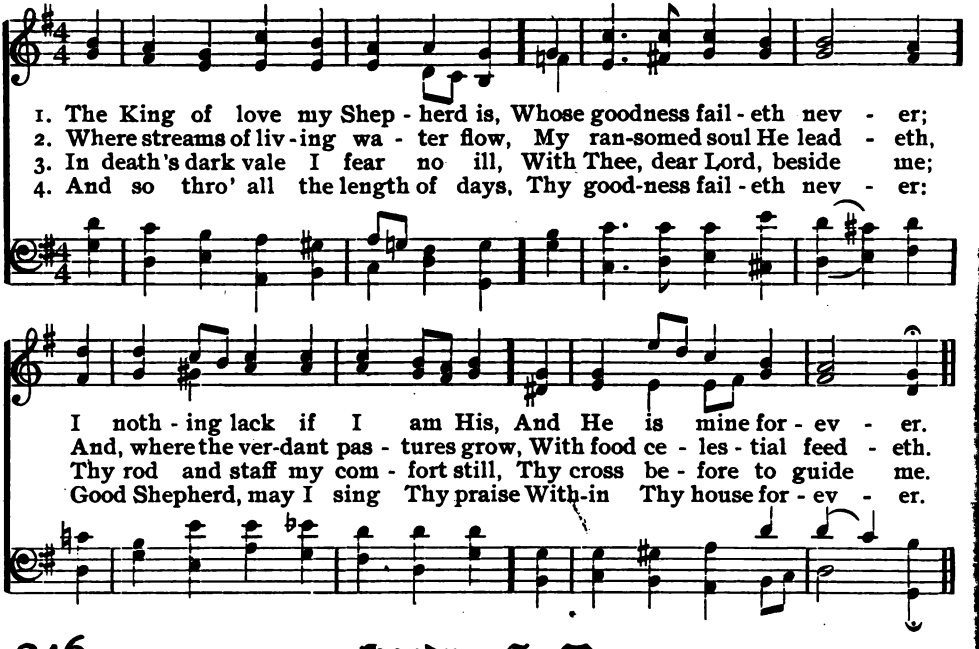
—*Thomas H. Gill.*

344 Divine Goodness.



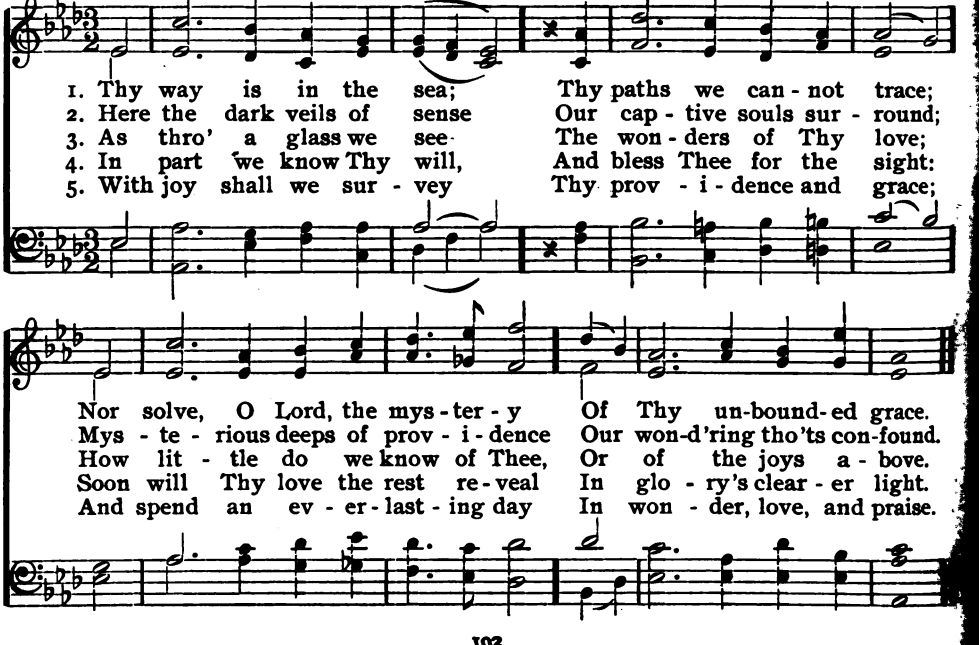
345 Mitchell.

HENRY W. BAKER. 8, 7. ALFRED BEIRLY.



346 Haydn. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT, alt. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.



347 Valerma. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. Adpt. by R. SIMPSON.

1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To Thee my soul as - pires:
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of Thy love:
3. Then shall my thank-ful pow'rs re - joice, And tri - umph in my God,

Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine," 'T is all my soul de - sires.
Oh, speak the kind, trans-port - ing word, And bid my fears re - move.
Till heav'nly rap - ture tune my voice To spread Thy praise a - broad.

348 Christmas. C. M.

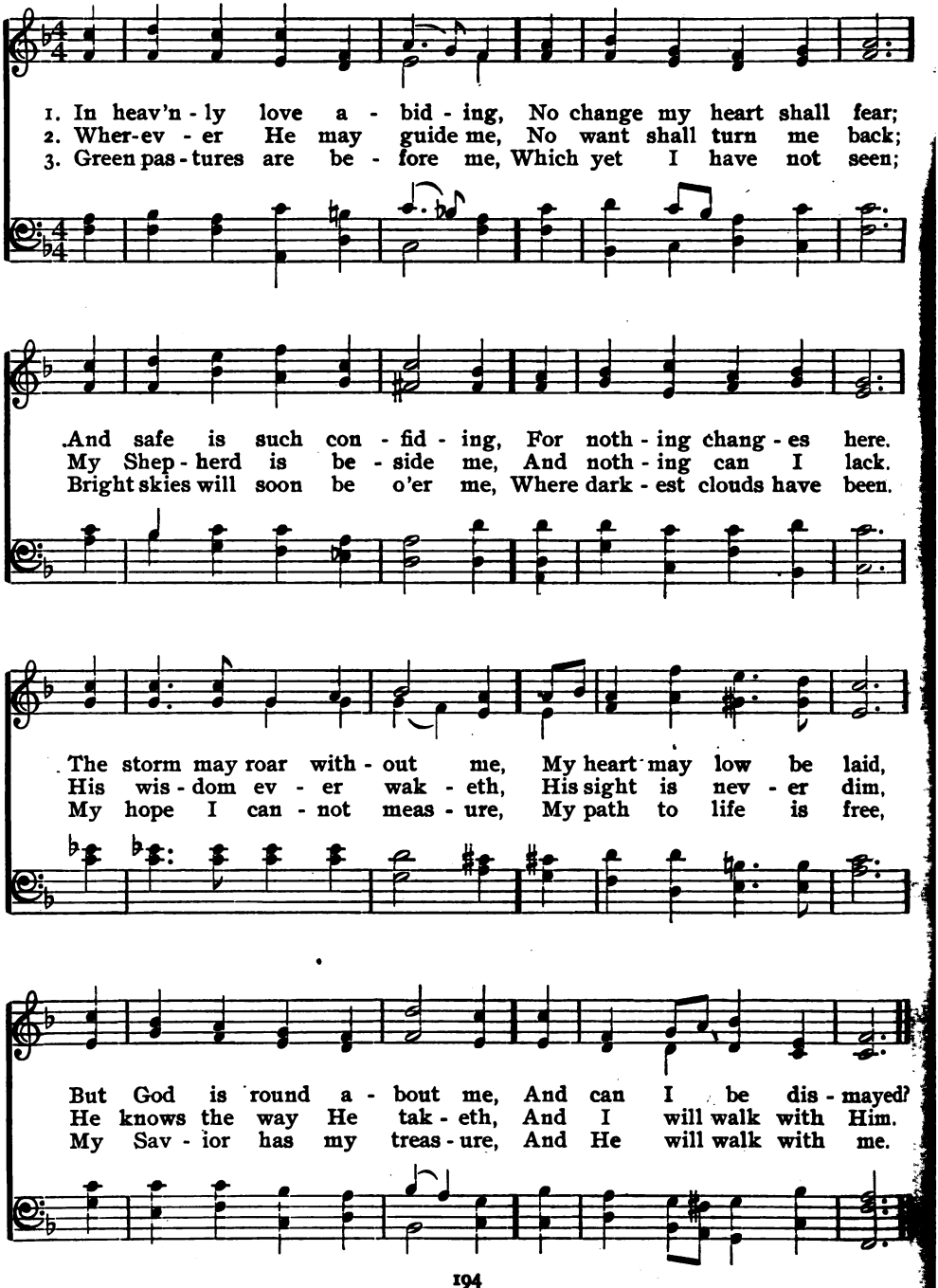
JOHN G. WHITTIER. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free, For-
2. Blow, winds of God, a - wake and blow The mists of earth a - way; Shine
3. In joy of in - ward peace, or sense Of sor - row o - ver sin, He
4. And warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He; And
5. Our Lord, and Master of us all, Whate'er our name or sign, We
6. We faint - ly hear, we dim - ly see, In diff'ring phrase we pray; But,

ev - er shared, for-ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb-ing sea! A nev - er - ebb-ing sea!
out, O Light Divine, and show How wide and far we stray! How wide and far we stray!
is His own best ev - i-dence, His witness is with - in, His wit-ness is with-in.
faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee, And love its Gal - i - lee.
own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine, We test our lives by Thine.
dim or clear, we own in Thee The Light, the Truth, the Way, The Light, the Truth, the Way.

349 Princeton.

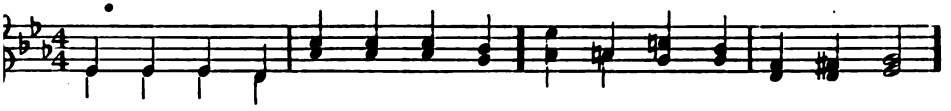
ANNA L. WARING. 7, 6. ALFRED BEIRLY.



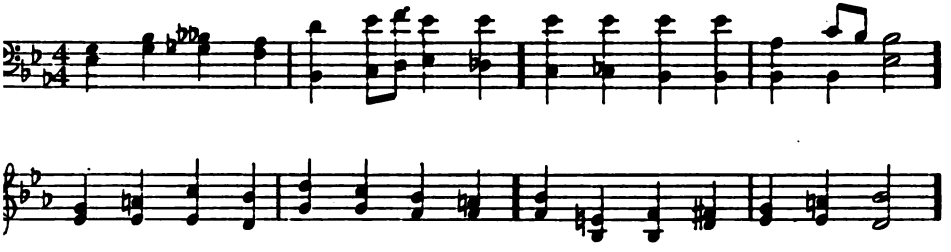
350

Angelo Juvante.

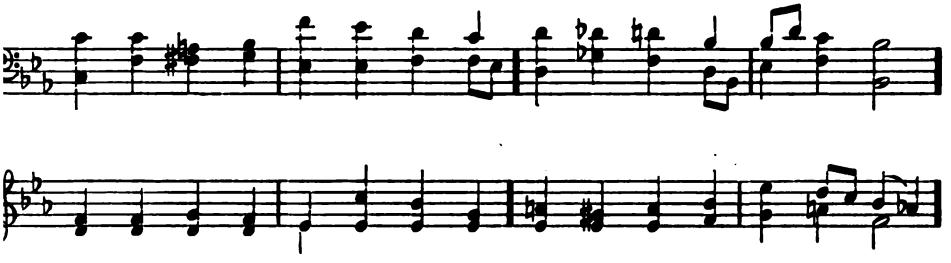
CLARA L. HAYES. 8, 7. FRANCES E. PHELPS.



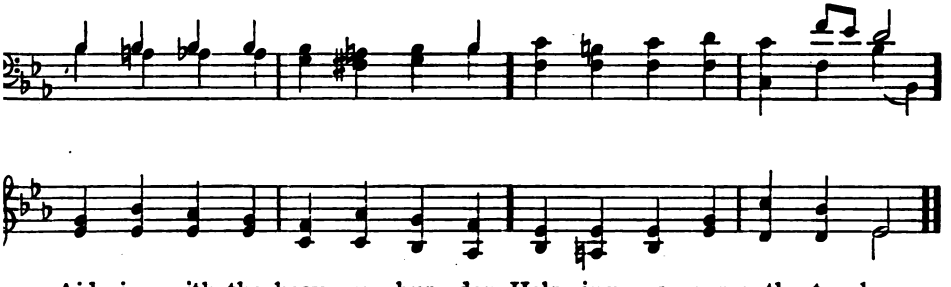
1. In the time of grief and sor - row, In the hour of pain and fear,
2. When the darkness falls a - round us, When the clouds the sun ob - scure,
3. When the world with lur - ing beck - on Calls the soul from high - er things,



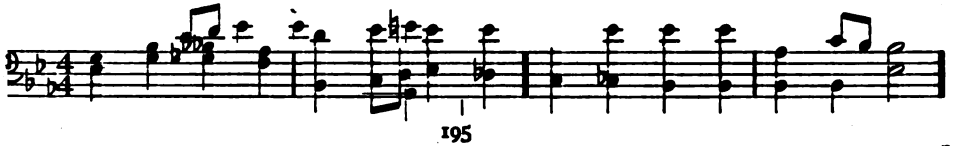
Oft has come the an - gel pres-ence, Bring-ing strength and ho - ly cheer.
If we heed the an - gel warn - ing He will guide us, safe and sure,
Lo, the an - gel keeps us safe - ly In the shel - ter of his wings,



Not a road so rough and sto - ny But the help - ing hand is near,
O'er the rock - y paths of ef - fort To the heights of faith se - cure,
Lifts our heart to joys im - mor - tal With the har - mo - ny he brings,



Aid - ing with the heav - y bur - den, Help - ing us our path to clear.
Where the sun is nev - er cloud - ed, Where the heart is ev - er pure.
And our voi - ces join the cho - rus That the choir ce - les - tial sings.



351 Webb.

MINOT J. SAVAGE. 7, 6. GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. The God that to the fa - thers Re - vealed His ho - ly will,
2. 'T was but far off in vi - sion, The fa - thers' eyes could see
3. With trust in God's free spir - it, The ev - er - broad'ning ray

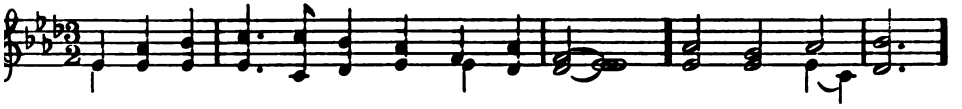
Has not the world for - sak - en,— He's with the chil - dren still:
The glo - ry of the king - dom, The bet - ter time to be:
Of truth that shines to guide us A - long our for - ward way,

Then en - vy not the twi - light That glim-mered on their way;
To - day, we see ful - fill - ing The dreams they dreamt of old;
Let us to - day be faith - ful, As were the braves of old;

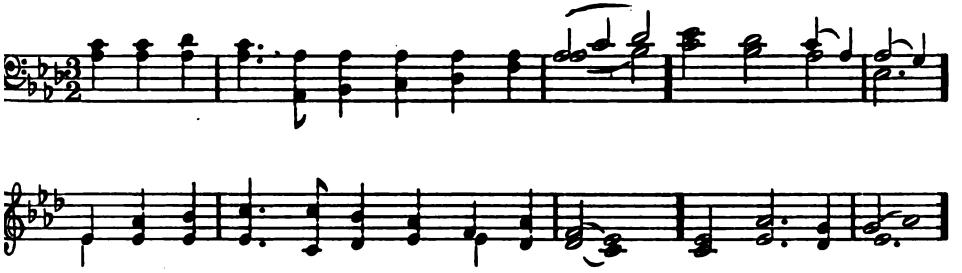
Look up, and see the dawn - ing That broad - ens in - to day.
While near - er, ev - er near - er, Rolls on the age of gold.
Till we, their work com - plet - ing, Bring in the age of gold.

352 Lead, Kindly Light.

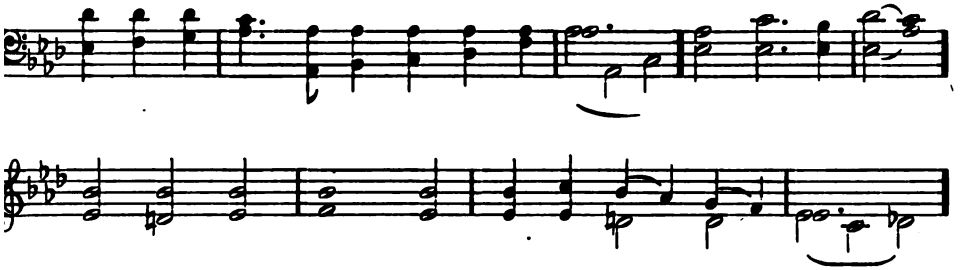
JOHN H. NEWMAN. 10, 4. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

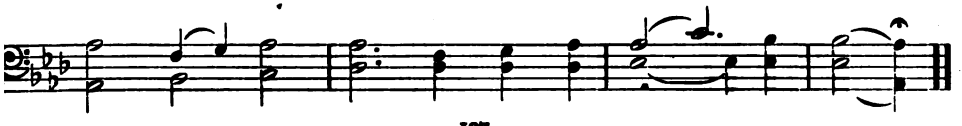


The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone,



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile . . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.



353 Portuguese Hymn.

11.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (*First Tune.*) JOHN READING.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest: He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op- pressed; Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

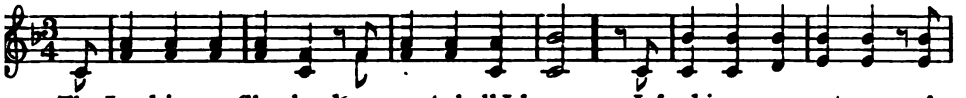
3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

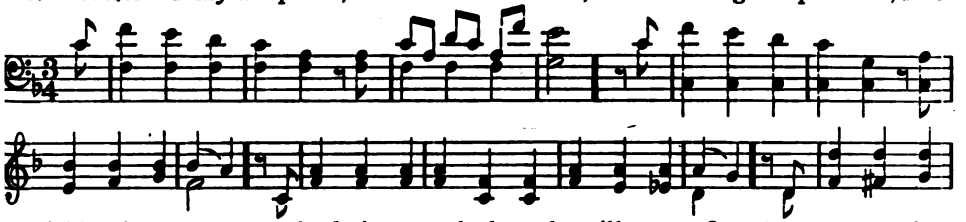
354 The Lord is My Shepherd.

11.

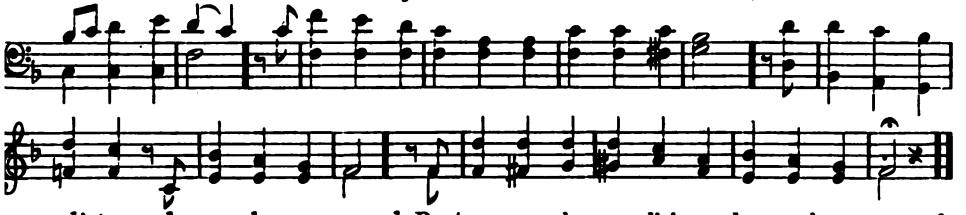
JAMES MONTGOMERY. (*Second Tune.*) THOMAS KOSCHAT.



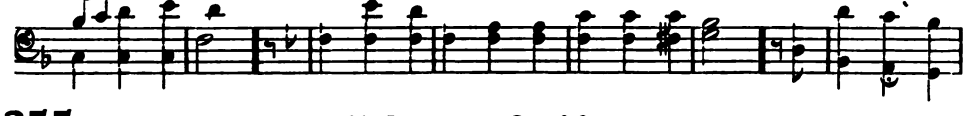
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-



fold-ed I rest: He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when

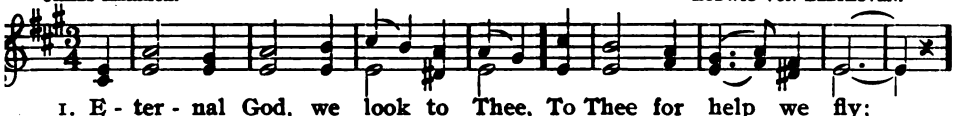


wand'ring, redeems when oppressed; Restores me when and'ring, redeems when oppressed.

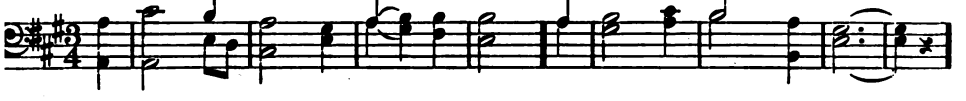


355 Salome. C. M.

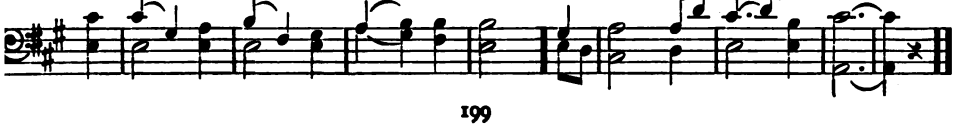
JAMES MERRICK. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



1. E - ter - nal God, we look to Thee, To Thee for help we fly;
2. Lord, let Thy fear with - in us dwell, Thy love our foot - steps guide:
3. Not what we wish, but what we want, Oh, let Thy grace sup - ply;



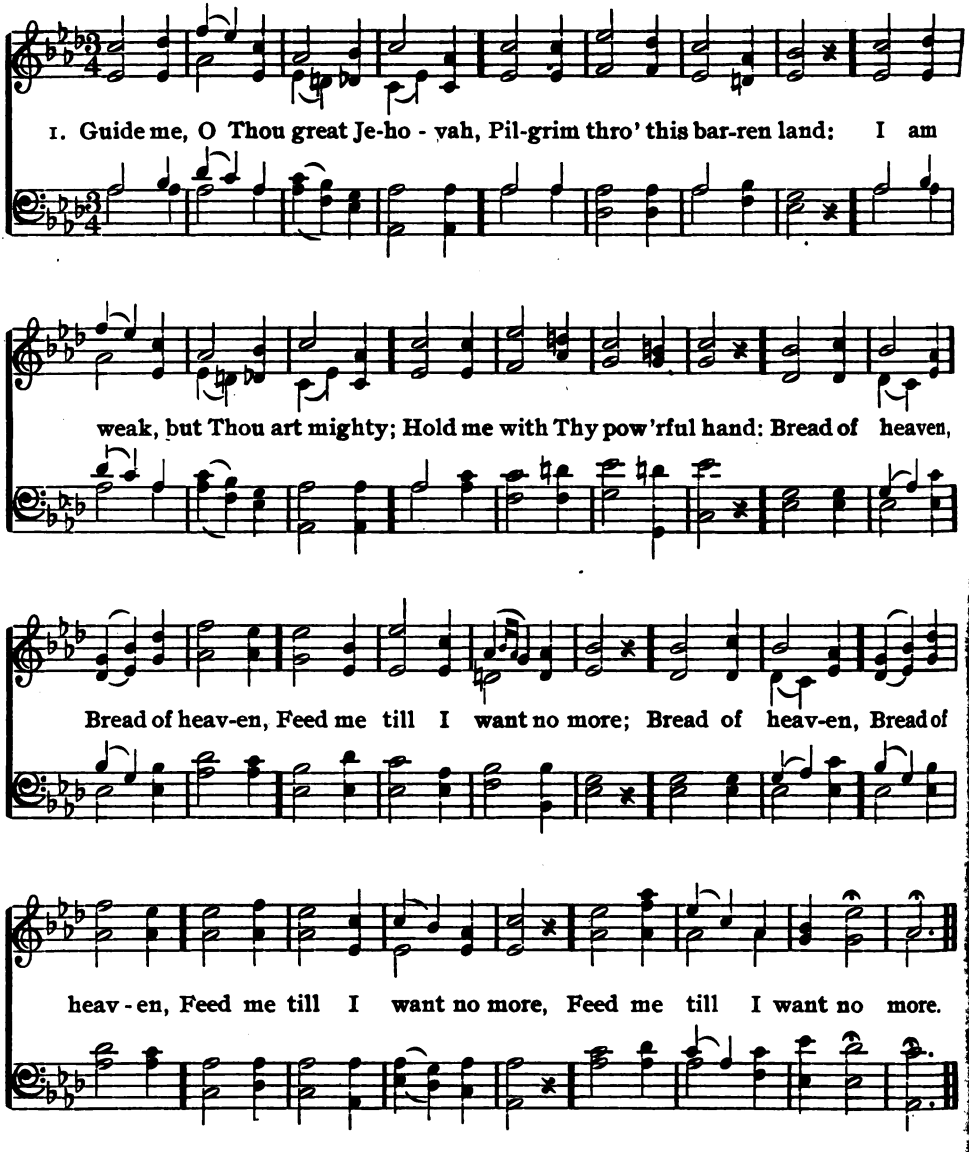
Thine eye a - lone our wants can see, Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.
That love will all vain love ex - pel, That fear all fear be - side.
The good un - asked, in mer - cy grant; The ill, tho' asked, de - ny.



356 Guidance.

8, 7, 4.
(*First Tune.*)

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.



2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

357 Segur.

8, 7, 4.
(*Second Tune.*)

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

358 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

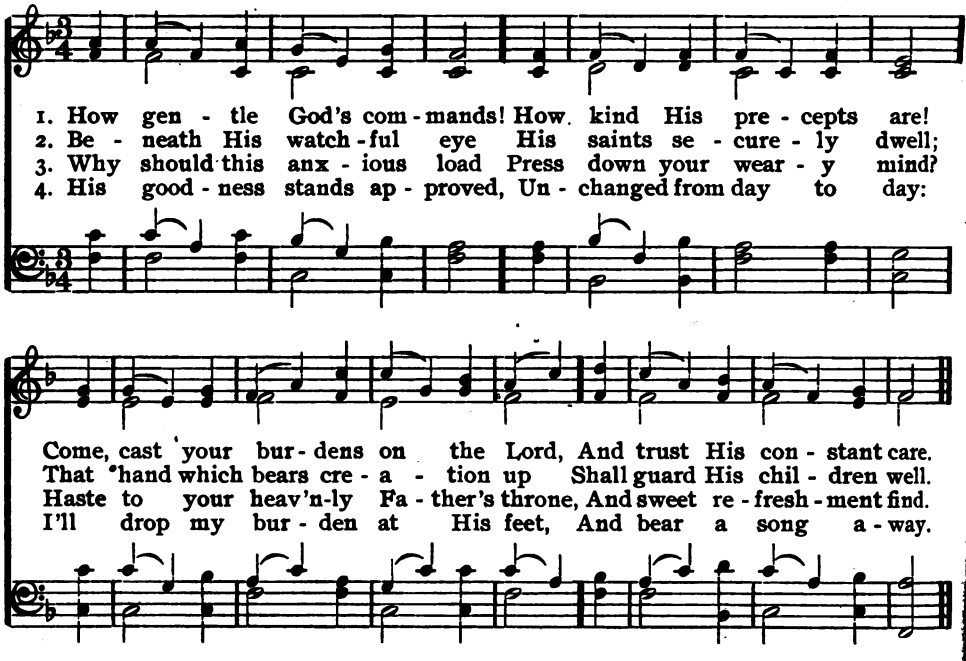
8, 7, 4.
(*Third Tune.*)

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. Prayer from ZAMPA. F. HEROLD.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but Thou art might- y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand: }
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

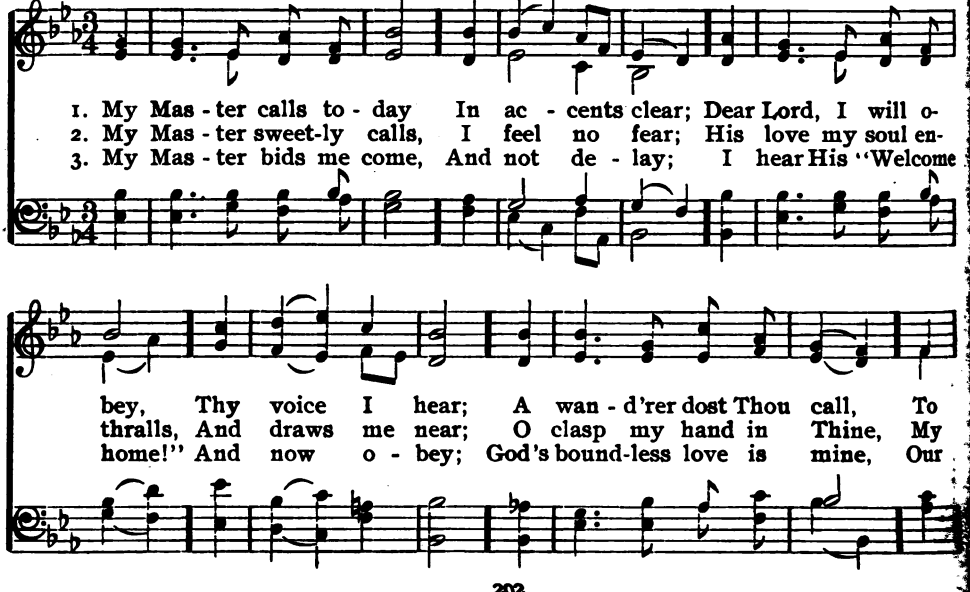
359 Dennis. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HANS G. NAEGELI.

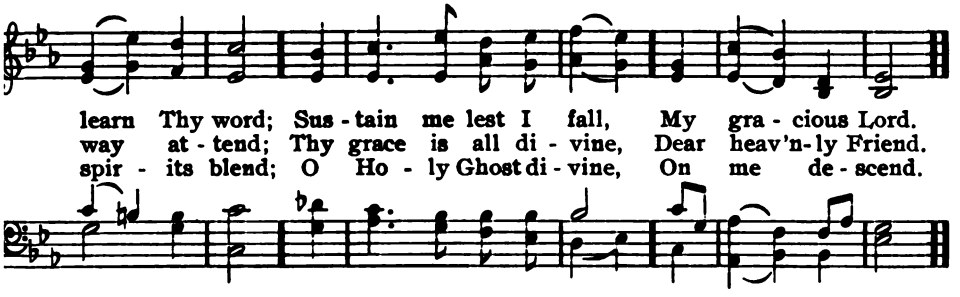


360 Hayes.

A. B. 6. 4. ALFRED BEIRLY.

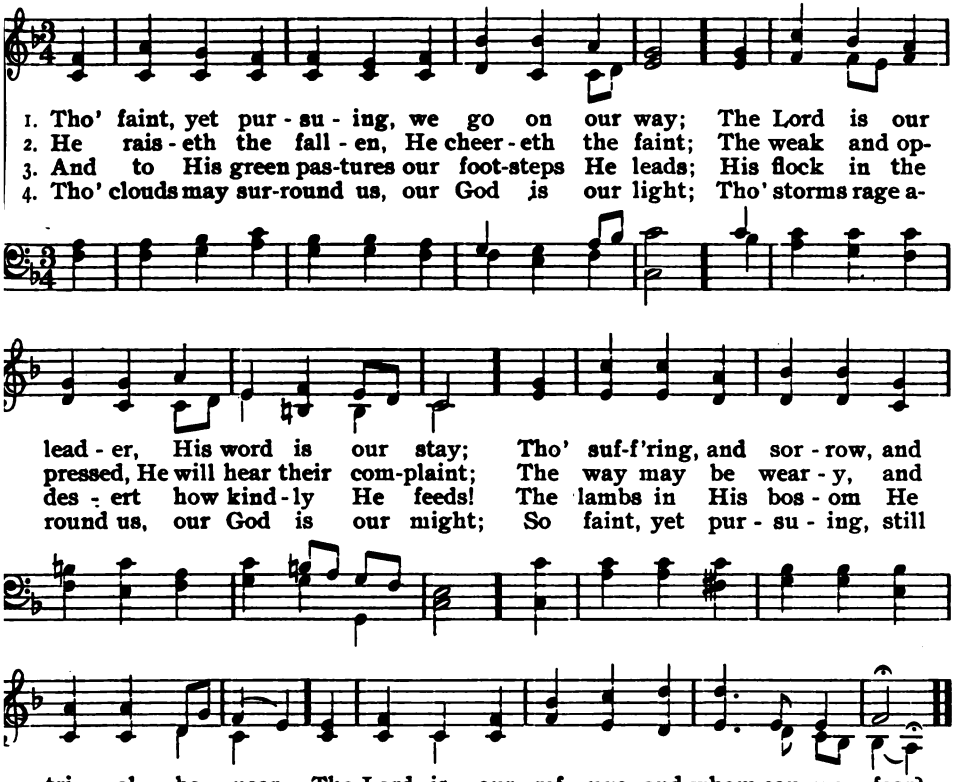


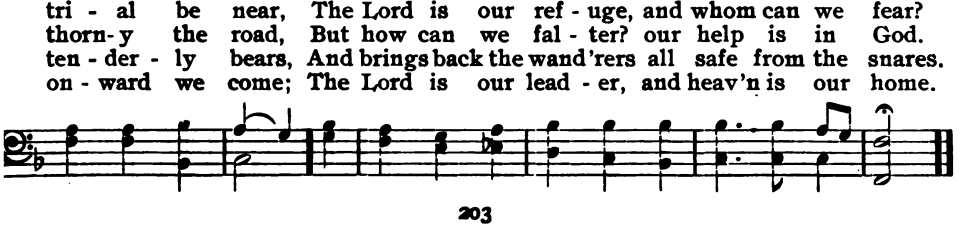
Hayes.



361 Judea.

JOHN N. DARBY. 11. JOHN B. DYKES.





362 Toplady.

7.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (*First Tune.*) THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

363 Dykes.

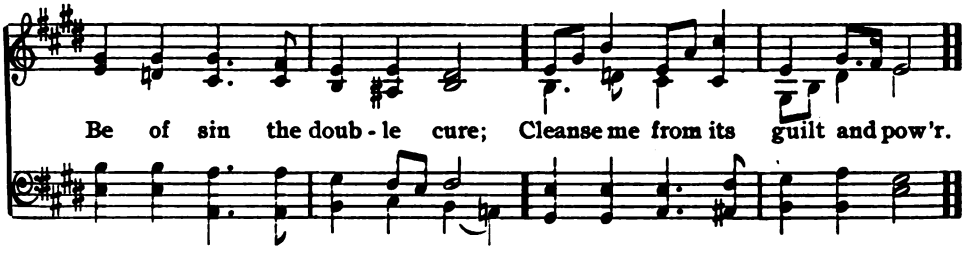
7.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (*Second Tune.*) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

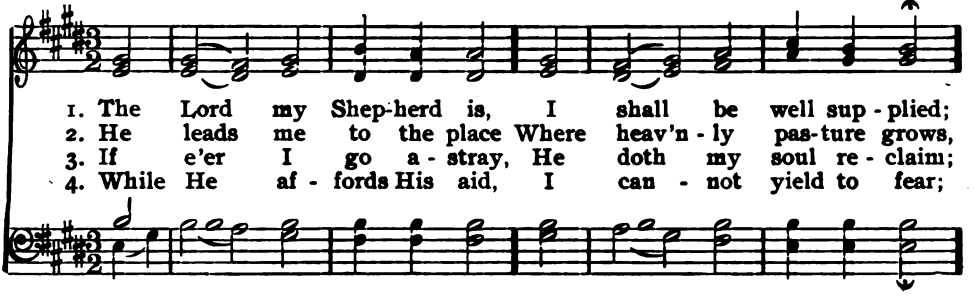
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,

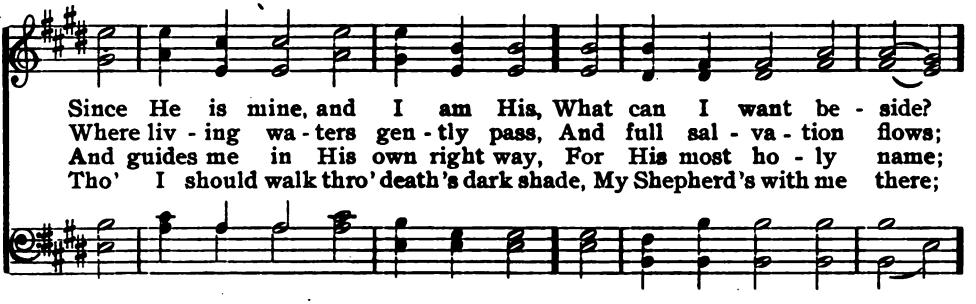
Dykes.

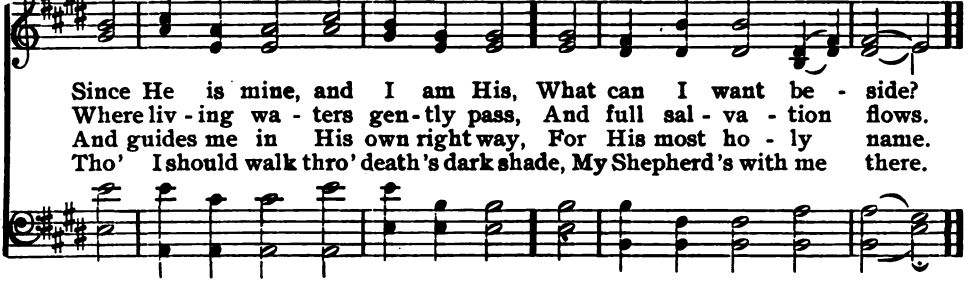


364 Selvin. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.







5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

365 Brownell. L. M.

GODFREY THRING. ARR. from HAYDN.

1. O Thou who mad-est land and sea, And guid-est all, in all their ways,
2. Great God, who with a Fa-ther's love Dost watch o'er all cre-a-ted things,
3. And may we all, with joy-ful mind, Our hearts as liv-ing off'rings bring,

Who hear-est those who bring to Thee Their sac-ri-fice of pray'r and praise;
And gath-erest all, be-low, a-bove, Be-neath the shad-ow of Thy wings;
The first fruits of our life, to find A Fa-ther in our heav'nly King;

Oh, hear Thy chil-dren as they bring Themselves, a low-ly of-fer-ing.
Pro-tect, we pray Thee now, and bless Thy chil-dren who are fa-ther-less.
And learn in life and death to bless Thee, "Fa-ther of the fa-ther-less."

366 Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

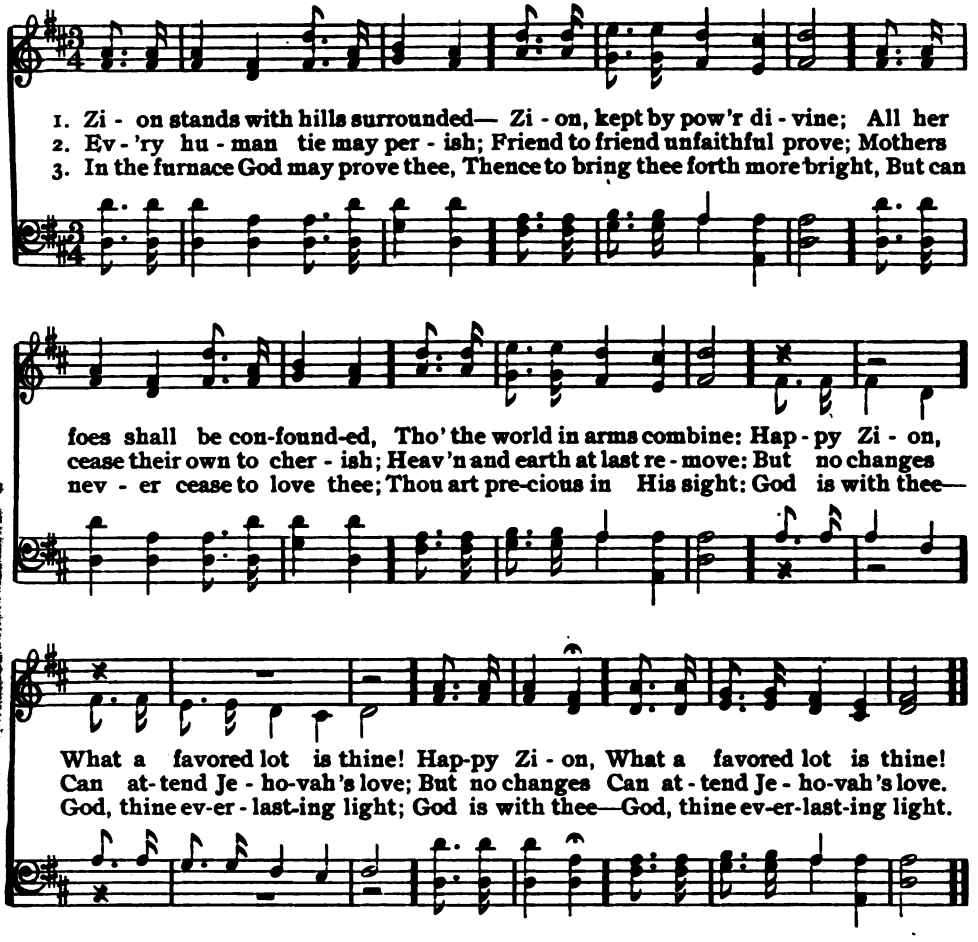
3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

—*John Wesley, tr.*

367 Zion.

THOMAS KELLY. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



368 O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send Thy Spirit
To the earth's remotest bound.

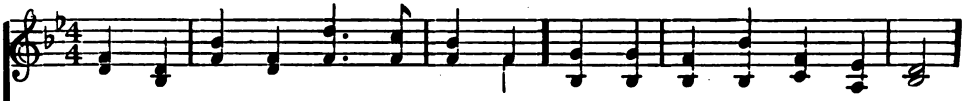
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Father, all the world around.

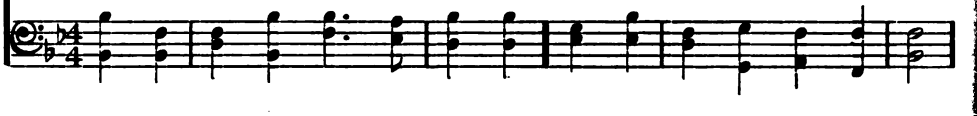
—*William Williams.*

369 Regent Square.

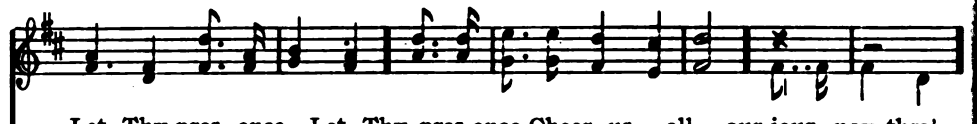
THOMAS KELLY. 8, 7, 4. HENRY SMART.



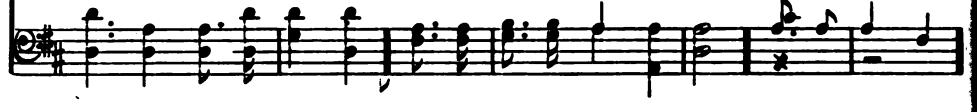
1. Sav - ior, thro' the des - ert lead us; With-out Thee we can - not go;
2. When we halt, no track dis - cov-'ring, Fear - ful lest we go a - stray,
3. When our foes in arms as - sem - ble, Read - y to ob-struct our way,



Thou from cru - el chains hast freed us, Thou hast laid the ty - rant low;
O'er our path the pil - lar hov-'ring, Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Sud - den - ly their hearts shall tremble, Thou wilt strike them with dis - may;

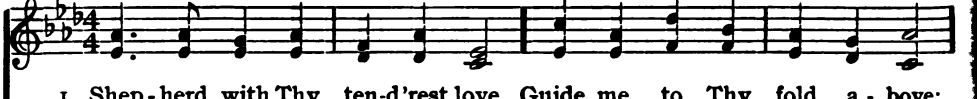


Let Thy pres - ence, Let Thy pres-ence Cheer us all our jour - ney thro'.
Shall di - rect us, Shall di - rect us: Thus we shall not miss our way.
And Thy peo - ple, And Thy peo - ple, Led by Thee, shall win the day.

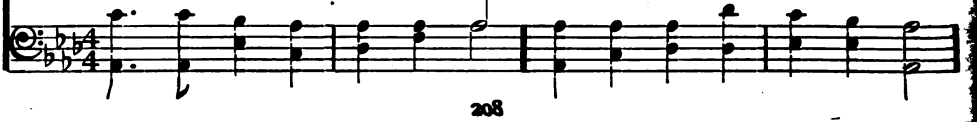


370 Spanish Hymn.

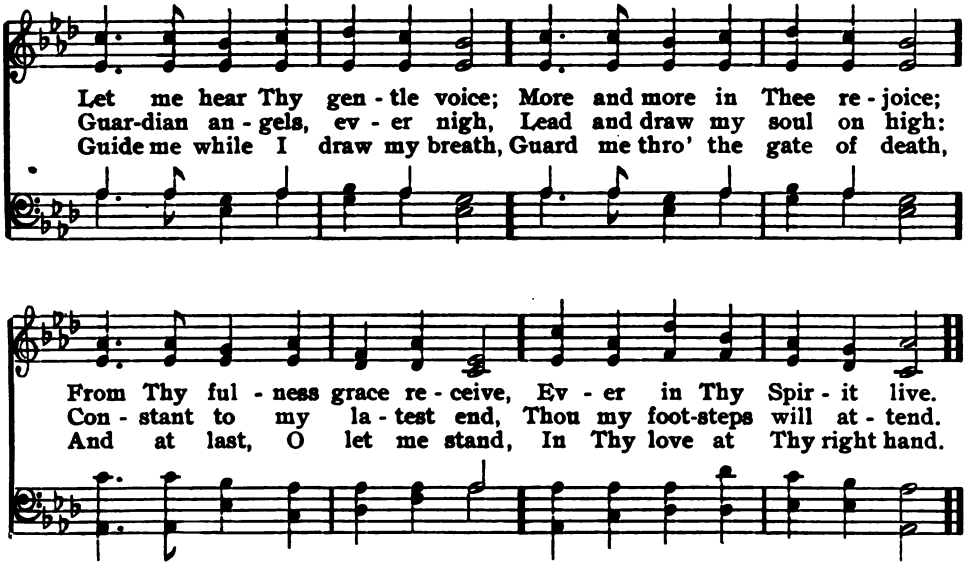
Anon. 7. Spanish Melody.



1. Shep - herd, with Thy ten-d'rest love, Guide me to Thy fold a - bove;
2. Filled by Thee, my cup o'er-flows, For Thy love no lim - it knows:
3. Fa - ther, with Thy pres-ence blest, Death is life, and la - bor rest;

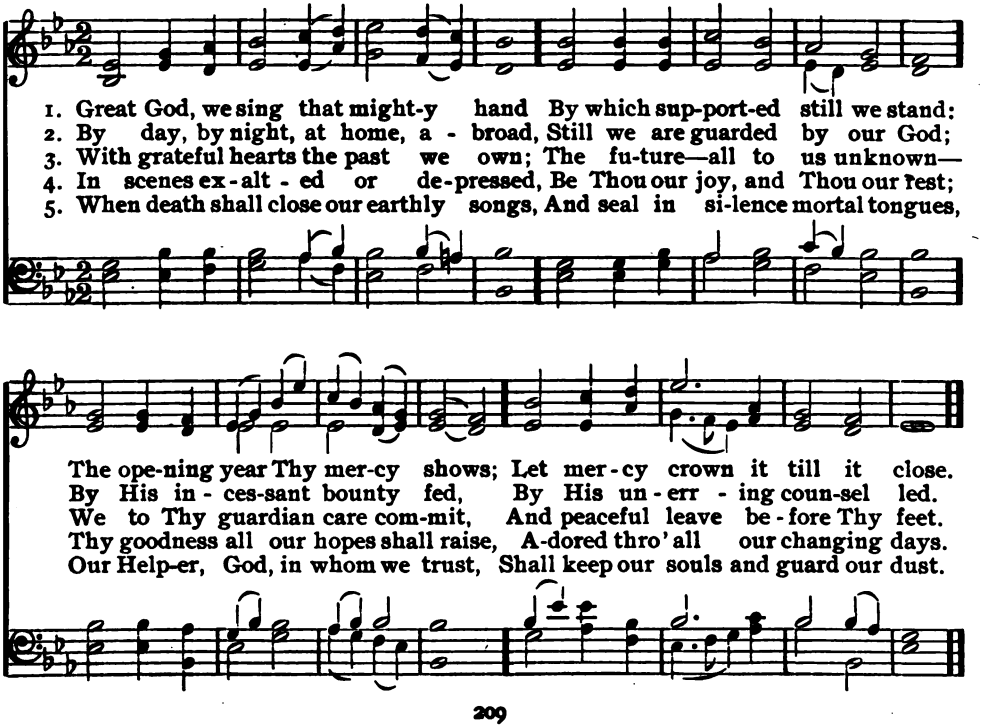


Spanish Hymn.



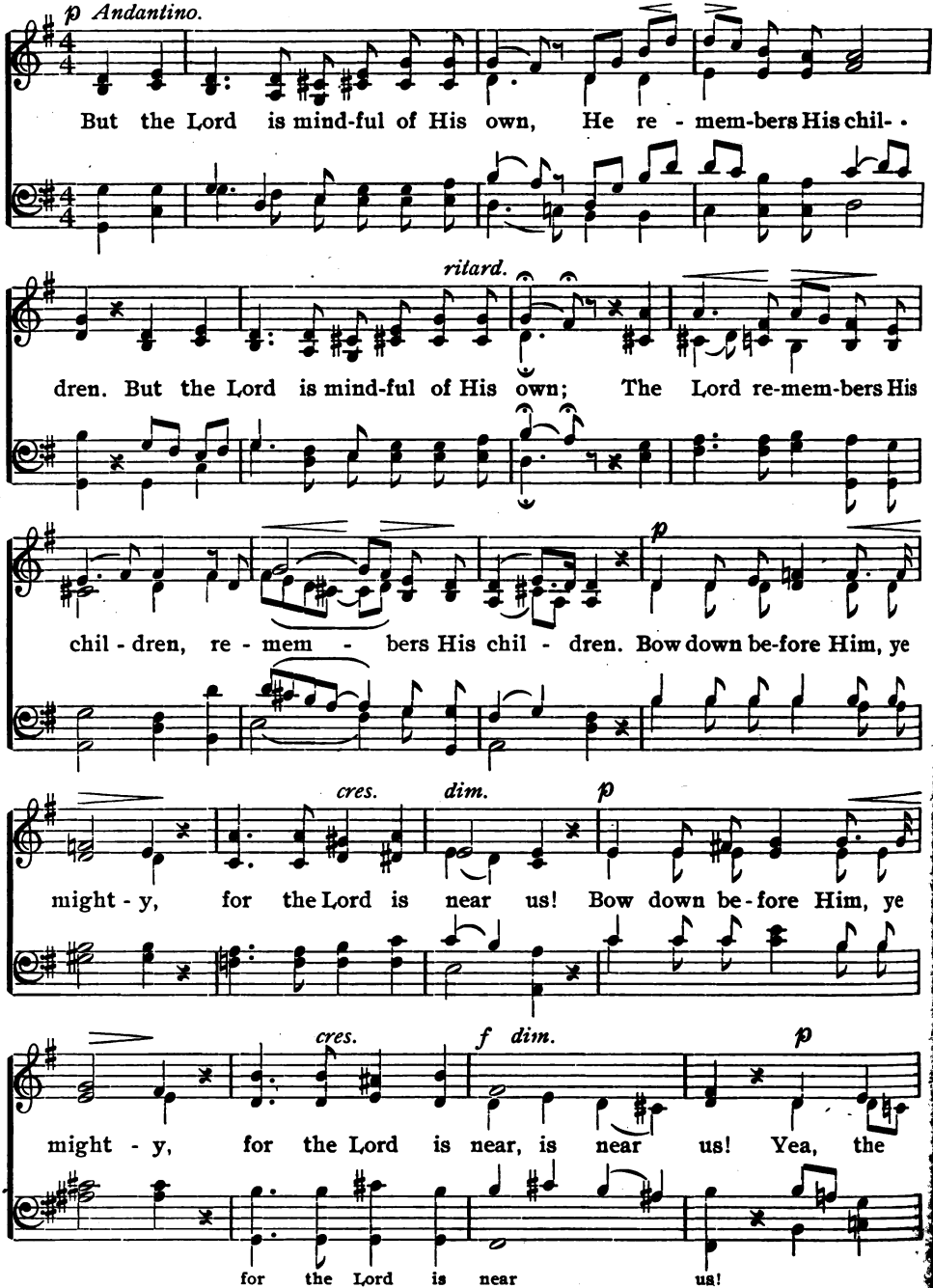
371 Duke Street. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. JOHN HATTON.

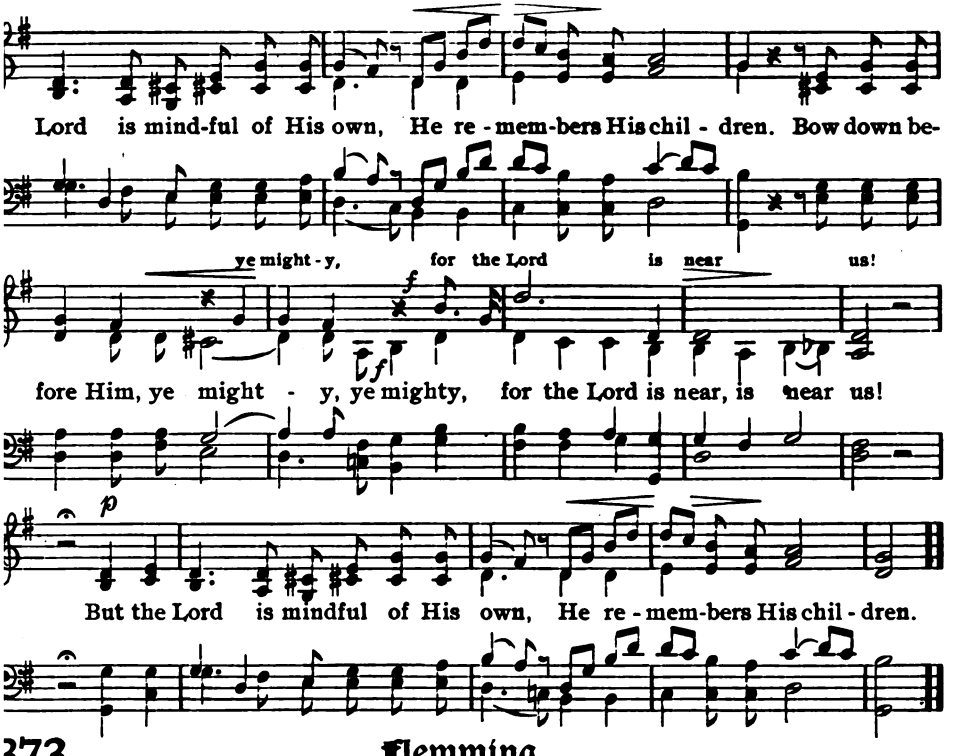


372 But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.

MENDELSSOHN, arr. from "ST. PAUL."

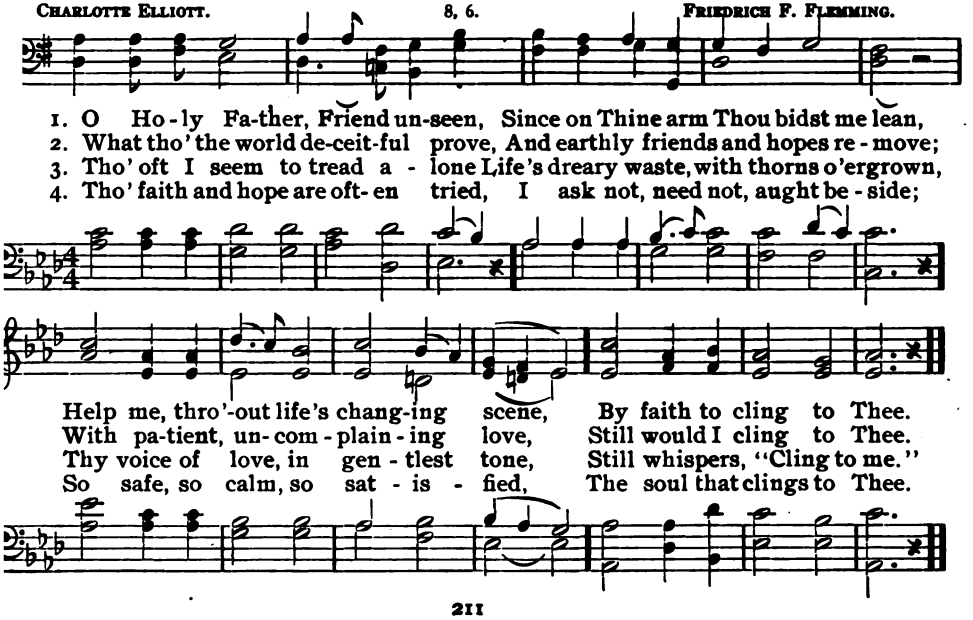


But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.



373 Flemming.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8, 6. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING.



374 Refuge.

7.

CHARLES WESLEY. (*First Tune.*) JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

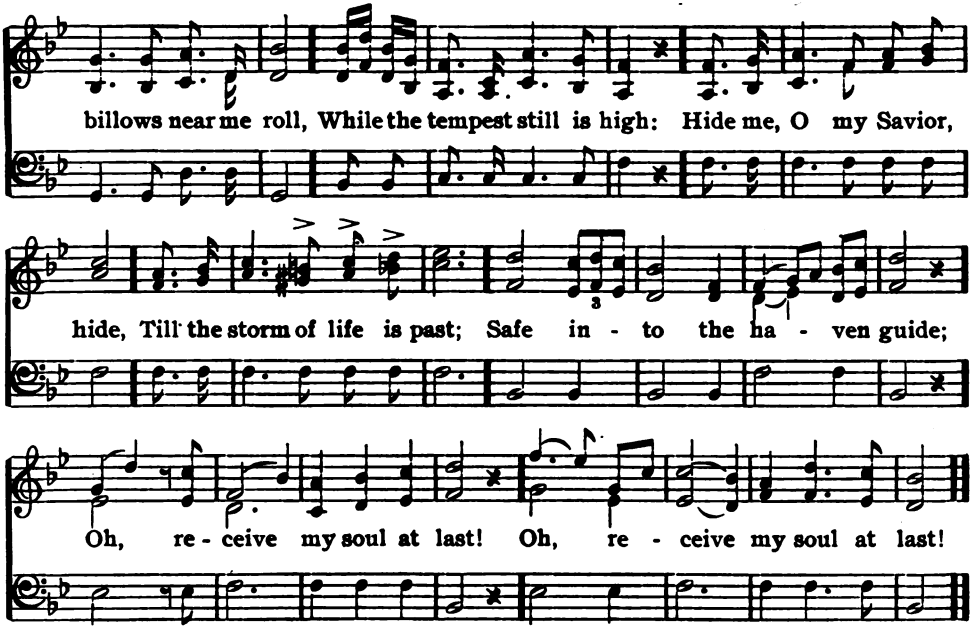
375 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

7.

CHARLES WESLEY. (*Second Tune.*) FRANZ ABT.

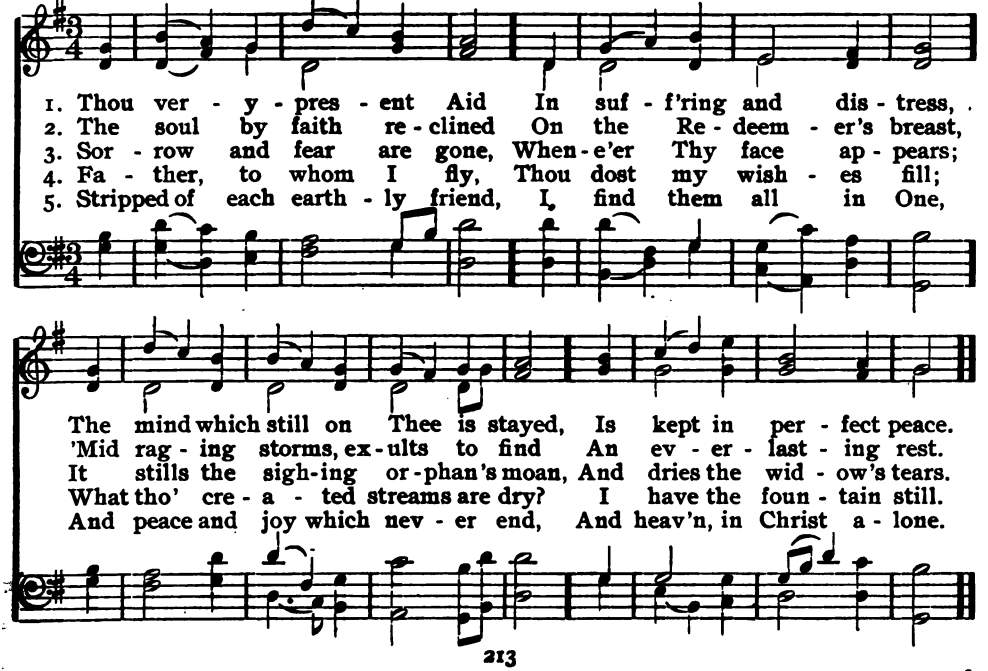
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



376 Thatcher. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. ARR. from HANDEL.



377 Greenport. C. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. ART. from THALBERG.

1. O God, un-seen, but ev-er near, Our bless-ed rest art Thou;
2. O wel-come in the wil-der-ness The shad-ow of Thy love;

And we, in love that hath no fear, Take ref-uge with Thee now.
The stream that springs our thirst to bless, The man-na from a-bove!

All soiled with dust our pil-grim feet, And wear-y with the way;
A-while be-side the fount we stay, And eat this bread of Thine,

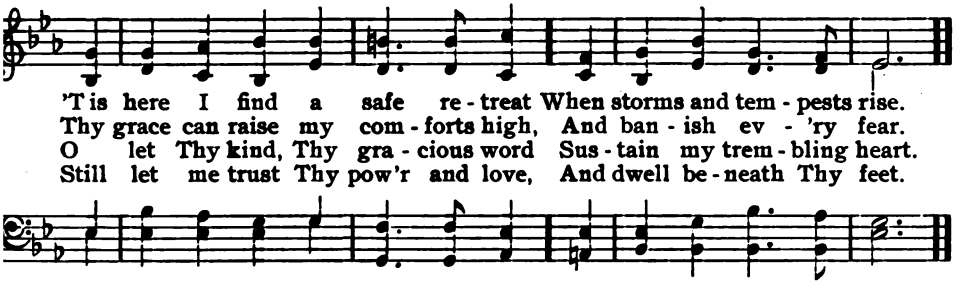
We seek Thy shel-ter from the heat And bur-den of life's day.
Then go re-joic-ing on our way, Re-newed with strength divine.

378 Holy Trinity. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Dear Fa-ther, to Thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies;
2. My cheer-ful hope can nev-er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3. My great Pro-tect-or, and my Lord, Thy con-stant aid im-part;
4. O nev-er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re-treat;

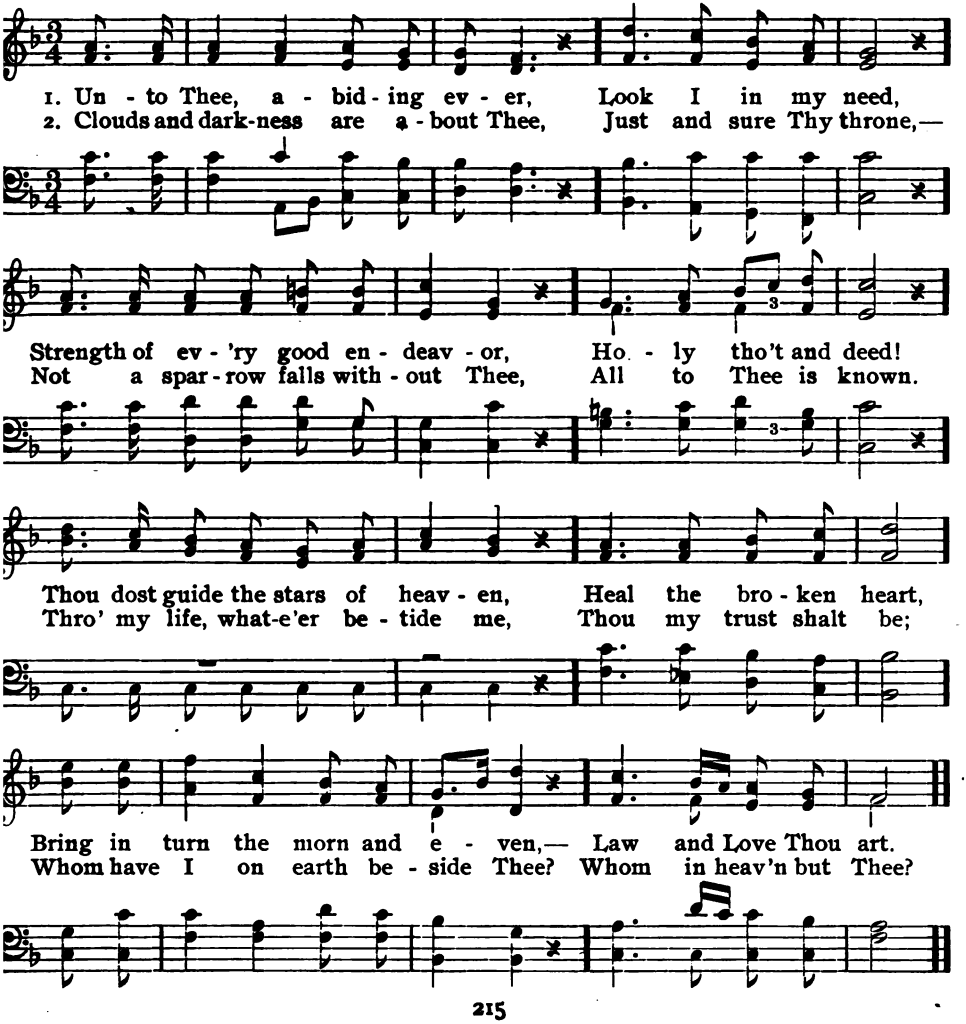
Holy Trinity.



'T is here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tem - pests rise.
Thy grace can raise my com - forts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
O let Thy kind, Thy gra - cious word Sus - tain my trem - bling heart.
Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be - neath Thy feet.

379 Heavenly Guest.

FREDERICK L. HOMMER. 8, 5.



1. Un - to Thee, a - bid - ing ev - er, Look I in my need,
2. Clouds and dark-ness are a - bout Thee, Just and sure Thy throne,—

Strength of ev - 'ry good en - deav - or, Ho - ly tho't and deed!
Not a spar - row falls with - out Thee, All to Thee is known.

Thou dost guide the stars of heav - en, Heal the bro - ken heart,
Thro' my life, what-e'er be - tide me, Thou my trust shalt be;

Bring in turn the morn and e - ven,— Law and Love Thou art.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

380 Bentley.

WILLIAM COWPER. 7, 6. JOHN HULLAH.

1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings;
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet-ly then pur - sue
3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bear us thro';
4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont-ed fruit should bear,

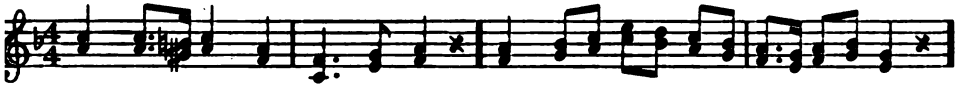
It is the Lord who ris - es With heal-ing in His wings:
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new:
Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo-ple too:
Tho' all the fields should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;

When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer-ful - ly can say,
Be - neath the spread-ing heav - ens, No crea-ture but is fed;
Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice,

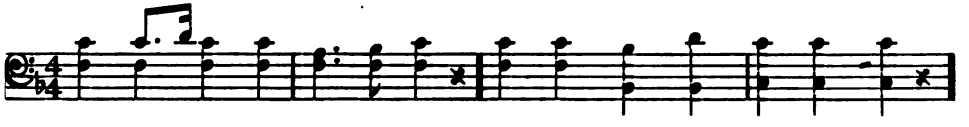
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
Let the un-known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give His chil-dren bread.
For, while in Him con - fid - ing, I can-not but re - joice.

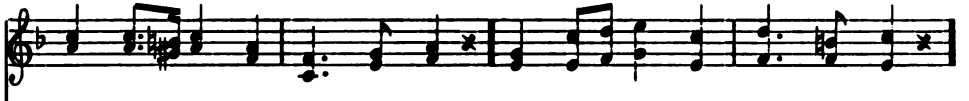
381 Woodbury.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr. 7. From DONIZETTI.

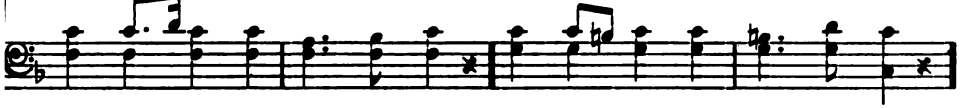


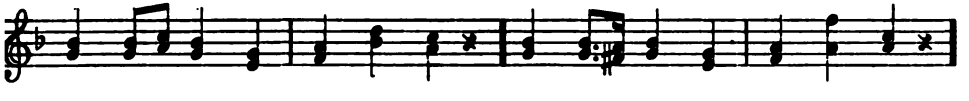
1. Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength, And my home is in Thine arms;
2. On Thee, O my God, I rest, Let - ting life float calm-ly on;
3. Let Thy mer-cy's wings be spread O'er me; keep me close to Thee;



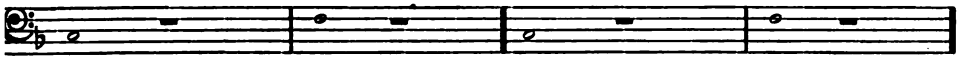


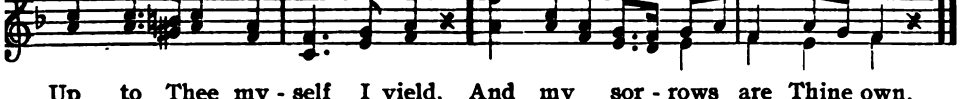
Thou wilt send me help at length, And I feel no wild a - larms:
For I know the last is best, When the crown of joy is won:
In the peace Thy love doth shed, Let me dwell e - ter - nal - ly:



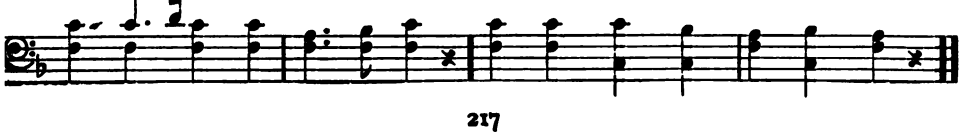


Sin nor death can pierce the shield Thy de - fence has o'er me thrown;
In Thy might all things I bear; In Thy love find bit - ter, sweet;
Be my all; in all I do, Let me on - ly seek Thy will;



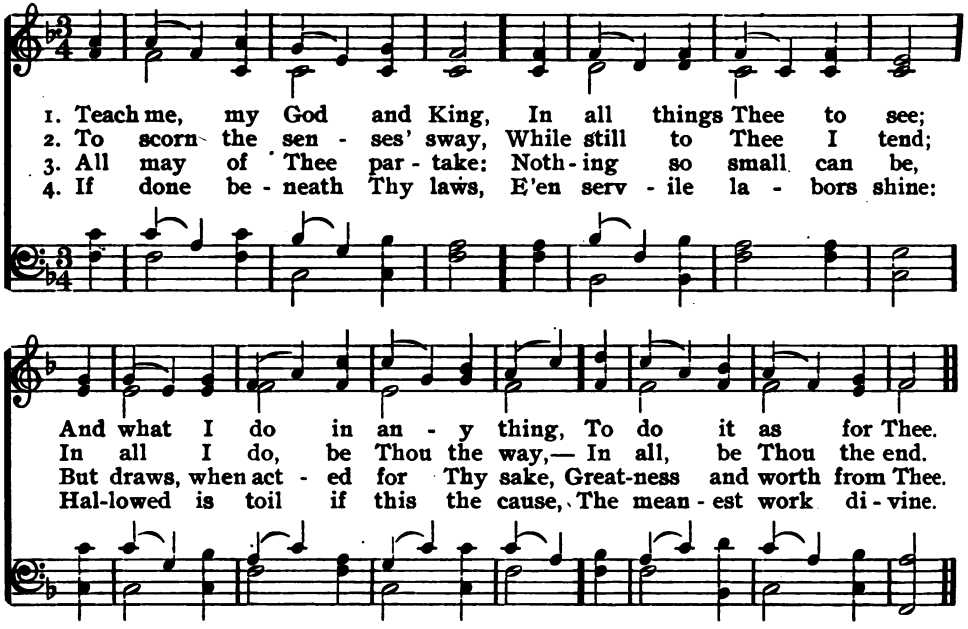


Up to Thee my - self I yield, And my sor - rows are Thine own.
And, with all my grief and care, Sit in pa - tience at Thy feet.
When the heart to Thee is true, All is peace-ful, calm and still.



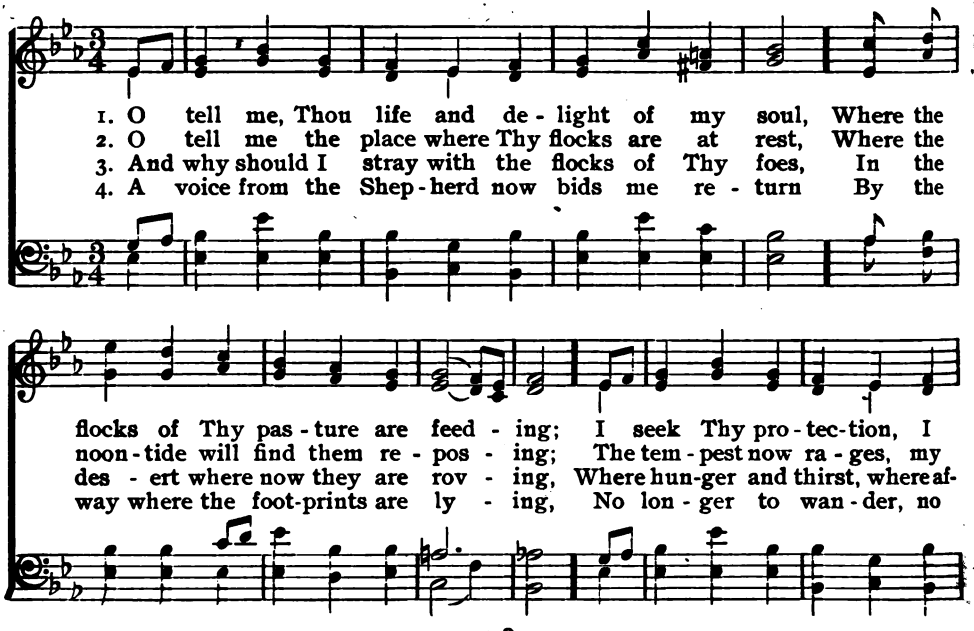
382 Dennis. S. M.

GEORGE HERBERT. HANS G. NAEGELI.



383 Lemont.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 11, 10. ALFRED BEIRLY.



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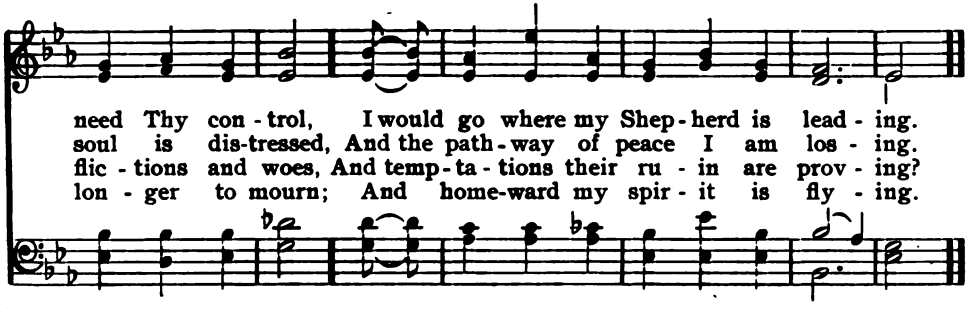
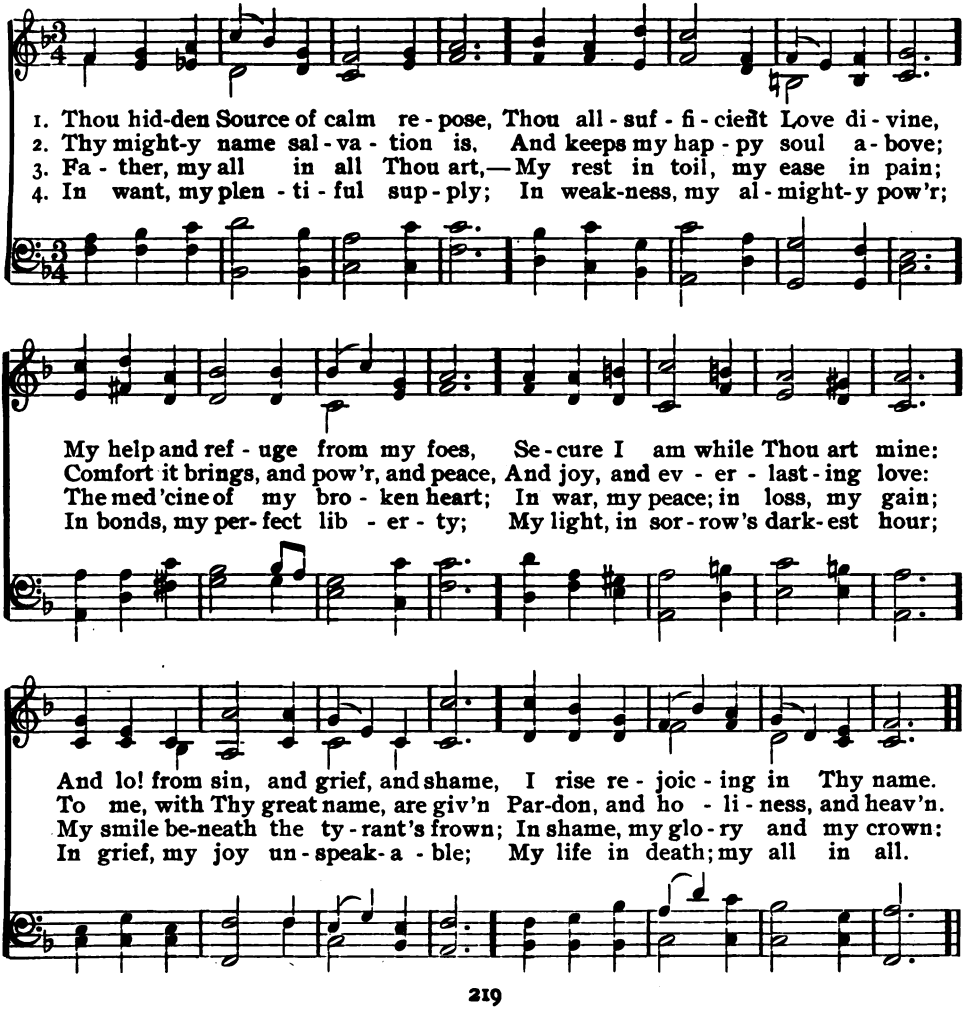


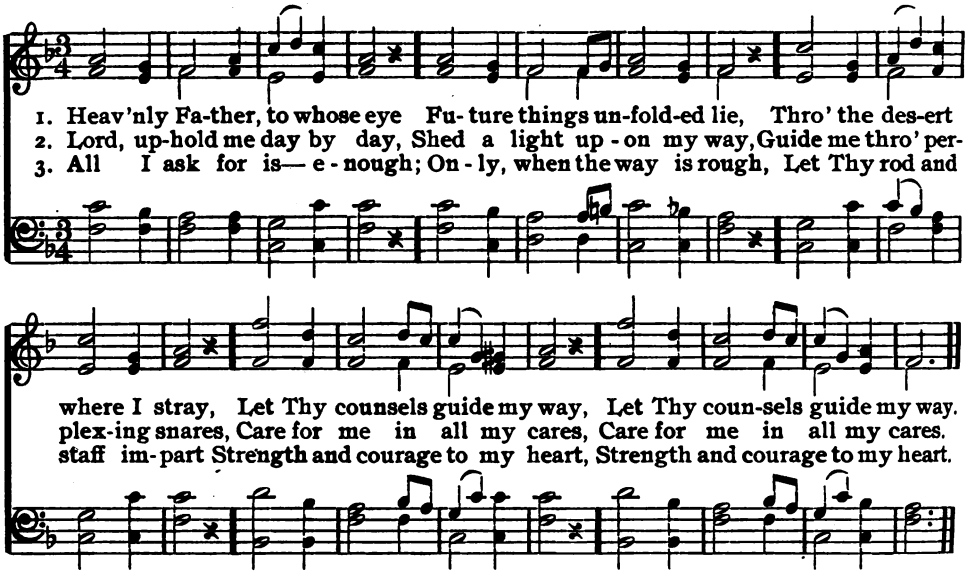
384 Pater Omnium.

CHARLES WESLEY. 8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



385 Kücken.

JOSIAH CONDER. 7. From KÜCKEN.

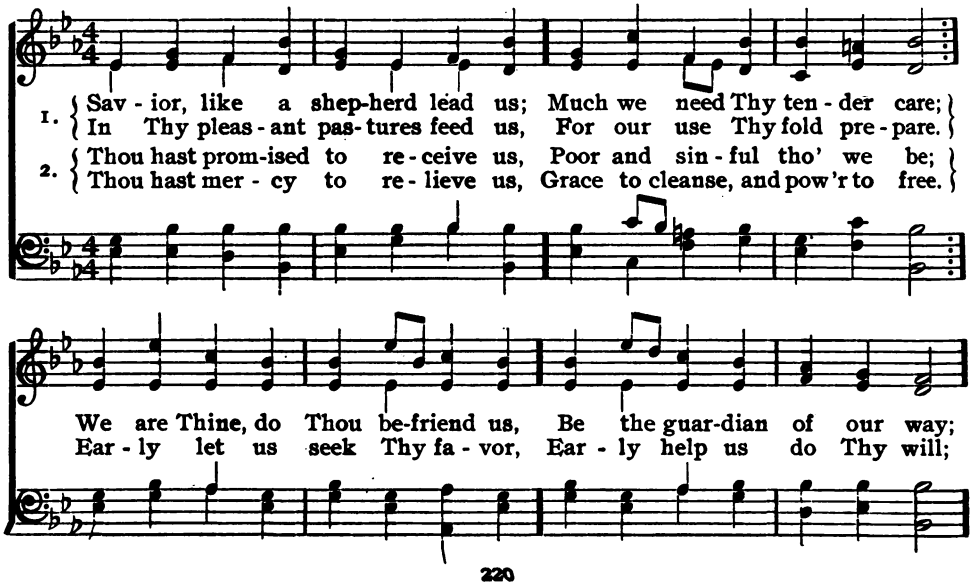


4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.

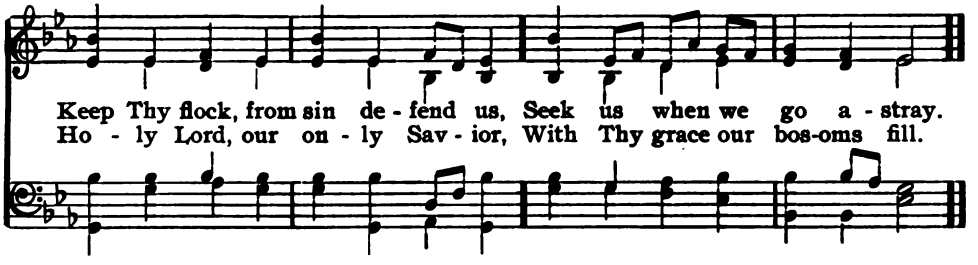
5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Savior trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

386 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. 8, 7. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

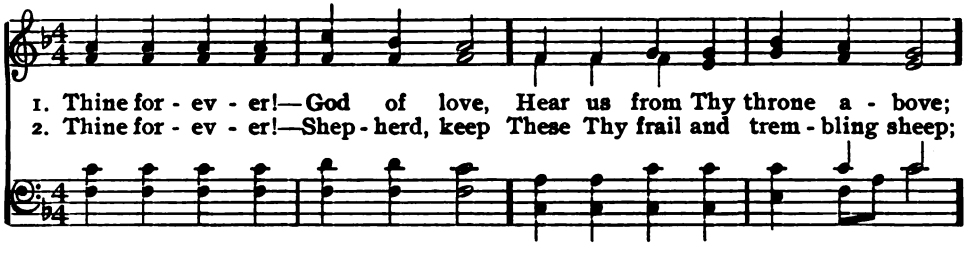


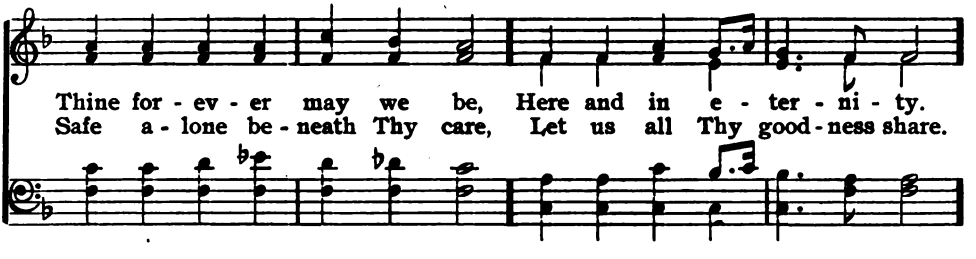
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

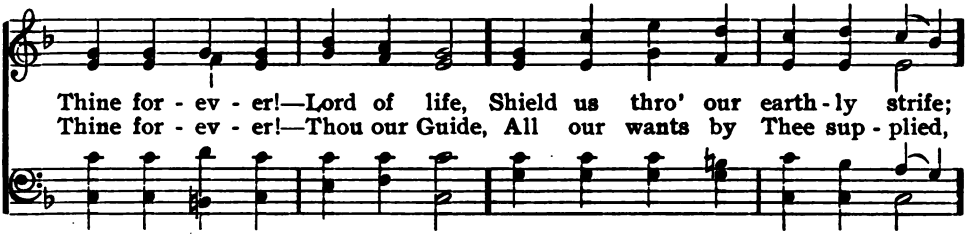


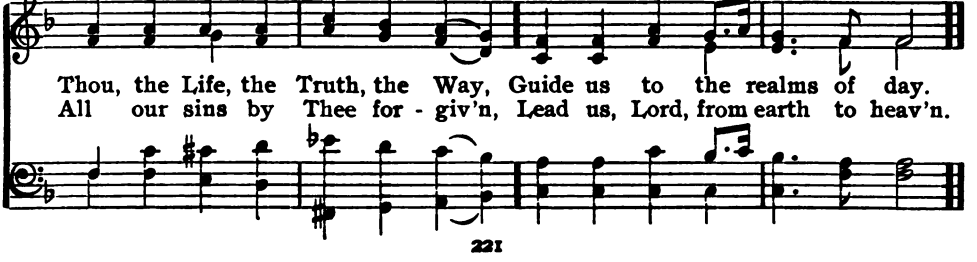
387 Blumenthal.

MARY F. MAUDE. 7. JACOB BLUMENTHAL.



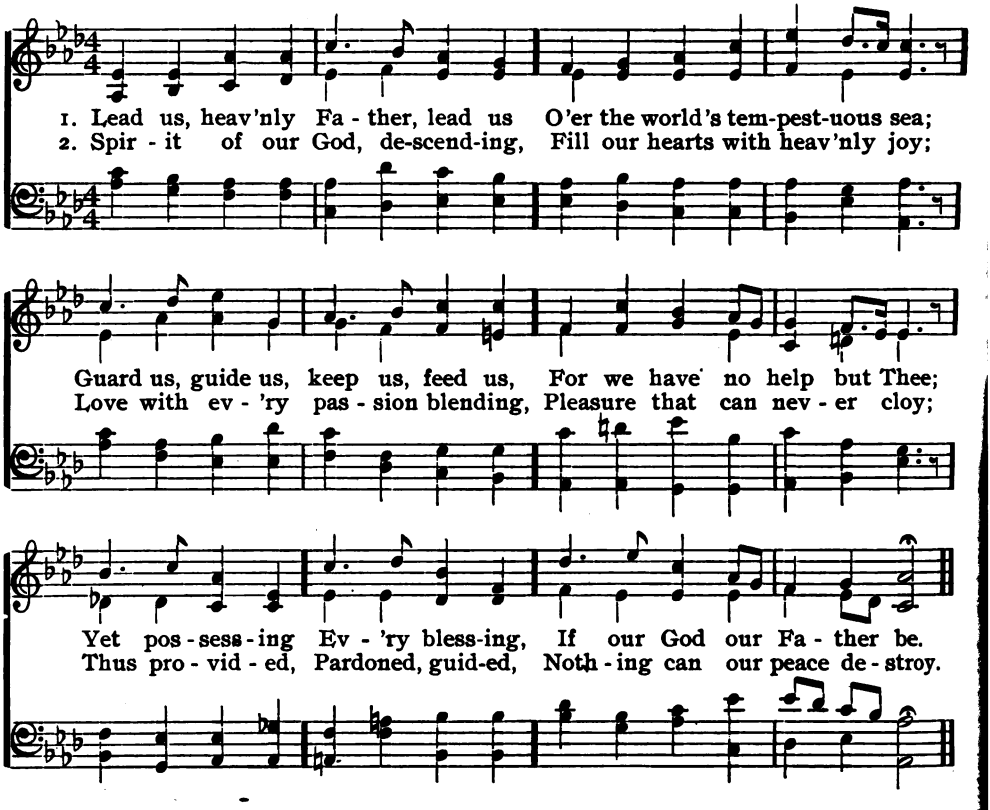




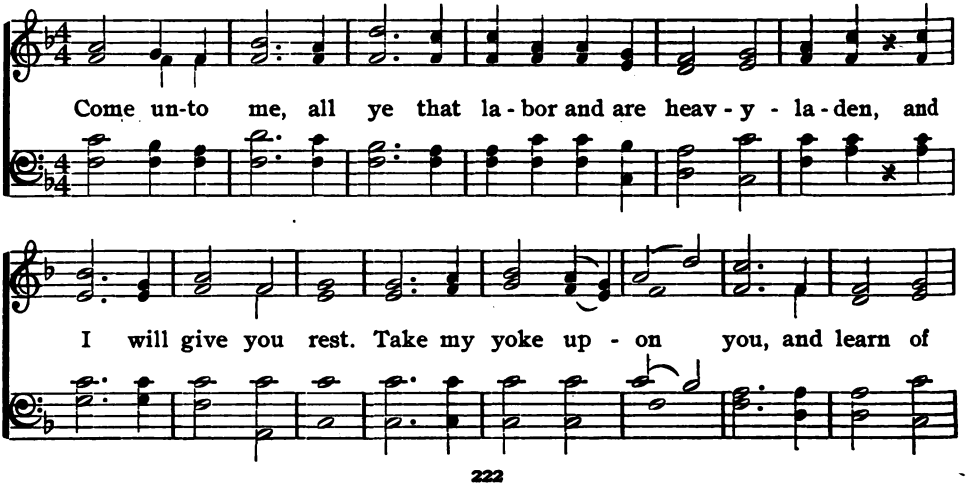


388 Feniton Court.

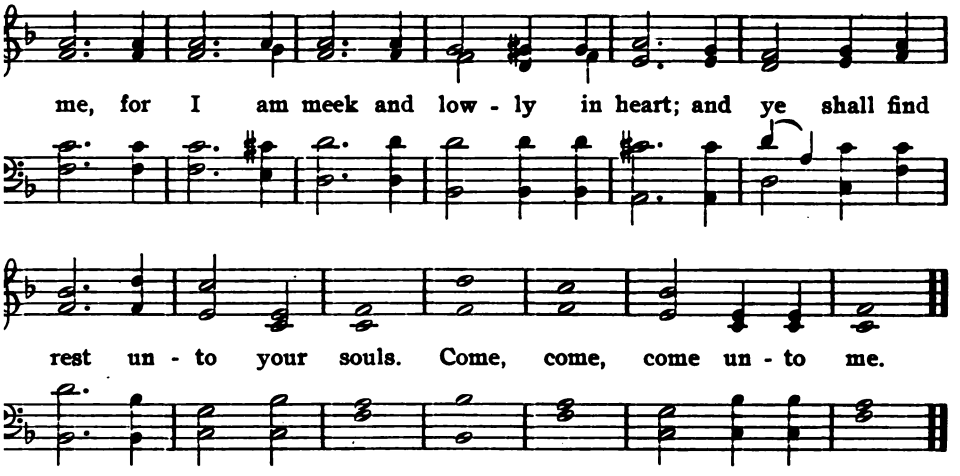
JAMES EDMESTON. 8, 7, 4. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



389 Come Unto Me.

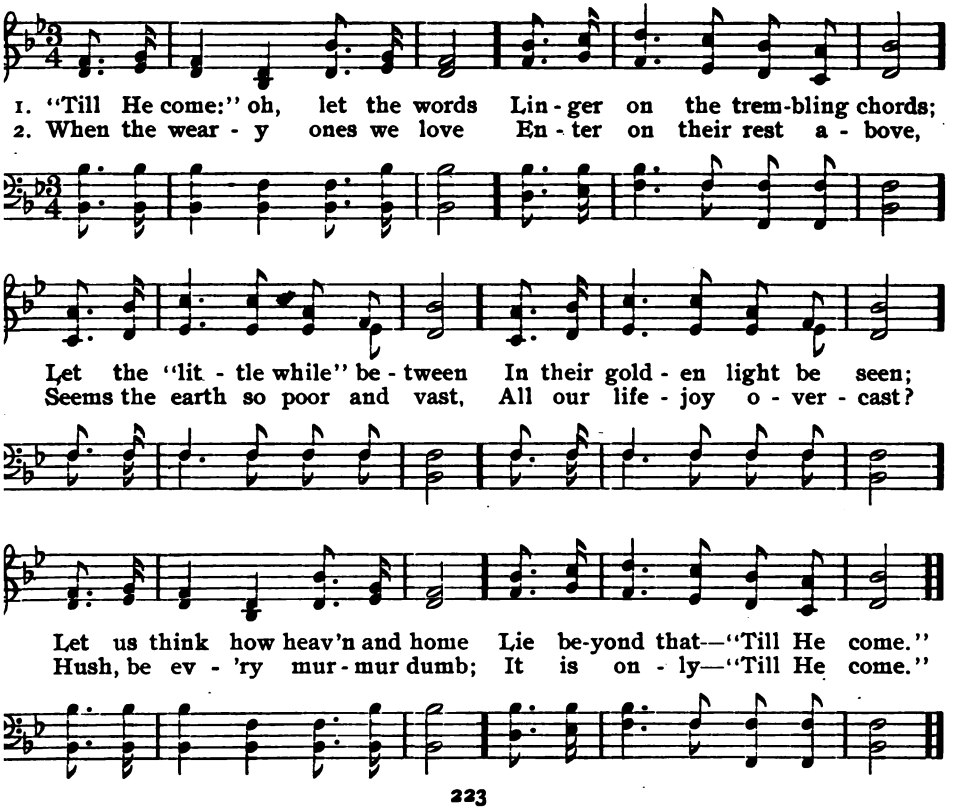


Come Unto Me.



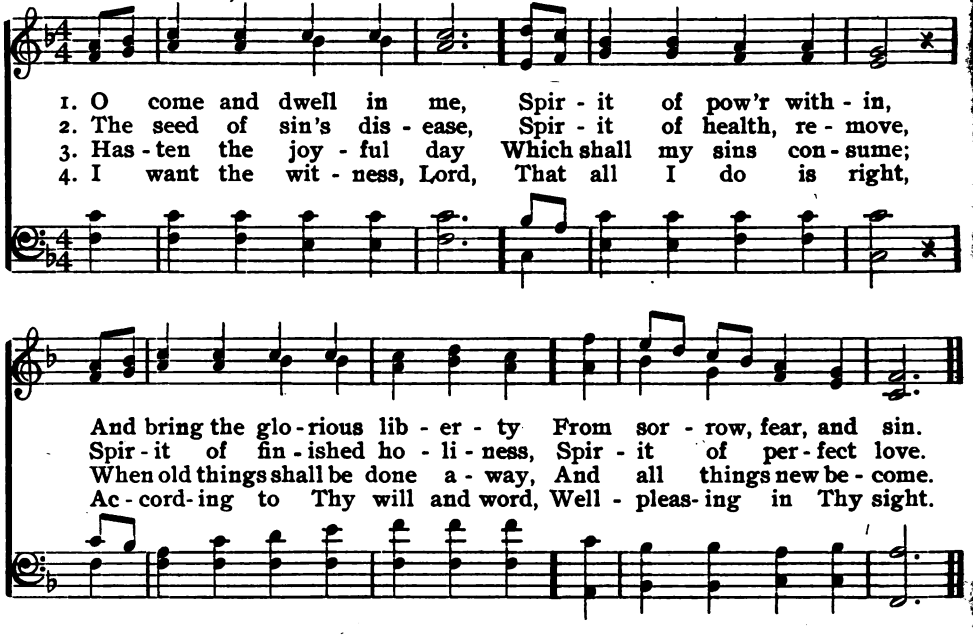
390 Toplady.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. 7. THOMAS HASTINGS.



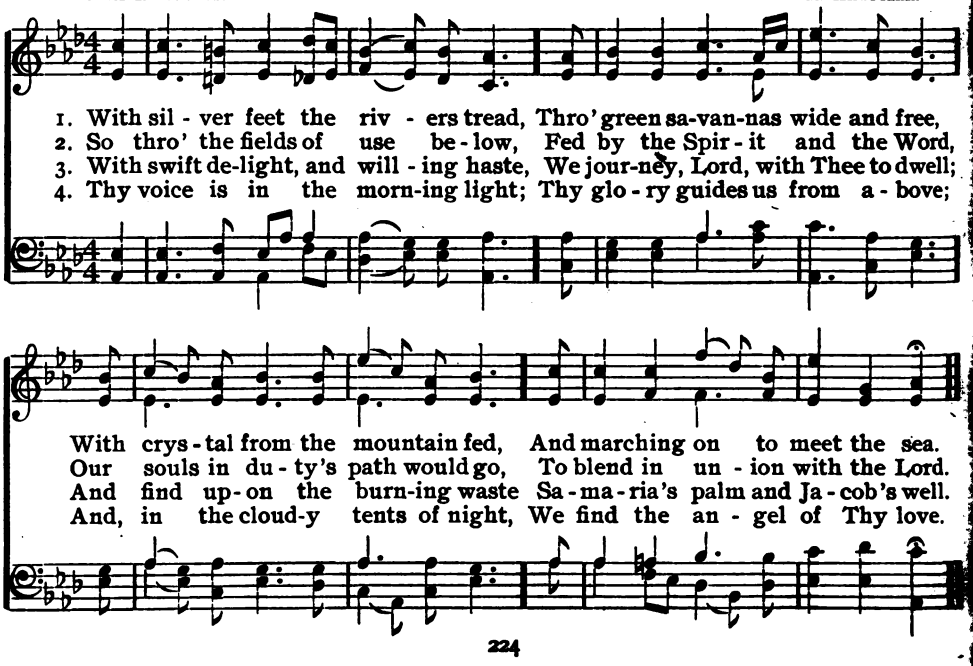
391 O Come and Dwell in Me. S. M.

Anon. J. W. Crawford.



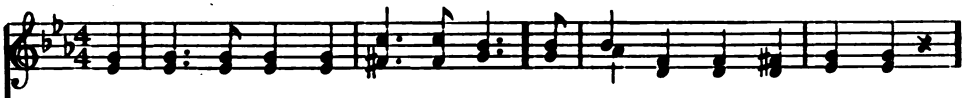
392 Capello. L. M.

Thomas L. Harris. R. Kreutzer.

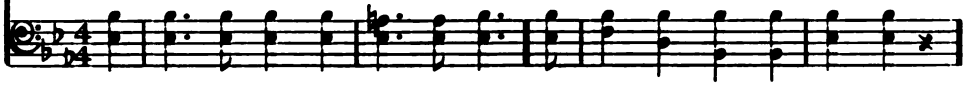


393 God in the Flesh.

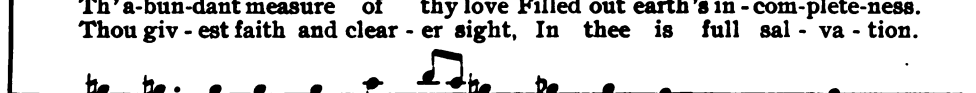
CLARA L. HAYES. 8, 7. J. W. CRAWFORD.



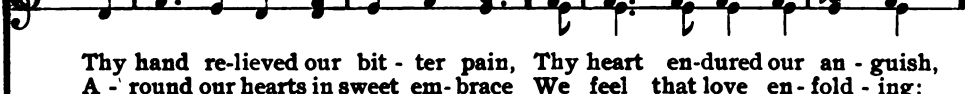
1. When thy dear feet earth's pathway trod, Thy walk a - glow with du - ty,
2. Life's pu - rest joys were thine to know, Its hap - pi - ness and sweet-ness;
3. We look to thee for strength and light, We seek thy in - spi - ra - tion;



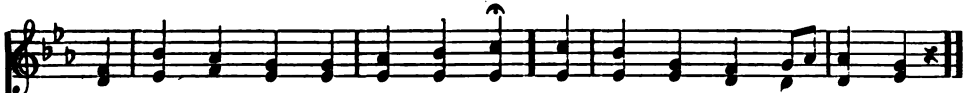
Thy life expressed the love of God, His ho - li - ness and beau - ty.
Th'a-bun-dant measure of thy love Filled out earth's in - com-plete-ness.
Thou giv - est faith and clear - er sight, In thee is full sal - va - tion.



Thy hand re-lieved our bit - ter pain, Thy heart en-dured our an - guish,
A - round our hearts in sweet em-brace We feel that love en - fold - ing;
Con-tent to love and fol - low thee, To trust thy per - fect guid - ing,



Thy love re - vived our hearts a - gain, Nor suf - fered them to lan-guish.
We catch the glo - ry of thy face, Our God in thee be - hold - ing.
With - in our hearts thy life we'll see, Thy pow - er all a - bid - ing.



394 Palmer.

CLARA L. HAYES. 7, 6. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O land of peace and love-light, O land of no more strife,
2. O land of love and beau - ty, The home of all who win
3. The fra-grance of thy flow - ers Floats up - ward like a prayer;
4. O ra - diant land, we need not A - wait the part - ing breath,

With thee there is no mid - night, With thee, the pure, true life—
By faith - ful - ness to du - ty The mas - t'ry o - ver sin;
On ev - 'ry gen - tle zeph - yr Is borne God's shel - t'ring care;
Or live with - out thy por - tals Till eyes are closed in death;

We seek thy peace - ful ha - ven, For love and truth we long;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, Thy beau - ties fair are known;
Thro' all thy peace - ful mead - ows The liv - ing wa - ters flow;
Our hearts may taste thy glo - ries, With an - gels we may sing,

We'll cast a - side all weak - ness, And in thy strength be strong.
His heart, the heav'n - ly king - dom, With God up - on the throne.
Thy ho - ly hills are ref - uge From ev - 'ry earth - ly woe.
When love di - vine has tri - umphed, And Christ with - in is King.

395 Beautiful Home.

HORATIUS BONAR. 8, 7.

SOLO.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing—Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. There the Lamb, our Shep-herd, leads us By the streams of life a - long;
3. Soon we pass this des - ert drear-y, Soon we bid fare-well to pain;

On - ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
Nev - er more are sad or wear-y, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home, O may we come Safe to its fields of fade - less day,

Where ev - 'ry trace of sin's dark sto - ry, All the curse hath passed a - way.

396 O Life, Beautiful Life!

ELIZABETH N. GLADDING. S. W. FOSTER.

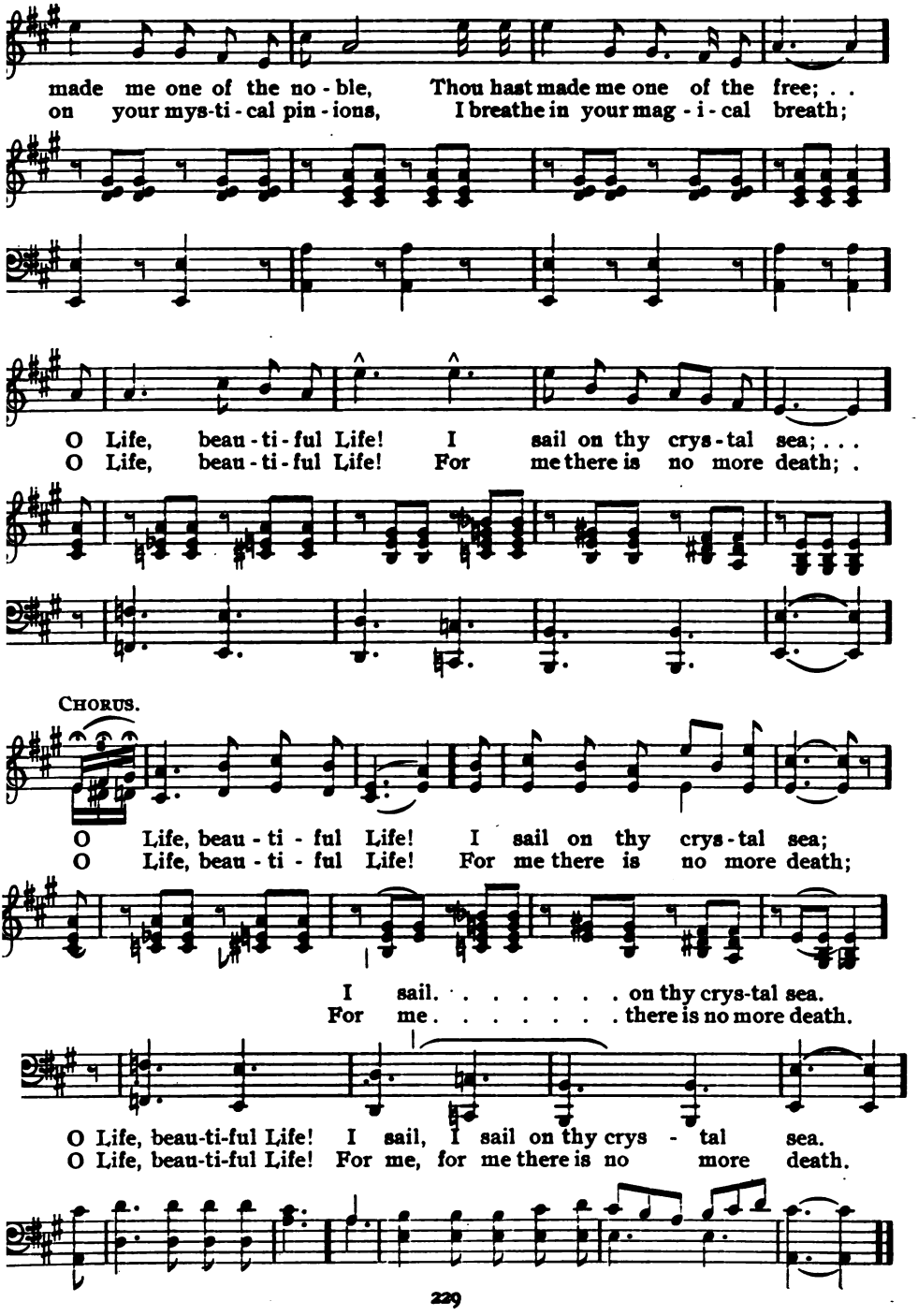
SOLO.

1. O Life, beau - ti - ful
2. O Life, beau - ti - ful

Life! . . . Thy glo-ries un - veiled I see; . . . O Life, beau - ti - ful
Life! . . . The ha - ven of love and truth; . . O Life, beau - ti - ful

Life! That the An - gel of death bro't me; . . . . Thou hast
Life! Thou hast giv - en me back my youth . . . I rise

O Life, Beautiful Life!



397 Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old.

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. 12, 7, 8. N. K. Griggs.

1. There's a land far a-bove, in the glo-ry of love, Whose
2. There are wide-spread-ing trees bend-ing low in the breeze, With
3. In that land far a-way, on that hal-low-ed day, 'Mid

joys can nev-er be told, Where the blooms ev-er spring, and the
fruit more love-ly than gold, And the skies ev-er shine with a
scenes the an-gels be-hold, There is nev-er a fear, nor a

birds ev-er sing, And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
splen-dor di-vine, And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
grief, nor a tear, And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.

Refrain.

In that won-der-ful land, on that beau-ti-ful strand, No

cares make the heart ev-er cold, But the songs ev-er ring, for de-

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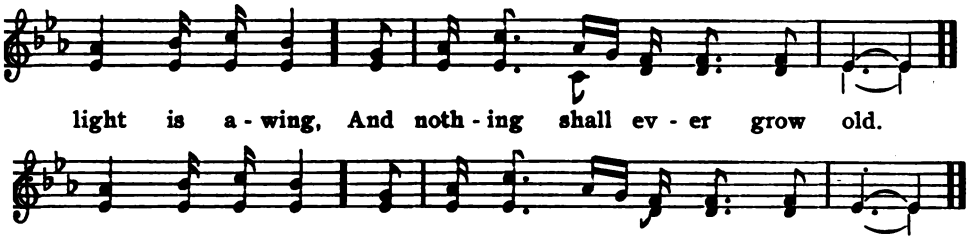
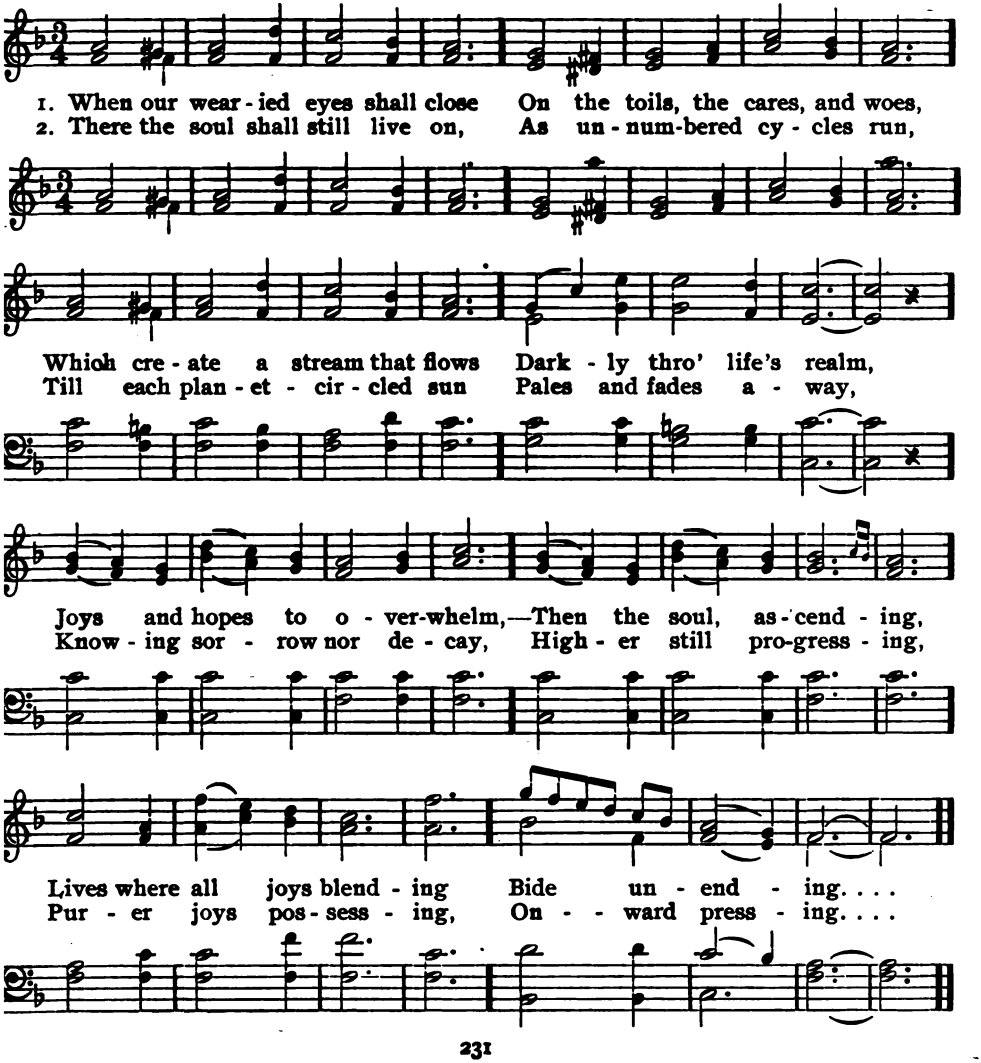
Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old.



398 Immortality. P. M.

O. S. Ingham. M. M. Bailey.



399 Stream of Life. P. M.

1. O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream That
2. With mur - mur - ing sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro'
3. Its foun - tains are deep, and its wa - ters are pure, And
4. This beau - ti - ful stream is the riv - er of life, It
5. O will you not drink of the beau - ti - ful stream, And

flows thro' our Fa - ther's land? Its wa - ters gleam bright in the
fields of e - ter - nal green, Where songs of the blest, in their
sweet to the wear - y soul; It flows from the source of the
flows for all na - tions free; A balm for each wound in its
dwell on its peace - ful shore? The Spir - it says, "Come, all ye

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
heav - en of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.
Spir - it a - lone; O come where its bright waves roll.
wa - ters is found; O pil - grim, it flows for thee.
wear - y ones, home, And wan - der in grief no more."

CHORUS.

O seek that beau - ti - ful stream, O seek that beau - ti - ful stream; Its

wa - ters so free are flow - ing for thee, O seek that beau - ti - ful stream.

400 Sweet By-and-By. P. M.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Joseph P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

Chorus.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by - and-
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days.

In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the

by- and - by;

by - and-by,

In the

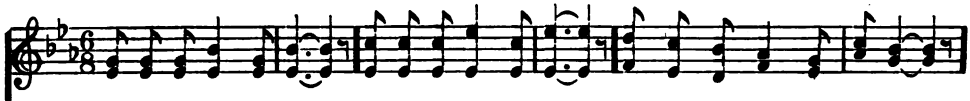
sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by-and-by, by - and - by, by-and-by,

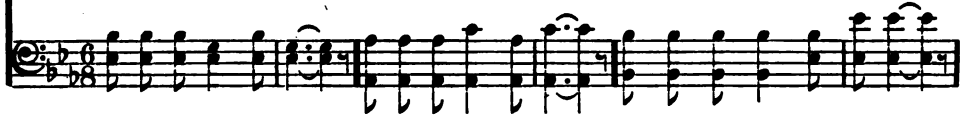
sweet

401 The Silent Land. P. M.

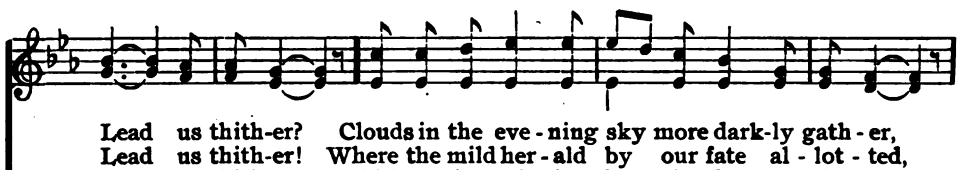
Y. A. Leib.



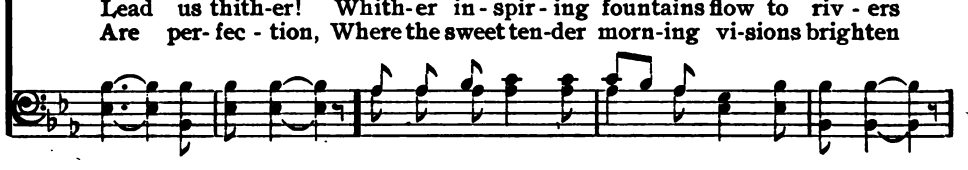
1. In-to the Si-lent Land! In-to the Si-lent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither?
2. In-to the Si-lent Land! In-to the Si-lent Land For all the bro-ken-hearted!
3. In-to the Si-lent Land! In-to the Si-lent Land Of ho-ly med-i-ta-tion,
4. In-to the Si-lent Land! In-to the Si-lent Land! Where all the boundless regions



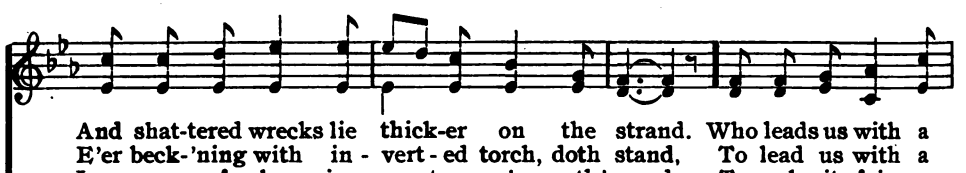
Lead us thith-er? Clouds in the eve-ning sky more dark-ly gath-er,
Lead us thith-er! Where the mild her-ald by our fate al-lot-ted,
Lead us thith-er! Whith-er in-spir-ing fountains flow to riv-ers
Are per-fec-tion, Where the sweet ten-der morn-ing vi-sions brighten



And shat-tered wrecks lie thick-er on the strand. Who leads us with a
E'er beck-'ning with in-vert-ed torch, doth stand, To lead us with a
In waves of lov-ing sweetness o'er earth's sand, To make it fair as
With beauteous souls of ho-ly pledge and band; Who in Life's bat-tle

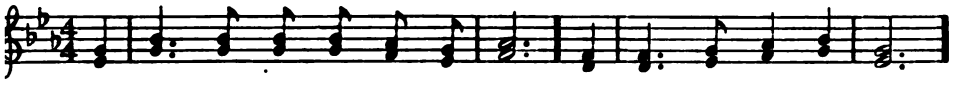


gen-tle hand Thith-er, oh, thith-er, In-to the Si-lent Land!
gen-tle hand, Thith-er, oh, thith-er, In-to the Si-lent Land!
sum-mer land, Breathing its fra-grance, In-to the Si-lent Land!
firm shall stand, Bear-ing Hope's blos-soms In-to the Si-lent Land!

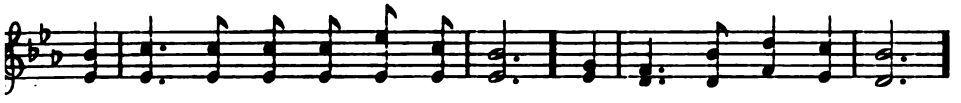


402 The Other World. C. M.

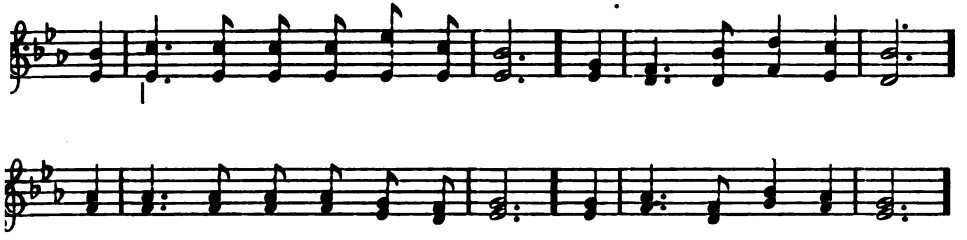
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



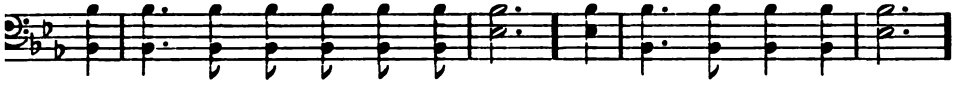
1. It lies a-round us like a cloud, A world we do not see;
2. Sweet hearts a-round us throb and beat, Sweet help-ing hands are stirred,
3. And in the hush of rest they bring, 'T is eas-y now to see
4. Sweet sounds a-round us! watch us still; Press near-er to our side,

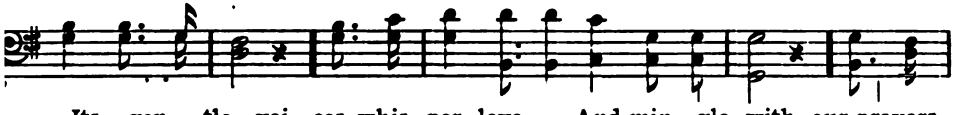


Yet the sweet clos-ing of an eye May bring us there to be.
And pal-pi-tate the veil be-tween, With breath-ings al-most heard.
How love-ly and how sweet a pass The hour of death may be.
In-to our tho'ts, in-to our prayers, With gen-tle help-ings glide.

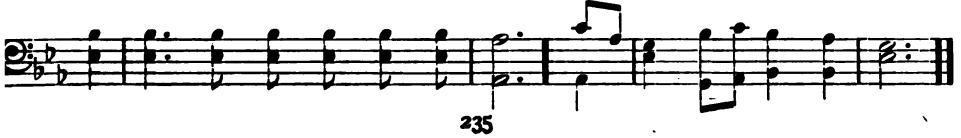


Its gen-tle breez-es fan our cheek; A-mid our world-ly cares
So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide, So near to press they seem,
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarce ask-ing where we are,
Let death be-tween us be as naught, A dried and van-ished stream;



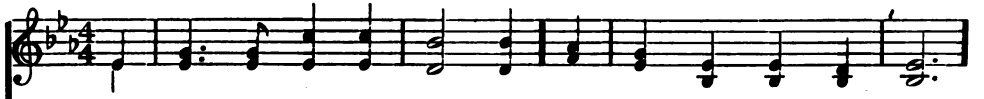


Its gen-tle voi-ces whis-per love, And min-gle with our prayers.
They lull us gen-tly to our rest, They melt in-to our dream.
To feel all e-vil sink a-way, All sor-row and all care.
Your joy be the re-al-i-ty, Our suf-f'ring life the dream.

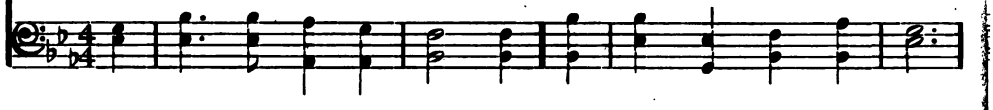


403 The Homeland.

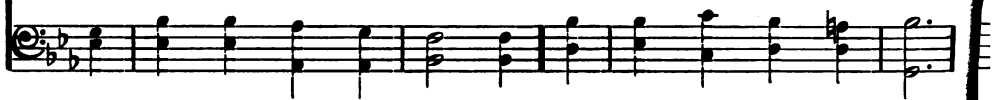
HUGH R. HAWEIS. 7, 6. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



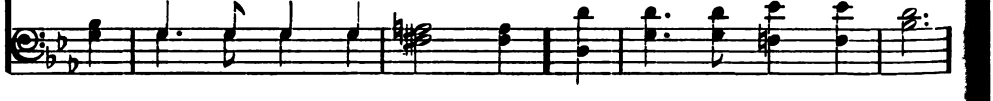
1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come



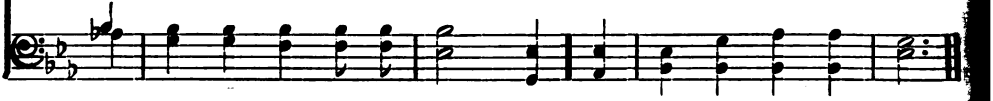
No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
No sin-ful thing, nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home:



I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!



There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.



404 Rutherford.

ANNE R. COUSIN. 7, 6, 5. CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN. Har. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. The Fa - ther is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,

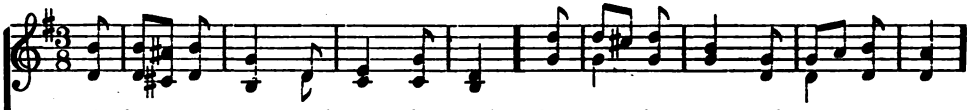
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed More deep I'll drink a - bove:
And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred with His love:

Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,

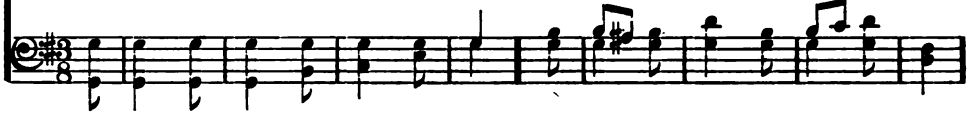
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

405 Vision. L. M.

EMMA TUTTLE.

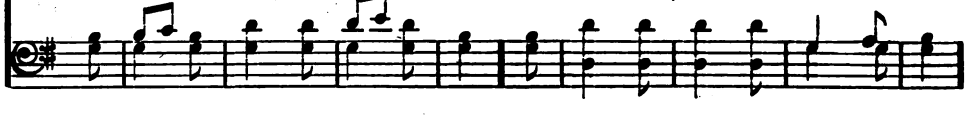


1. O hours most sa - cred to the soul, When our im - mor - tal sens- es see
2. The stream of death is bridged with flow'rs, O'er which the an - gels come and go,
3. Su-preme-ly bless - ed are those eyes Which drink their lu-cent glo - ry in,

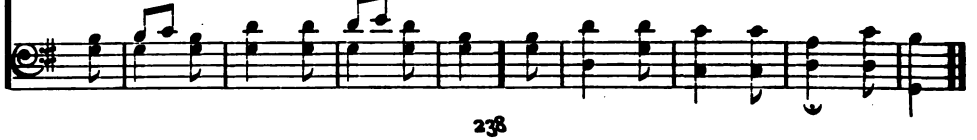


Those guiding an - gels which con-trol So much of hu - man des - ti - ny!
De - scend-ing from im - mor - tal bow'rs In lil - y wreaths and robes of snow.
And catch the land-scapes of the skies Which lie be - yond these vales of sin.

They come from those ce - les - tial hills Which melt and glim - mer from a - far,
They wan-der to our thorny ways, When-e'er we need their coun-sels most,
They half for - get earth's scars and tears, Who look be-yond its bit - ter strife,



And light the shad-owed spir-it fills, Like eve-ning's from her jew - el - star.
And glad-den our o'er-clouded days When griefs be - set and hopes are lost.
And read the prom - ise of bright years On the sub - lim - er heights of life.



406 Watchman.

JOHN BOWRING. 7. LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night,—What its signs of prom - ise are:
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends:
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn:

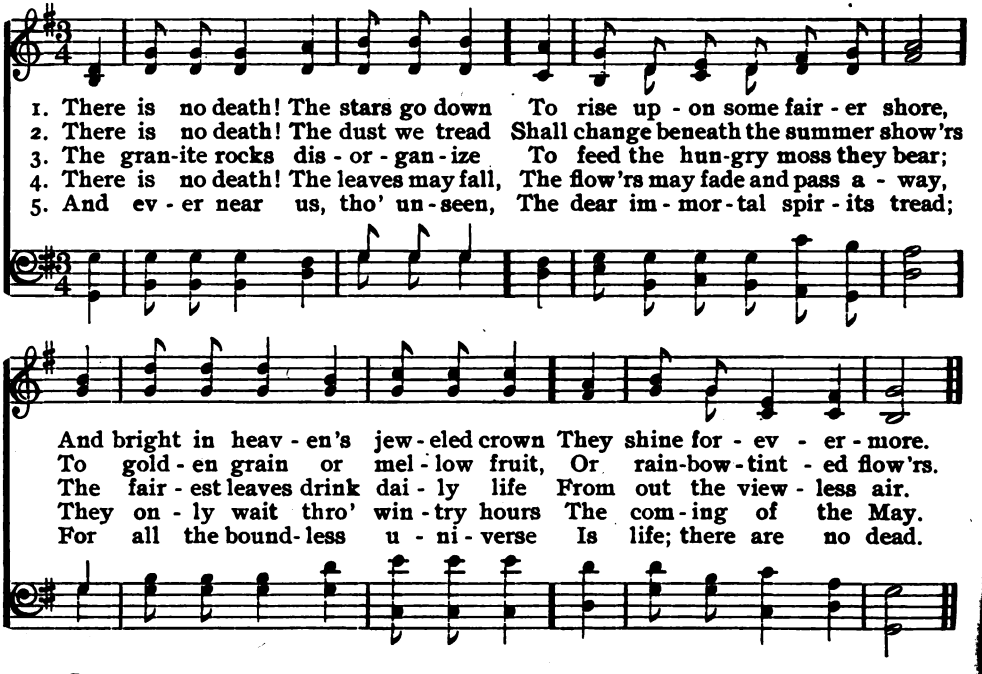
Trav - 'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo - ry-beam - ing star!
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends.
Trav - 'ler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

Watch-man, does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch-man, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home:

Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day,—Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own: See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come.

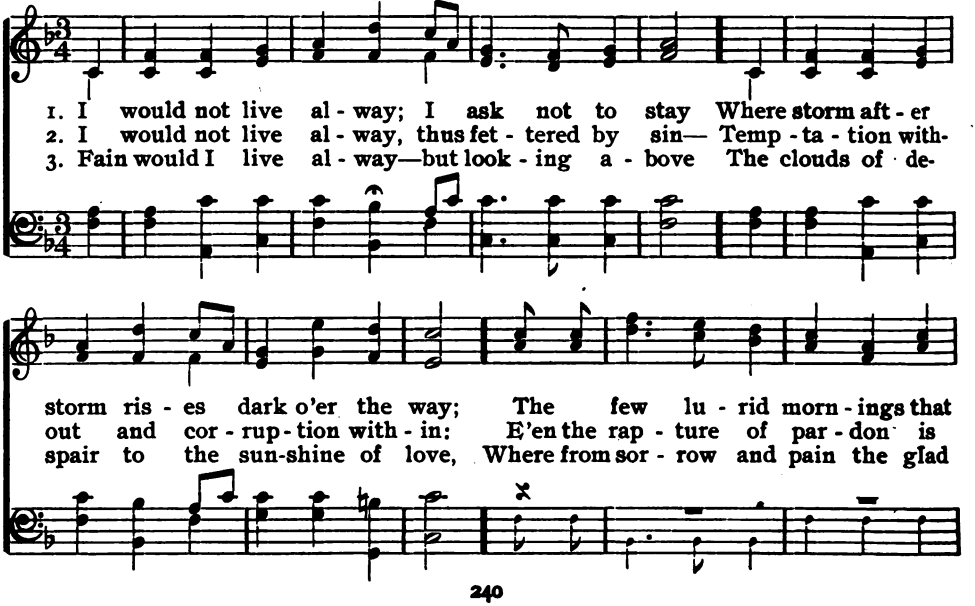
407 There is no Death.

FELICIA D. HEMANS. 8, 6.

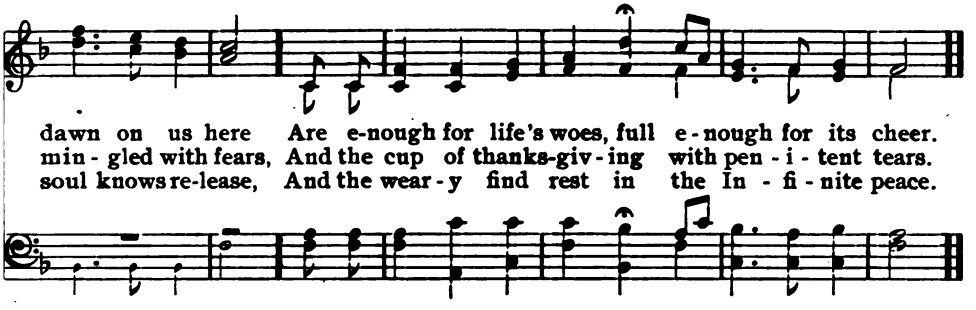


408 Frederick.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, arr. 11. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

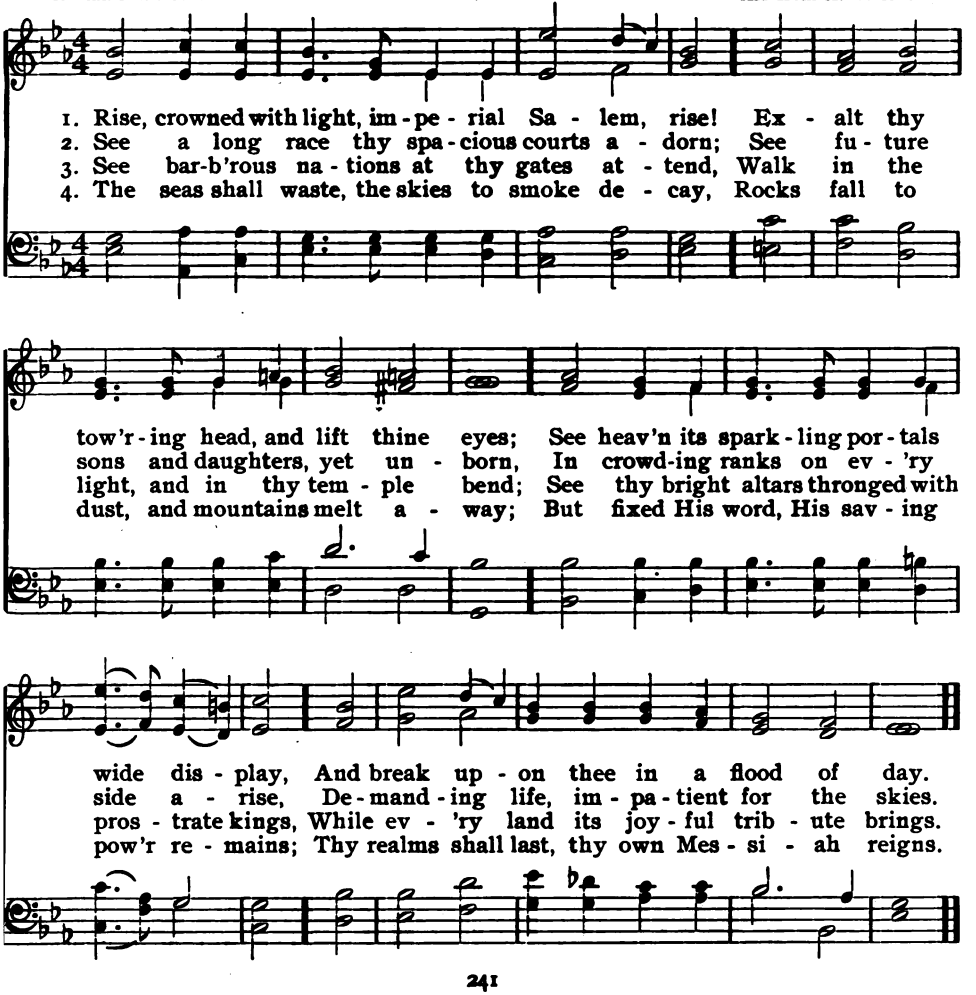


Frederick.



409 Moscow.

ALEXANDER POPE. 10. ARR from A. LWOFF.



410 Rest in Heaven. C. M.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

1. Should som - bre clouds of sor - row rise, And shad-ows o'er us fling,
2. Oh, if life's path should seem to us A dull and beat - en track,
3. Should sick-ness pale the ro - sy cheek, And dim the ra - diant eye,

And hopes that once had ta - ken root Die in their ear - ly spring;
And all our deep and ho - ly love By grief be beat - en back;
And ev - 'ry pulse that faint - ly throbs Tell of de-part - ure nigh,

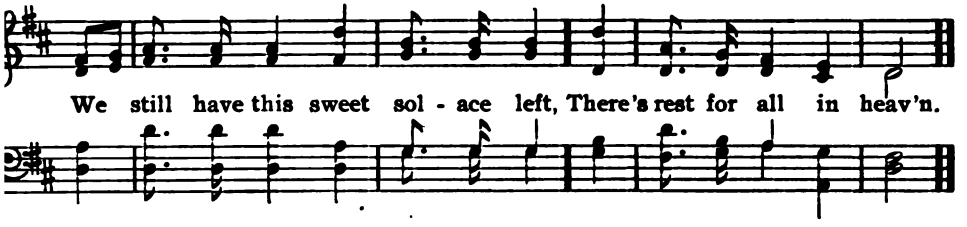
Should ev - 'ry joy and bliss of life Fade like the hues of ev'n,
If we are, like the wan-d'ring dove, On shore-less o - ceans driv'n,
Oh, then in - deed to that blest world, Let ho - ly tho'ts be giv'n:

We still have this sweet sol - ace left, There's rest for all in heav'n.
Oh, let us raise our eyes a - bove, There's rest for all in heav'n.
The new birth comes! cast off the clay! There's rest for all in heav'n.

CHORUS.

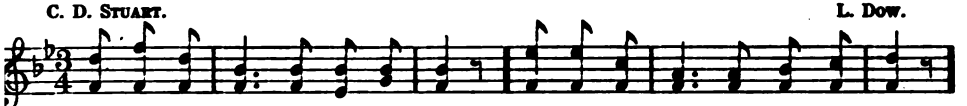
There's rest for all in heav'n, There's rest for all in heav'n;
There's rest in heav'n,

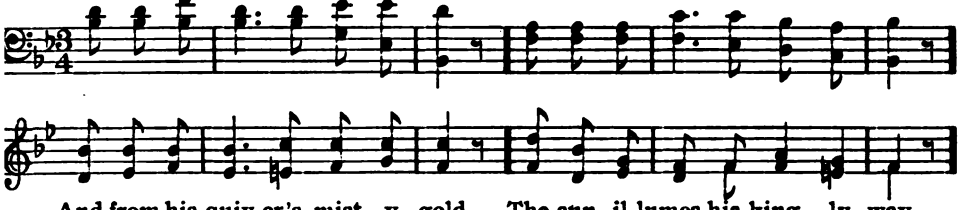
Rest in Heaven.

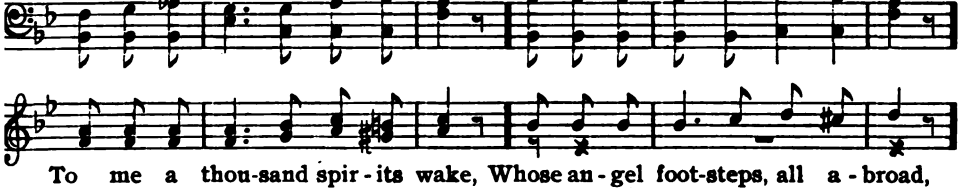


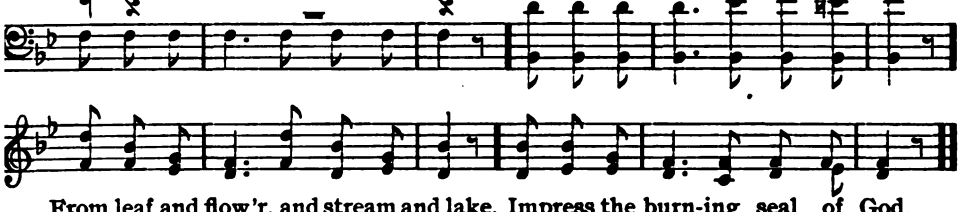
411 Heavenly Day. L. M.

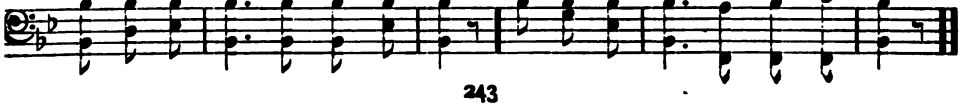
C. D. Stuart. L. Dow.











412 Transfiguration. P. M.

J. O. Barrett.

1. Lo! a cloud of guid-ing light Dawns up-on my raptured sight,
2. See! thro' vis-tas of the skies, Spark-ling with unnumbered dyes,
3. Oh, for joy my spir-it springs, As it soars on hope-ful wings,

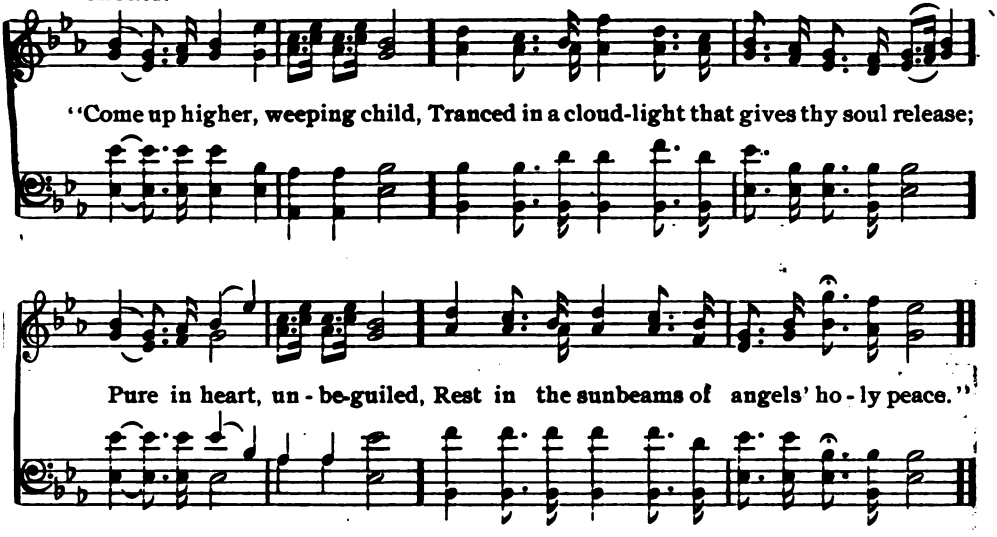
Drift-ing mu-sic rains on the men-tal plains,
Comes the spir-it dove in bap-tis-mal love,
Shout-ing glad a-dieu, for the bright-er view,

Chang-ing crys-tal tears in-to ha-loed spheres
Hov-'ring o'er my brow with a new heart-vow,
Robed in ves-tures white, ris-ing in the light

Of ce-les-tial glo-ry, Of ce-les-tial glo-ry.
Throbbing full of good-ness, Throb-bing full of good-ness.
Of e-ter-nal prog-ress, Of e-ter-nal prog-ress.

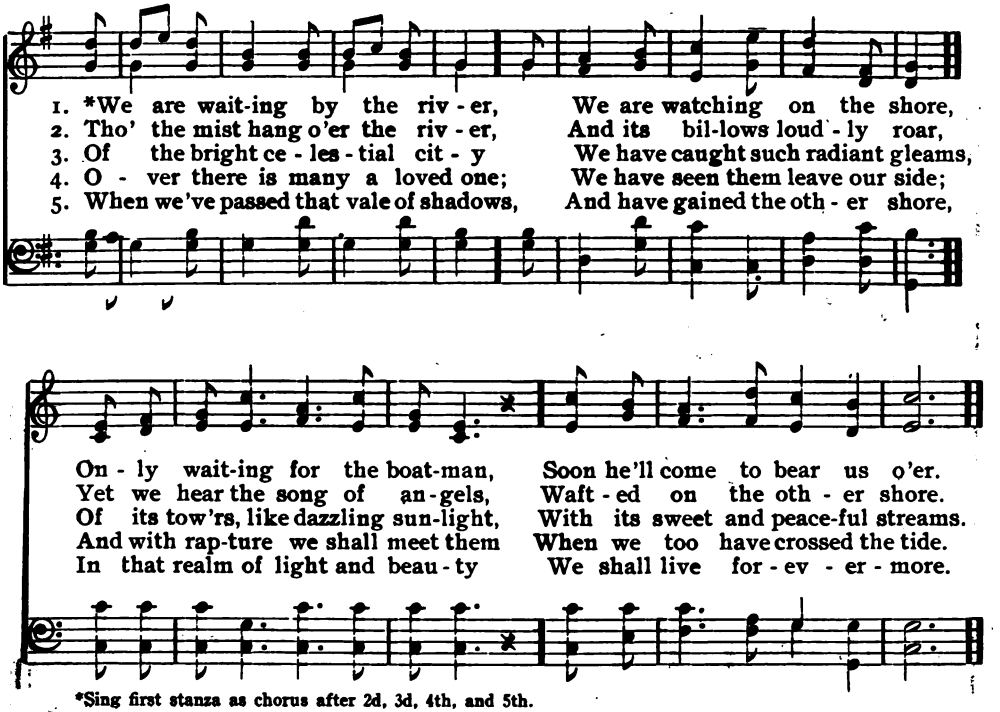
Transfiguration.

CHORUS.



413 Waiting By the River.

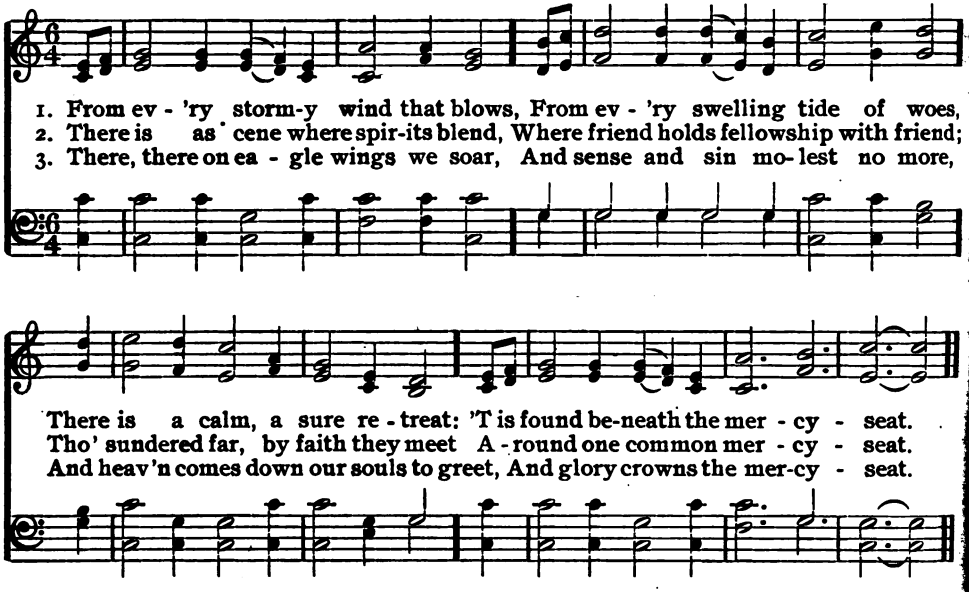
A. H. 8, 7. ASA HULL.



*Sing first stanza as chorus after 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.

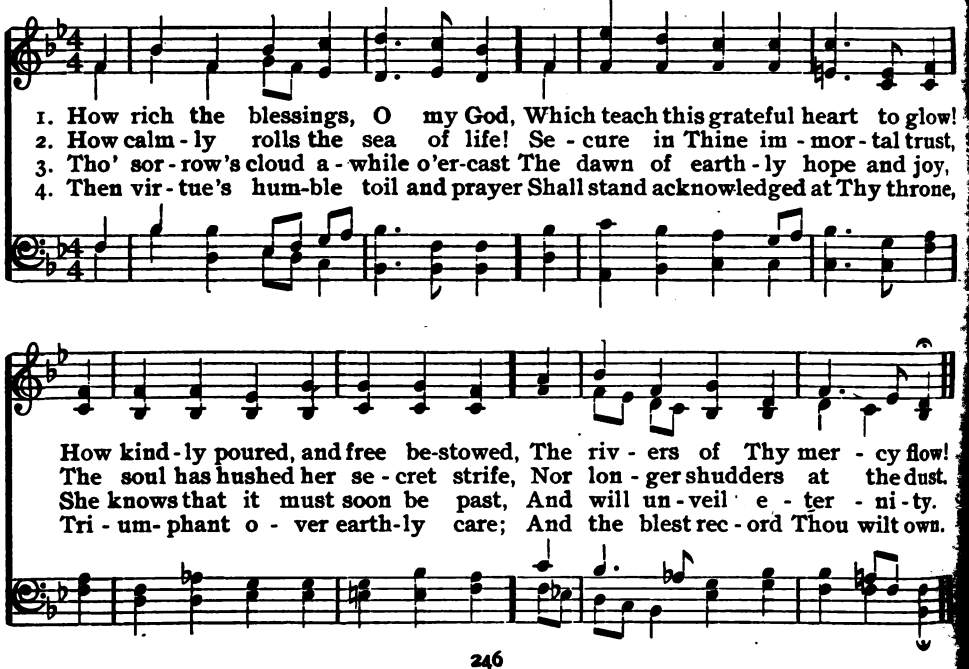
414 Retreat. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.



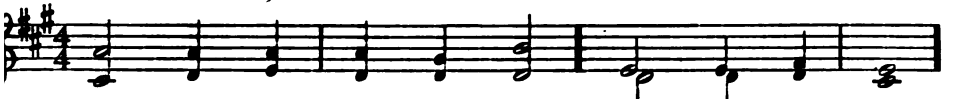
415 St. Drostane. L. M.

J. ROSCOE. JOHN B. DYKES.

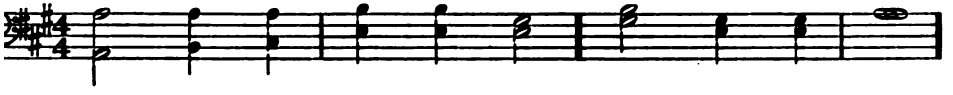


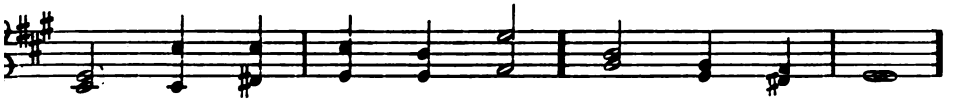
116 St. Edmund.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 6, 4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

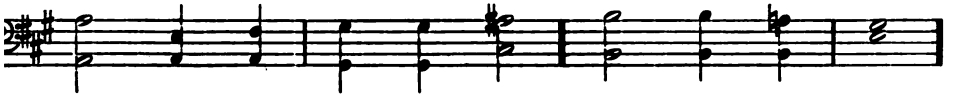


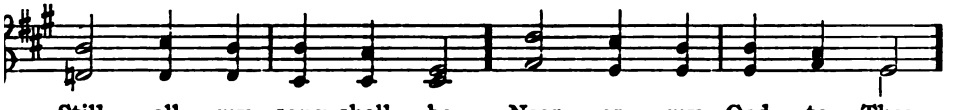
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,



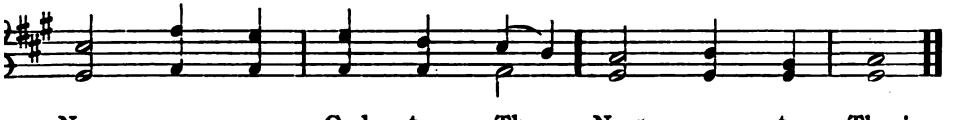


E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me:
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise:
Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly;

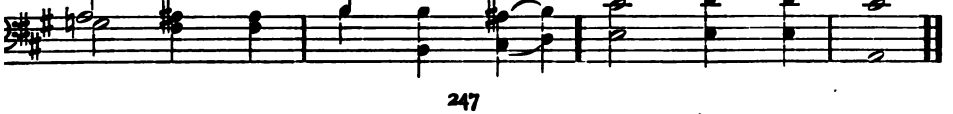




Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



417 Macdonald.

CARL J. P. SPITTA.
Tr. by RICHARD MASSIE.

7, 6.

CHARLES H. RICHARDS.

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from Thee;
2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since, what - so - e'er it be,
3. If, while on earth I wan - der, My heart is light and blest,

In Thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man - kind and me;
It makes no sep - a - ra - tion Be - tween my Lord and me.
Ah, what shall I be yon - der, In per - fect peace and rest?

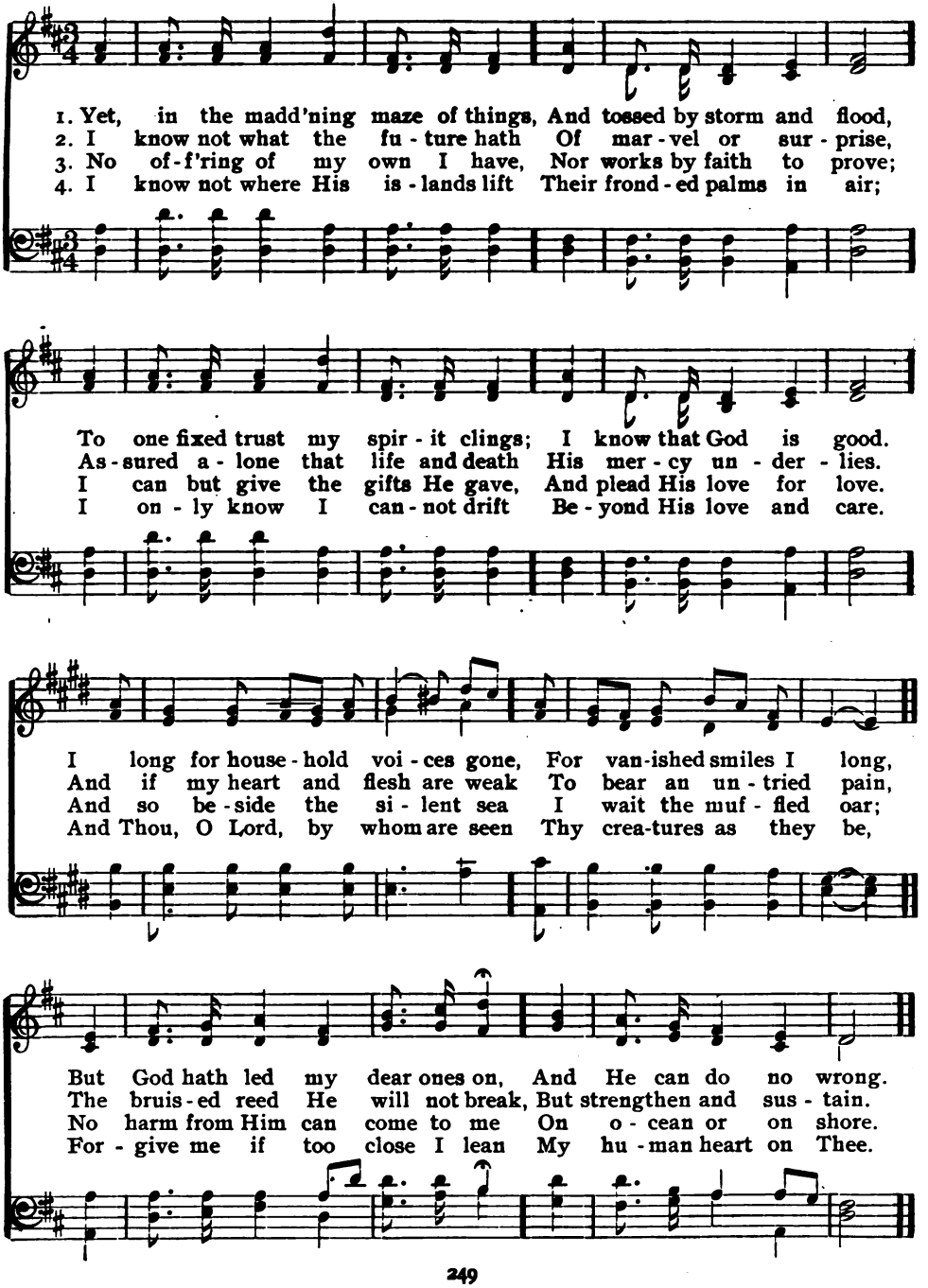
I know no death, O Fa - ther, Be - cause I live in Thee;
If Thou, my God and Teach-er, Vouch - safe to be my own,
O bless - ed tho't in dy - ing, We go to meet the Lord,

It is Thy life that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.
Tho' poor, I shall be rich - er Than mon-arch on his throne.
Where there shall be no sigh - ing, A king-dom our re - ward.

418 Varina. C. M.

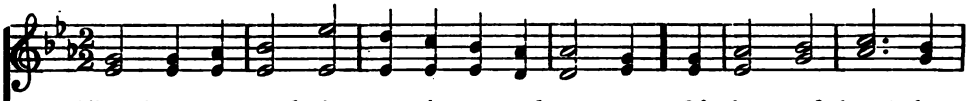
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JOHANN C. H. RINK.
ARR. by GEORGE F. ROOT.

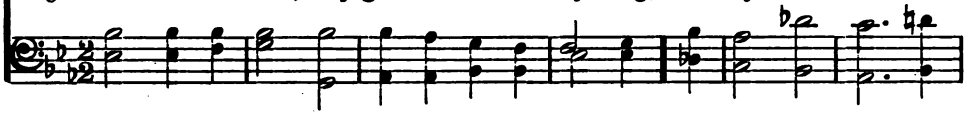


419 Thou knowest, Lord.

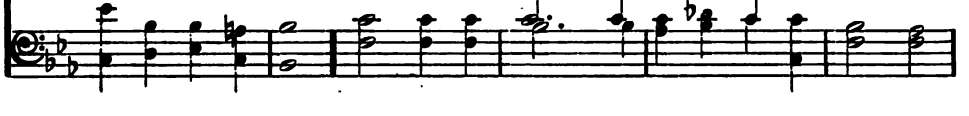
JANE BORTHWICK. 11, 10. JOSEPH BARNBY.



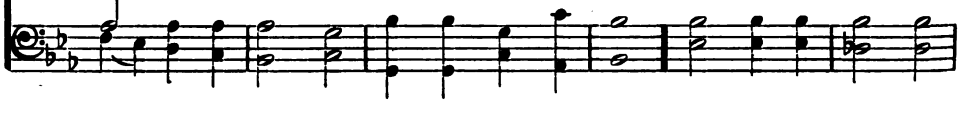
1. Thou knowest, Lord, the wear - i - ness and sor - row Of the sad heart that
2. Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly On the dark mountains
3. Thou knowest all the pres-ent; each temp-ta-tion, Each toil-some du - ty,
4. Thou knowest all the fu-ture; gleams of gladness By storm - y clouds too
5. There-fore we come, Thy gen-tle call o - bey - ing, And lay our sins and



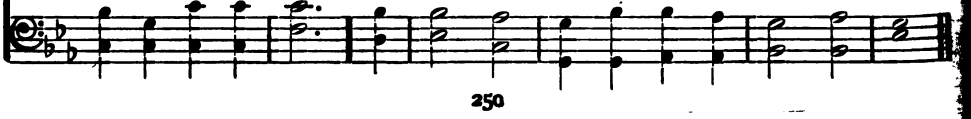
comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to - day, and bur-dens for to - mor - row,
the lost wand'rer strayed; How the good Shep-herd fol-lowed, and how kind - ly
each fore-bod-ing fear; All to each one as-signed of trib - u - la - tion,
quick-ly o - ver - cast; Hours of sweet fel - low-ship, and parting sad - ness,
sor - rows at Thy feet; On ev - er - last - ing strength our weakness staying,



Bless-ings im - plored, and sins to be con-fessed; We come be - fore Thee
He bore it home, up - on His shoulders laid; And healed the bleed-ing
Or to be - lov - ed ones, than self more dear; All pen-sive mem-'ries,
And the dark riv - er to be crossed at last. O what could hope and
Clothed in Thy robe of right-eous-ness com-plete: Then ris - ing and re-

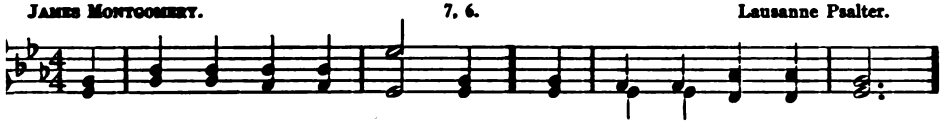


at Thy gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord.
wounds, and soothed the pain, And bro't back life, and hope, and strength again.
as we jour-ney on, Long - ing for vanished smiles and voi - ces gone.
con - fi-dence af - ford To tread that path; but this, Thou know-est, Lord!
freshed, we leave Thy throne, And fol-low on to know as we are known.

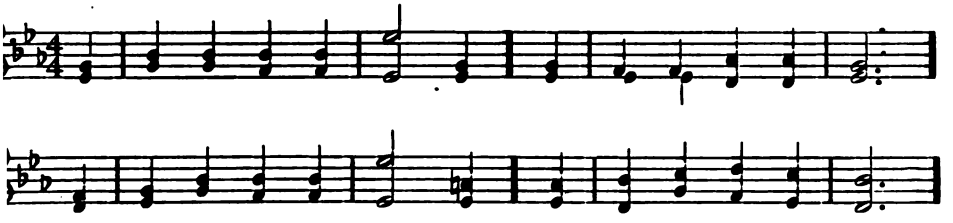


20 Greenland.

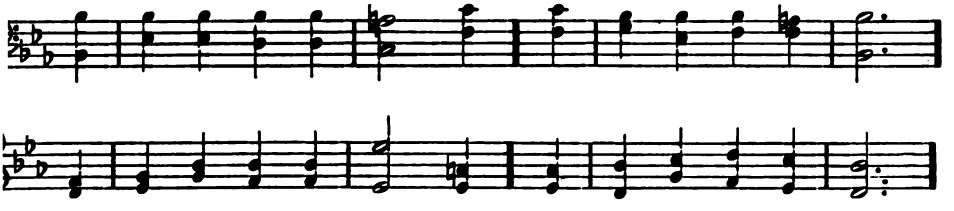
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 7. 6. Lausanne Psalter.



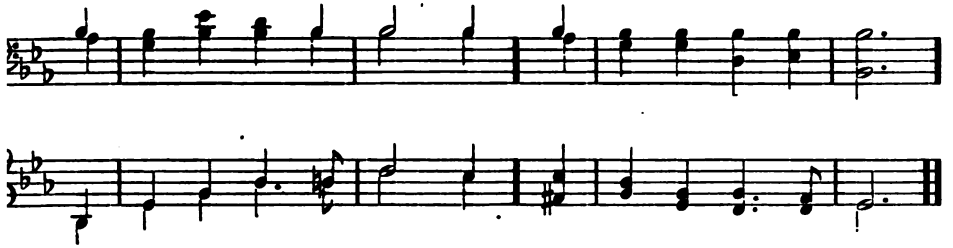
1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit-ful earth,
4. For Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing, And dai - ly vows as - cend;



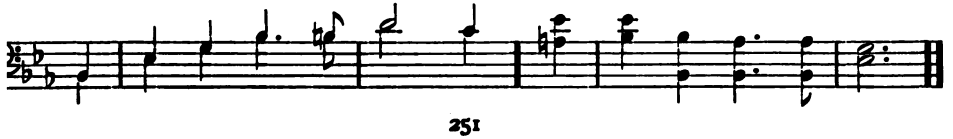
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
His king-dom still in - creas - ing, A king-dom with-out end:



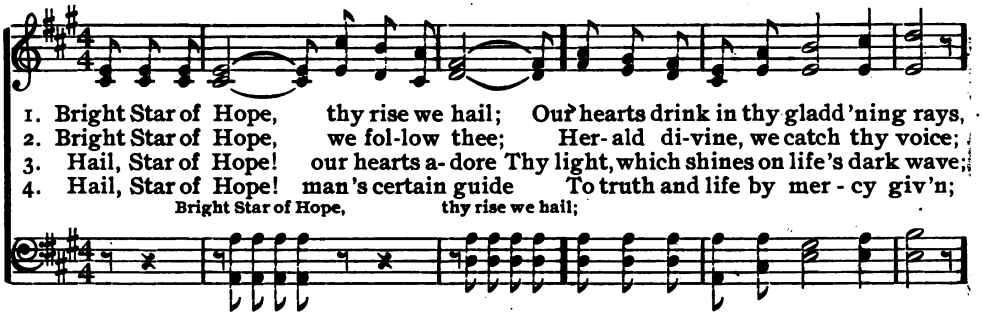
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark-ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him, on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;



To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, condemned and dy - ing, Were pre-cious in His sight.
And right-eous-ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
His name shall stand for - ev - er; That name to us is Love.

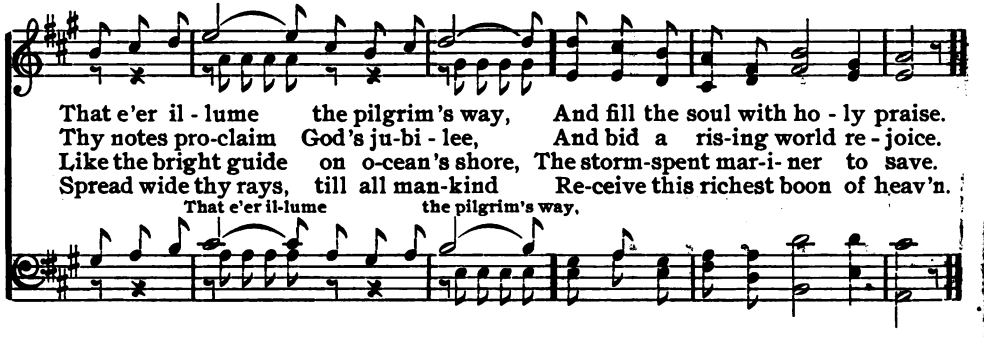


421 Star of Hope. L. M.



1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy gladd'ning rays,
2. Bright Star of Hope, we fol-low thee; Her-ald di-vine, we catch thy voice;
3. Hail, Star of Hope! our hearts a-dore Thy light, which shines on life's dark wave;
4. Hail, Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life by mer-cy giv'n;

Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail;

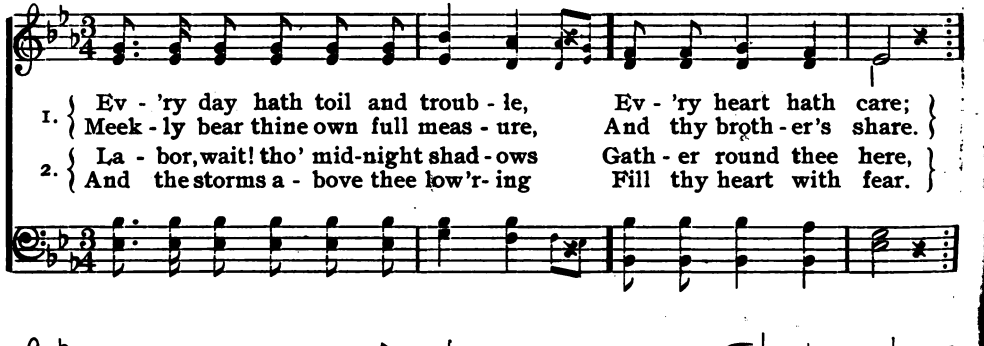


That e'er il-lume the pilgrim's way, And fill the soul with ho-ly praise.
Thy notes pro-claim God's ju-bi-lee, And bid a ris-ing world re-joice.
Like the bright guide on o-cean's shore, The storm-spent mar-i-ner to save.
Spread wide thy rays, till all man-kind Re-ceive this richest boon of heav'n.

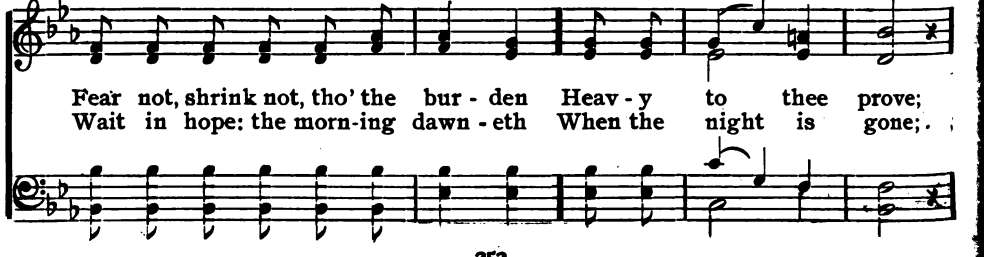
That e'er il-lume the pilgrim's way,

422 Peaceful Rest.

8, 5.

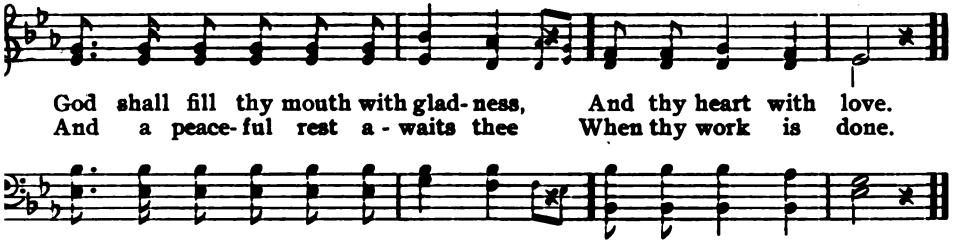


1. { Ev-'ry day hath toil and troub-le, Ev-'ry heart hath care;
   { Meek-ly bear thine own full meas-ure, And thy broth-er's share. }
2. { La-bor, wait! tho' mid-night shad-ows Gath-er round thee here,
   { And the storms a-bove thee low'r-ing Fill thy heart with fear. }



Fear not, shrink not, tho' the bur-den Heav-y to thee prove;
Wait in hope: the morn-ing dawn-eth When the night is gone;

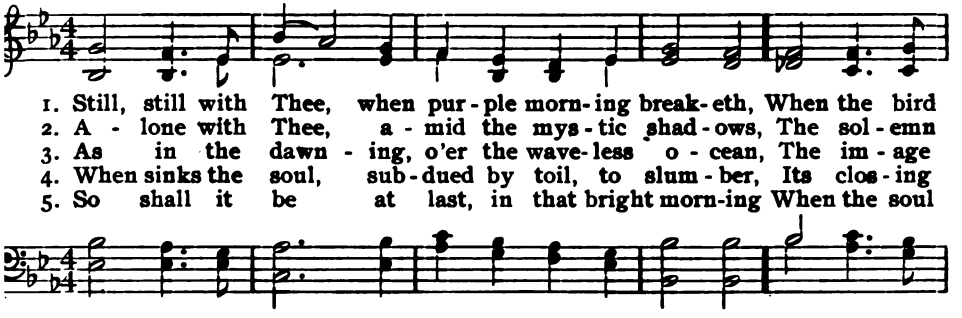
Peaceful Rest.



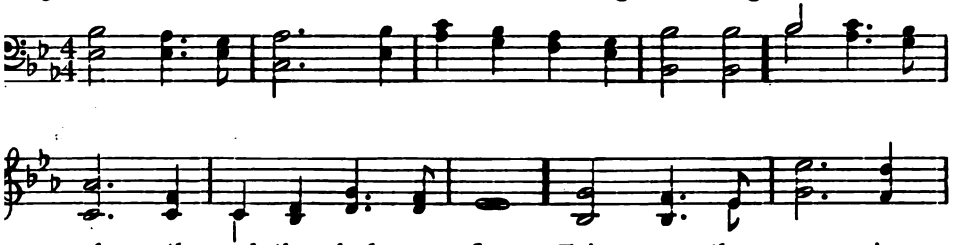
God shall fill thy mouth with glad-ness, And thy heart with love.
And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee When thy work is done.

423 Berlin.

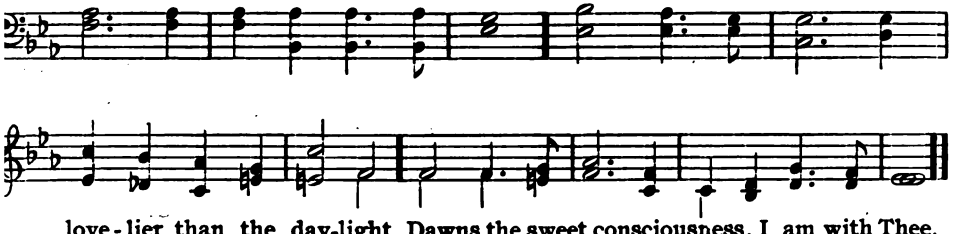
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 11, 10. MENDELSSOHN.



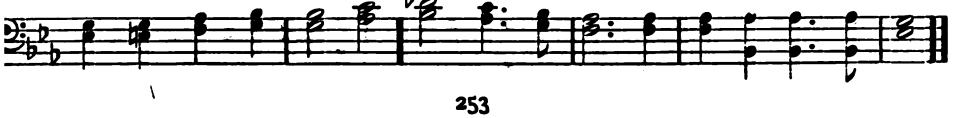
1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o-cean, The im-age
4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing When the soul



wak-eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing,
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee in
of the morn-ing star doth rest; So in this still-ness
eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose be-
wak-eth and life's shad-ows flee: Oh, in that hour, fair-



love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
breathless ad-o-ra-tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
Thou be-hold-est on-ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.
neath Thy wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.
er than day-light dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't, I am with Thee.



424 We Leave It All to Thee.

WILLIAM GASKELL. 8, 6.

SOLO.

1. Our Fa-ther, thro' the coming year We know not what shall be; But we would leave without a fear Its or - d'ring all to Thee.
2. It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair; And all the good we tho't to gain, De - ceive and prove but care.
3. But calm - ly, Lord, on Thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move; Thou know-est what for each is best, And Thou art per - fect Love.

CHORUS.

All to Thee, O Lord, all to Thee; All to Thee, O Lord, all to Thee;
What-ev - er then may be our lot, O Lord, We leave it all to Thee.

425 Joy Shall Come at Last.

8, 7. E. H. Bailey.

1. When the day of life is drear - y, And when gloom thy course enshrouds,
2. Striv - ing still, and on-ward press-ing, Seek not fu - ture years to know,
3. Keep not, then, thy mind re - gret-ting; Seek the good, spurn e - vil's thrall;

When thy step is faint and wear - y, And thy spir - it's dark with clouds,
But de - serve the wished-for bless-ing; It shall come, tho' it be slow.
Tho' thy foes thy path be - set - ting, Thou shalt tri - umph o'er them all;

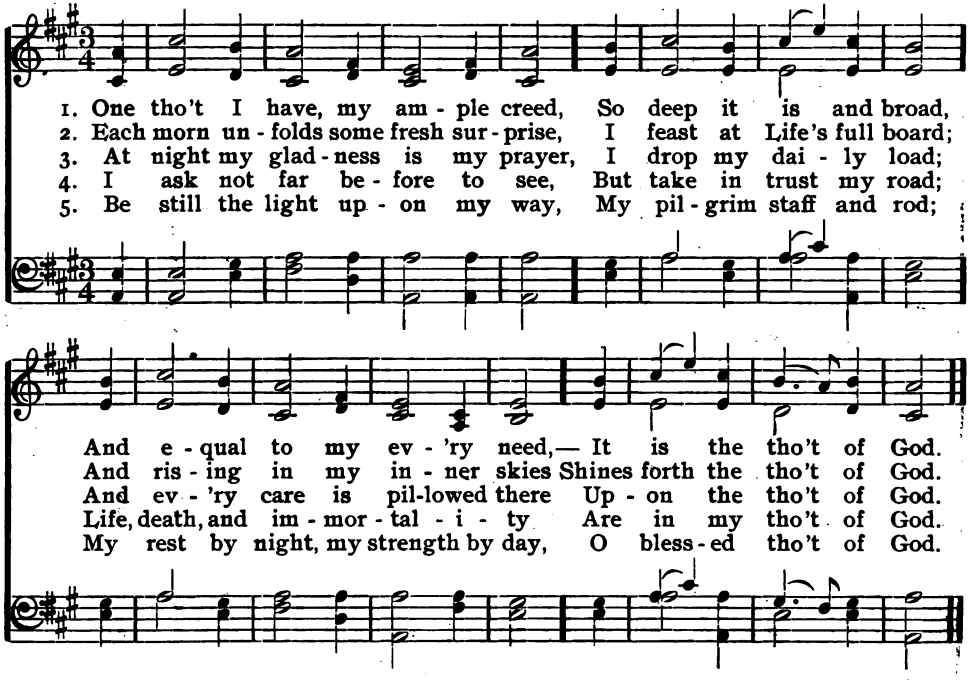
Steadfast still in thy well - do - ing, Let thy soul for - get the past;
Nev - er tir - ing, up-ward gaz - ing, Let thy fears a - side be cast,
Tho' each year but bring thee sad-ness, And thy youth be fleet - ing past,

Steadfast still the right pur - su - ing, Doubt not joy shall come at last,
And thy tri - als tempt-ing, bear - ing, Doubt not joy shall come at last,
There'll be time e-nough for glad-ness, Doubt not joy shall come at last,

Come at last, come at last, Doubt not joy shall come at last.

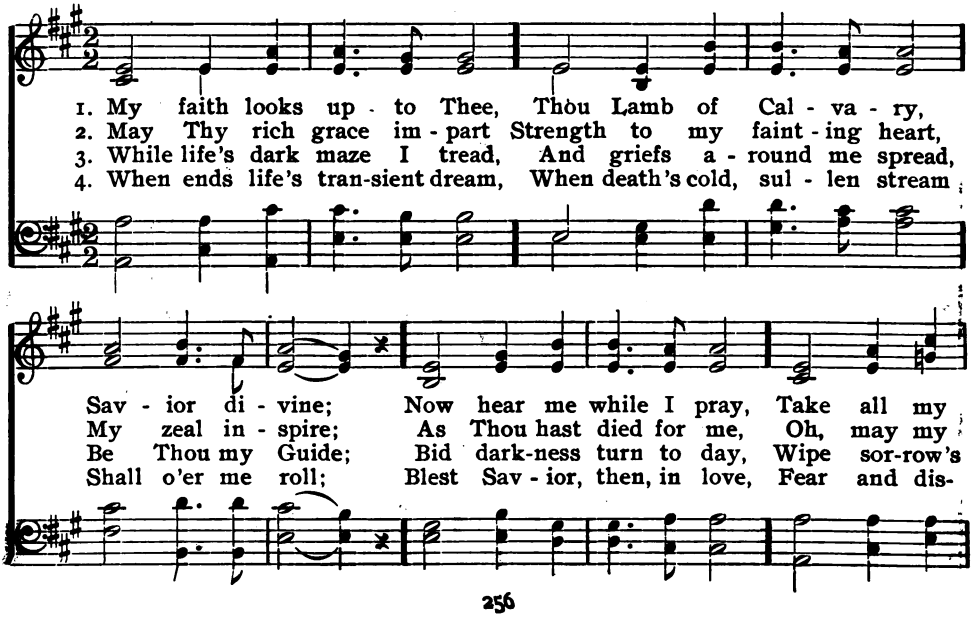
426 Balerma. C. M.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER. Adpt. by R. SIMPSON.

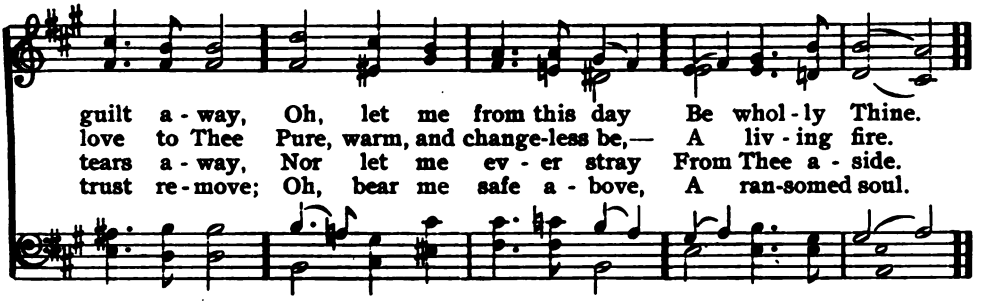


427 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. 6, 4. JOHN H. CORNELL.

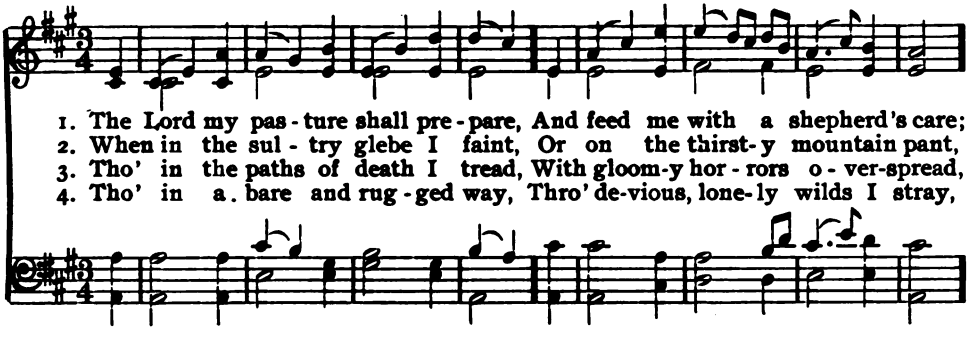


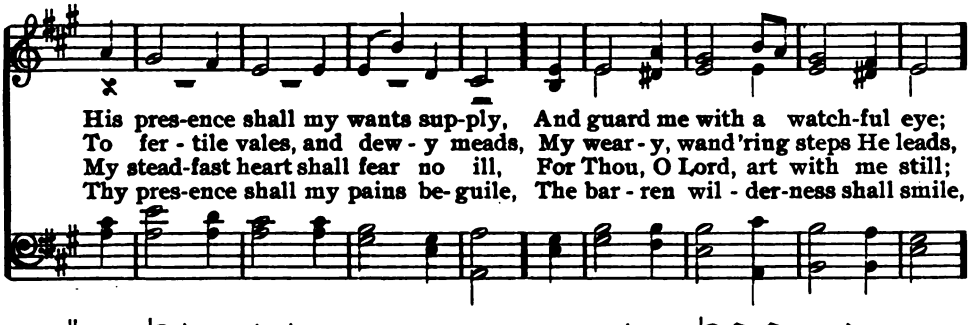
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

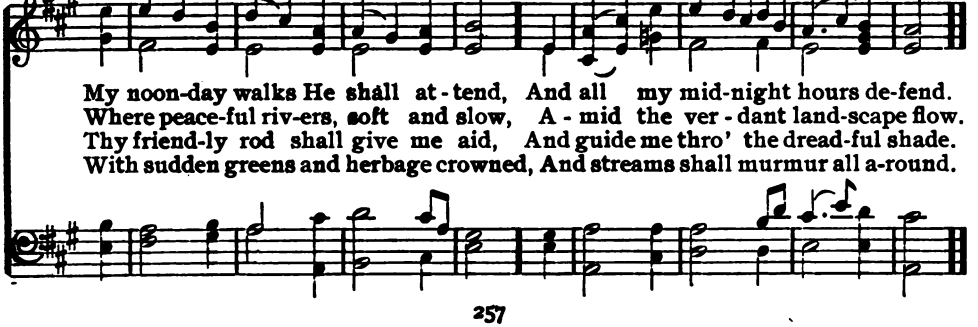


428 Brownell. L. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON. ART. from HAYDN.







429 Everett.

CLARA L. HAYES. 10. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O wear - y feet, the way seems drear and long; O tir - ed
2. In self - ish toil you can - not find the way; To seek re-
3. Be strong in hope, nor doubt your Fa-ther's care; Bright is God's

eyes, you peer in - to the night; Soul, sing a - gain hope's
ward will nev - er bring you gain; O trust God's love, your
world, the clouds are all your own; Sun - shine, and joy, and

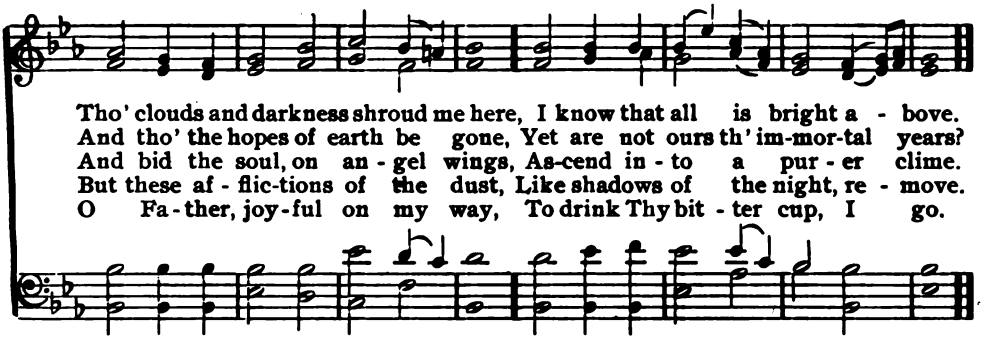
long-for - got - ten song; Look up, dear heart, be-hold the per - fect Light.
ef - fort He'll re - pay, He giv - eth smiles for tears, and joy for pain.
glo - ry ev - 'ry-where, Make earth a heav'n where darkness is un-known.

430 Bristol. L. M.

J. ROSCOE. EDWARD L. WHITE.

1. Thy will be done! I will not fear The fate pro - vid - ed by Thy love:
2. The stars of heav'n are shin - ing on, Tho' these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
3. Fa - ther, for-give the heart that clings, Thus trembling, to the things of time;
4. There shall no doubts disturb its trust, No sor-rows dim ce - les - tial love;
5. That glorious life will well re - pay This life of toil, and care, and woe:

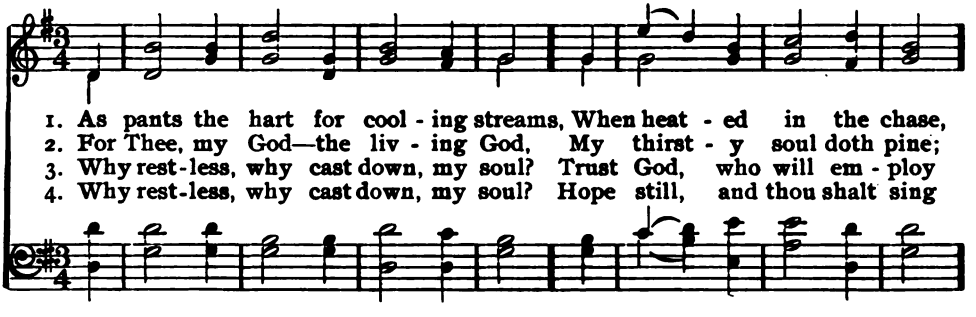
Bristol.



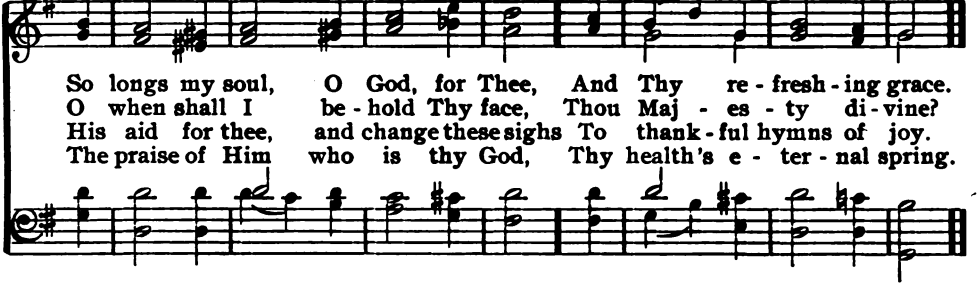
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.
And tho' the hopes of earth be gone, Yet are not ours th' im-mor-tal years?
And bid the soul, on an - gel wings, As-cend in - to a pur - er clime.
But these af - flic-tions of the dust, Like shadows of the night, re - move.
O Fa - ther, joy-ful on my way, To drink Thy bit - ter cup, I go.

431 Cherith. C. M.

TATE & BRADY. ARR. from SPOHR.



1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,
2. For Thee, my God—the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, who will em - ploy
4. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing



So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns of joy.
The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

432 Not My Will, But Thine.

1 Take Thou the heart I cannot give;
Take that which is Thine own;
To give, to take, to will, to do,
Is Thine, and Thine alone.

2 Yet leaning on th' upholding arm
I trust, but cannot see;
Help me, as of myself, to stretch
My helpless hands to Thee.

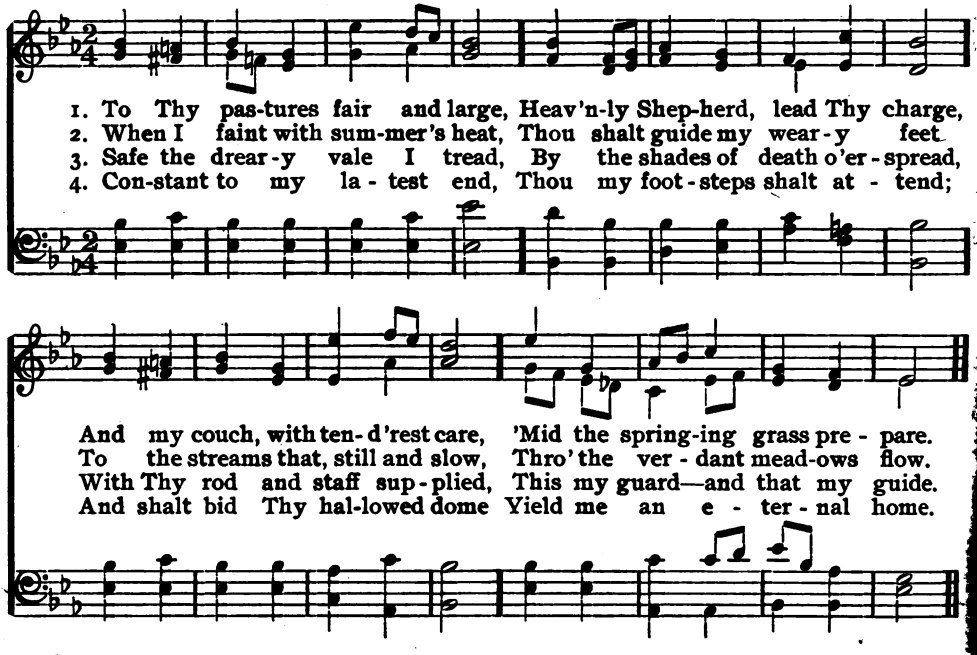
3 And when Thou hast received Thine own,
O keep it, Lord, I pray;
And save me from the wayward will
That seeks a wider way.

4 O Light of tempted souls, be mine,
Till, sea and desert passed,
Safe in Thy circling love I find
My anchorage at last.

M. A. L.

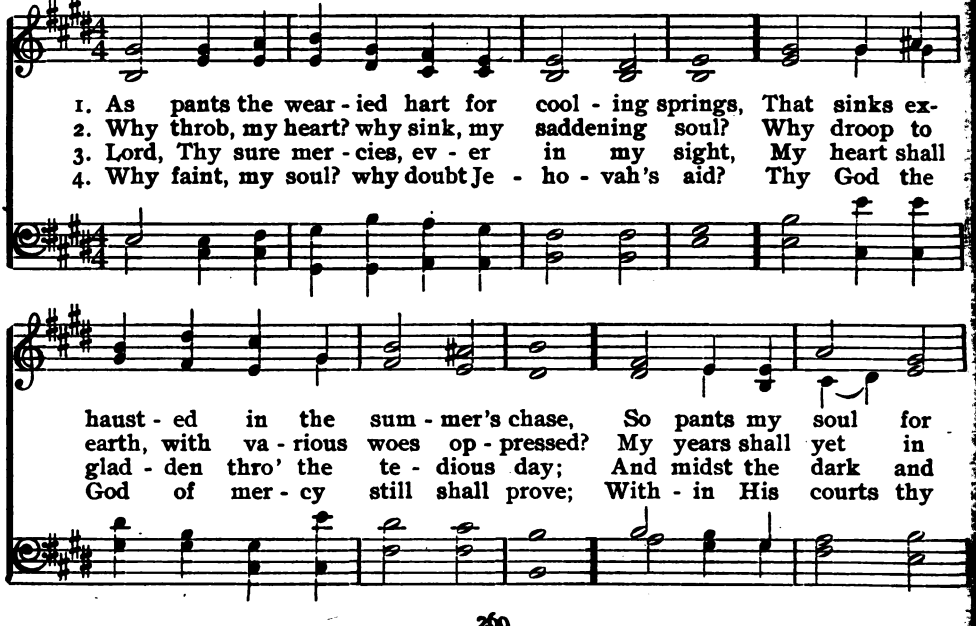
433 Solitude.

JAMES MERRICK. 7. LEWIS T. DOWNES.



434 Faroon.

ROBERT LOWTH. 10. JOSEPH BARNBY.



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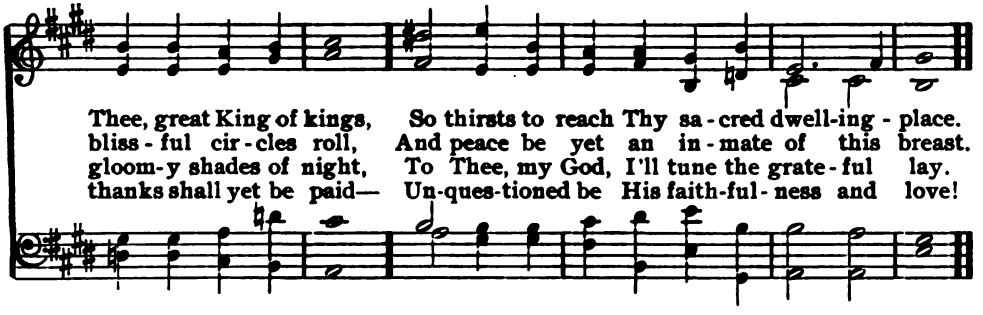
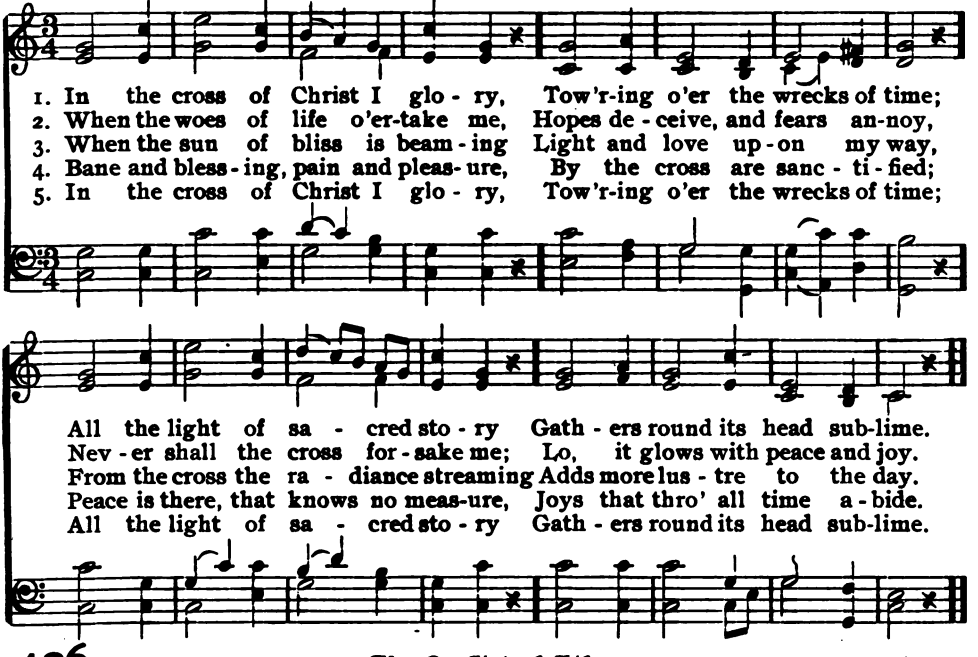


435 Rathbun.

JOHN BOWRING. 8, 7. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



436 The Conflict of Life.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

3 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

—*Samuel Johnson.*

437 Sometime.

M. R. Smith. 10. Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. Some-time, when all life's les-sons have been learned, And
2. But not to-day. Then be con-tent, poor heart, God's

sun and stars for-ev-er-more have set, The thing which our weak
plans like li-lies pure and white un-fold; We must not tear the

judgments here have spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
close-shut leaves a-part, Time will re-veal the ca-lyx-es of gold.

Will flash be-fore us out of life's dark night, As
And if, thro' pa-tient toil, we reach the land Where

stars shine most in deep-er tints of blue; And we shall see how
tir-ed feet, with san-dals loose, may rest, When we shall clear-ly

Sometime.

all God's plans are right, And how what seemed re - proof was love most true.
see and un - der - stand, Our grate - ful hearts will say, "God knew the best."

438 He Leadeth Me. L. M.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

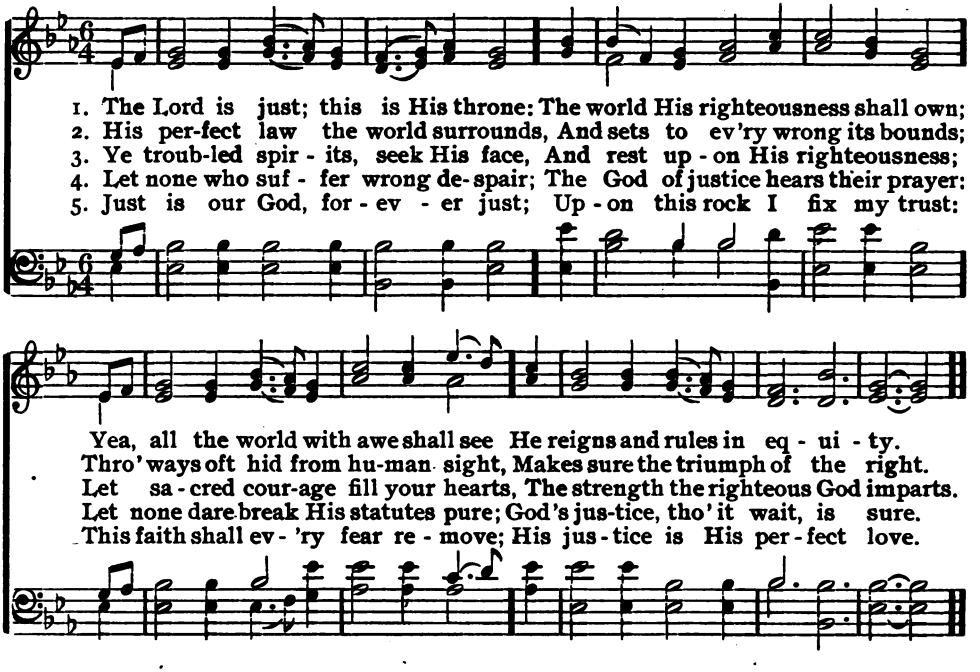
What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 't is His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

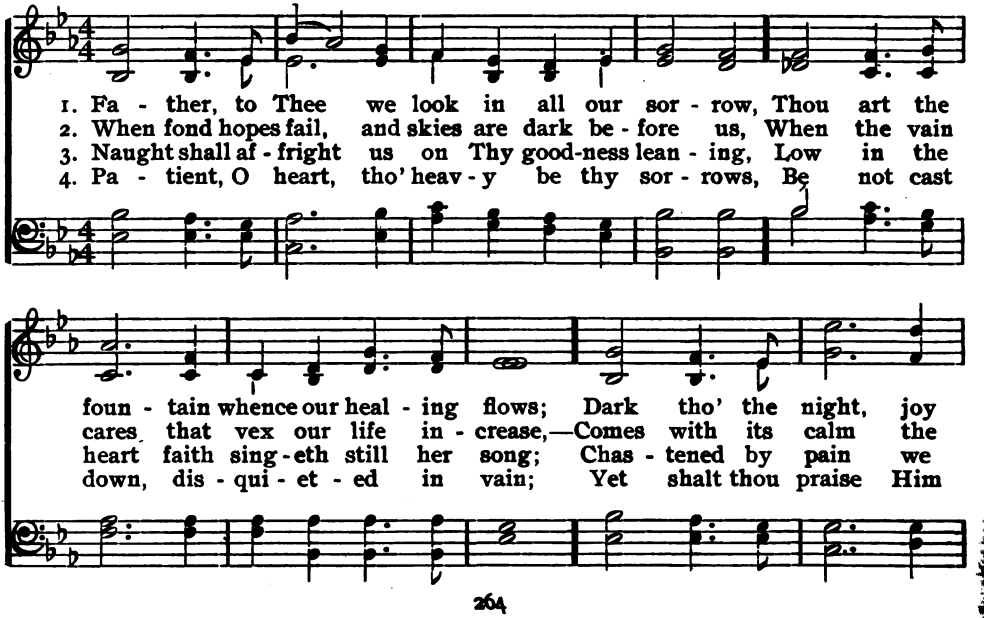
439 Woodworth. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

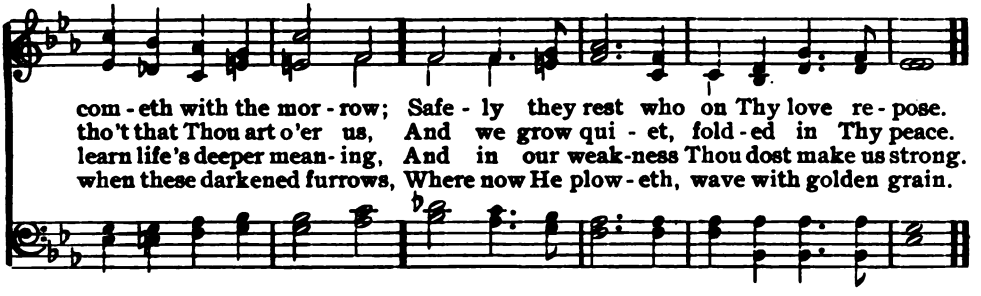


440 Berlin.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER. 11, 10. MENDELSSOHN.

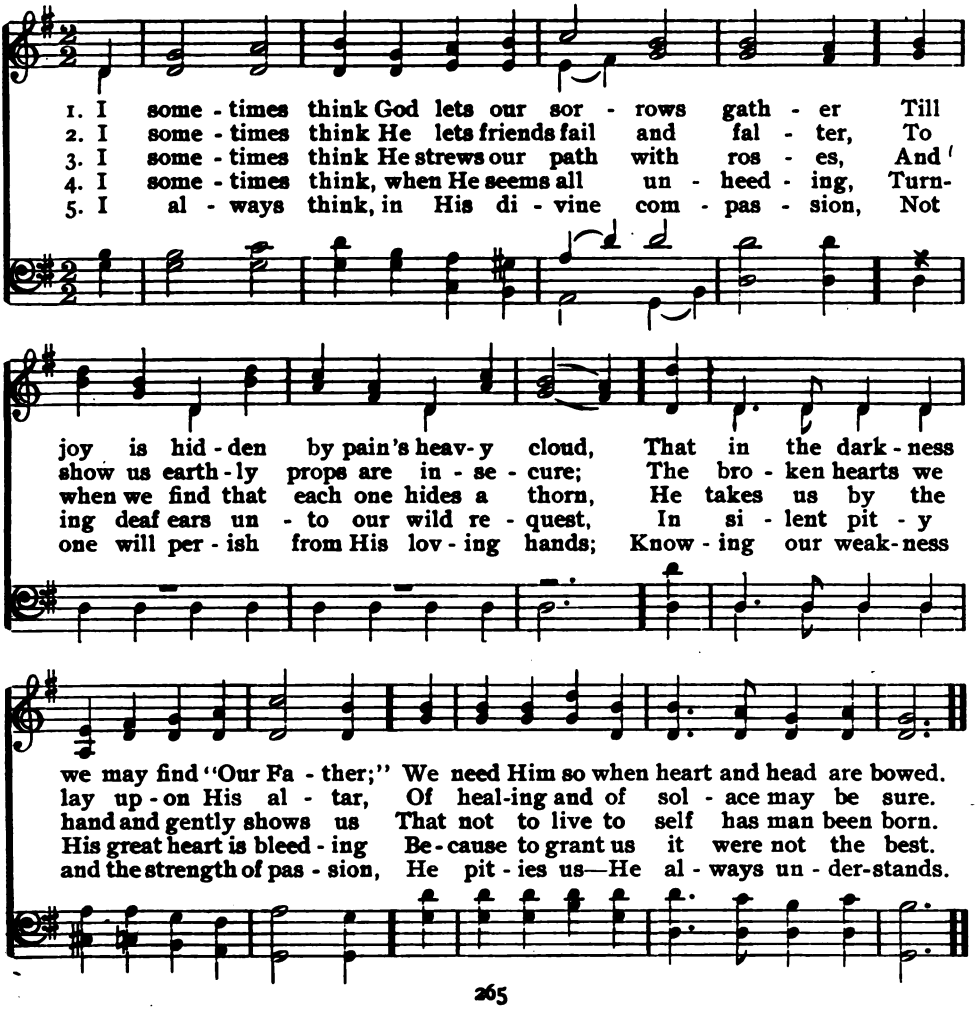


Berlin.



441 Rest.

11, 10. CH. BEECHER.



442 Thou Only. C. M.

RUTH MACDONALD.

1. I place my trust in Thee, O God, Thou nev - er - fail - ing source
2. In si - lent hour a - lone with Thee, This les - son I must learn,

Of all the heart can hold most dear, The vi - tal, lov - ing force.
That in the fi - nal step toward heav'n, There is no oth - er one.

In Thee a - lone I find my way, My life in Thine I hide,
There's on - ly Thou, and Thou a - lone; Not Thou, and I be - side;

My com - fort and my strength Thou art, Thou on - ly canst a - bide;
For in the u - ni - verse of love, Thou on - ly canst a - bide;

My com - fort and my strength Thou art, Thou on - ly canst a - bide.
For in the u - ni - verse of love, Thou on - ly canst a - bide.

443 Bradford. C. M.

ELLEN C. LYON. J. W. CRAWFORD.

1. A wand'ring soul on life's dark way, I felt the chast'ning rod;
2. God loved this help - less, hope - less child,— He sees thro' gracious eyes,—
3. His mag - ic touch un - loosed the bonds, His prayers made free the slave;
4. I love that life with love so strong, That, ere my course be run,

No help with-out, no hope with - in, I had not found my God.
And lo! He sent His own dear Son, One in the hu - man guise.
Praise God, my soul, for this pure life, With pow'r to bless and save.
I long these pre - cious words to hear, "Thou, too, art my dear son."

The hu - man strength was ebb - ing fast, God's way I could not see,
He made the dark - ened soul to see, The cal - loused heart to feel;
No more I stray thro' life's dark maze, Nor fear the chast'ning rod;
Then shall I do for suf - f'ring souls What this one did for me,

So at the flush of youth's bright day, Life lost all hope for me.
For His the ho - ly gift di - vine, Earth's suf-fer - ings to heal.
Sweet hope with-in, His help with - out, That bro't me to my God.
And feel thro'-out th'e - ter - nal years, Life's one glad ju - bi - lee.

444 Deux Anges.

HORATIUS BONAR. 7. ARR. from BLUMENTHAL.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - ior, bend Thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - ior, fill my soul with peace;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav - ior, Spir - it, hear!
Spir - it, come my heart to move: Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, bless!

Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - ior, I Thy mer - cy crave;
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it—Thou One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad

Gra-cious Spir - it, make me clean: Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, save!
All Thy grace with - in me now; Be my Fa - ther and my God!

445 Divine Presence.

1 Lord of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

—*Robert Grant.*

CONSOLATION.

446 Silent River.

LUCY LARCOM. 7, 6. Y. A. LEIB.

DUET. SOPRANO & ALTO. *Gently.*

1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er, And I stand up-
2. Can the bonds that make us here Know ourselves immortal, Drop a-way like

CHOIR. SOPRANO & ALTO. *ppp*

3. He who plants within our hearts All this deep af - fec - tion, Giv - ing, when the
4. Therefore dread I not to go O'er the si - lent riv - er; Death, thy hastening

TENOR & BASS.

on the shore Of the strange For-ev-er, Shall I miss the loved and known?
fol - iage sere At life's in - ner por - tal? What is ho - li - est be - low

form de - parts, Fadeless rec - ol - lec-tion, Will but clasp th' unbroken chain
oar I know; Bear me, thou life- giv - er, Thro' the wa - ters to the shore

Shall I vain - ly seek mine own? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?
Must for - ev - er live and grow, Must for - ev - er live and grow.

Clos - er when we meet a - gain, Clos - er when we meet a - gain.
Where mine own have gone be - fore, Where mine own have gone be - fore.

447 Deus Nobiscum.

W. H. Hurlbut. 11, 10. Oscar Weil.

Poco andante. *f*

1. We will not weep; for God is stand-ing by us, And tears will
2. Oh, not in doubt shall be our jour-ney's end-ing, Sin with its

blind us to the bless-ed sight; We will not doubt,—if dark-ness still doth
fears shall leave us at the last; All its best hopes in glad ful-fil-ment

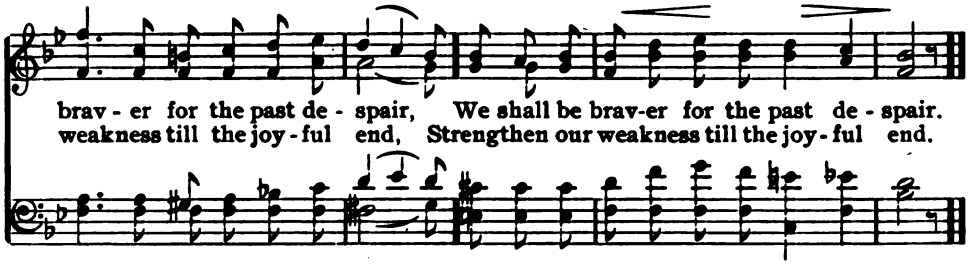
try us, Our souls have promise of se-ren-est light. We will not
blend-ing, Life shall be with us when the Death is past. Help us, O

p

faint,—if heav-y bur-dens bind us, They press no hard-er than our
Fa-ther, when the world is press-ing On our frail hearts, that faint with-

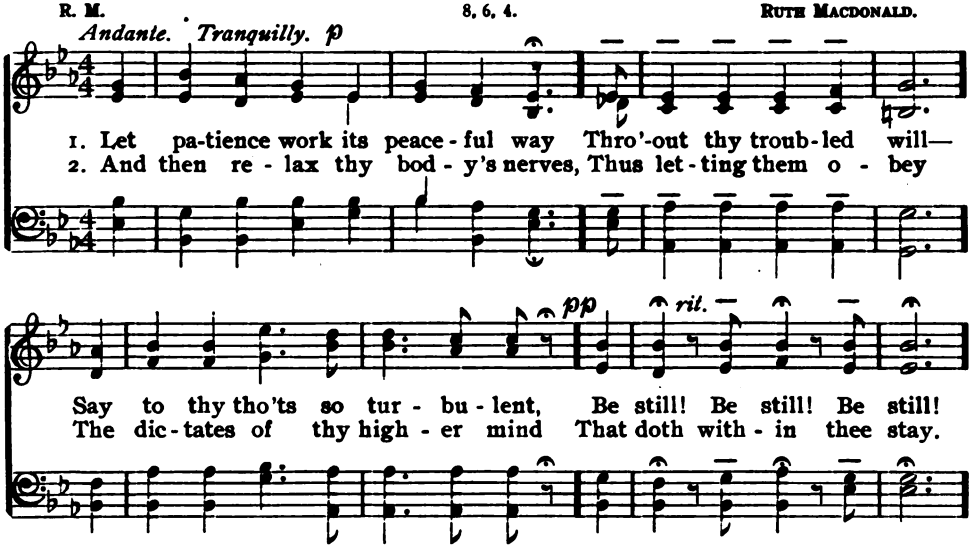
souls can bear; The thorniest way is ly-ing still be-hind us, We shall be
out their friend; Help us, O Fa-ther! let Thy constant bless-ing Strengthen our

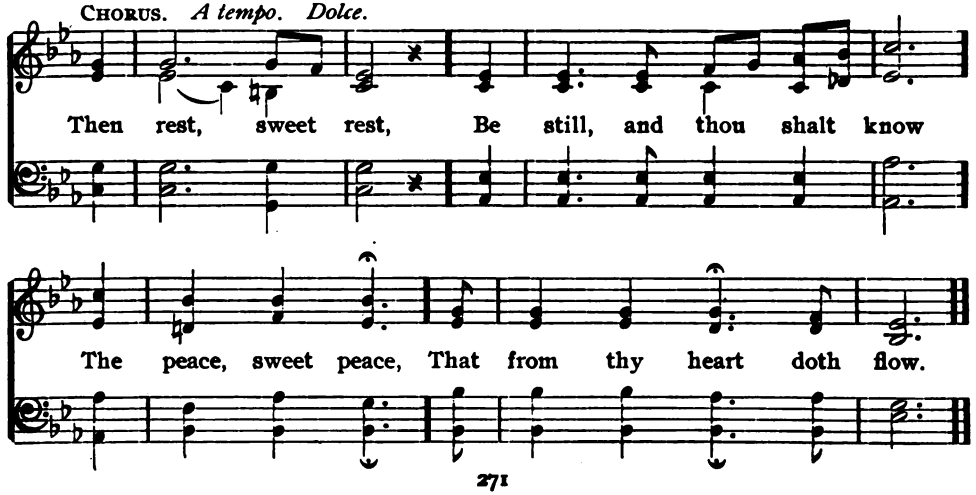
Deus Nobiscum.



448 Rest.

R. M. 8, 6, 4. RUTH MACDONALD.





449 Angels' Song.

11, 10, 9.

(*First Tune.*)

FREDERICK W. FABER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must dawn, and
3. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
darksome night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in wel-come to the wear - y,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep- ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
} An - gels of- glo - ry,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil-grims of the night.

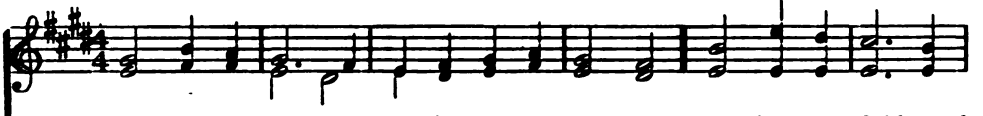
CONSOLATION.

450 Vox Angelica.

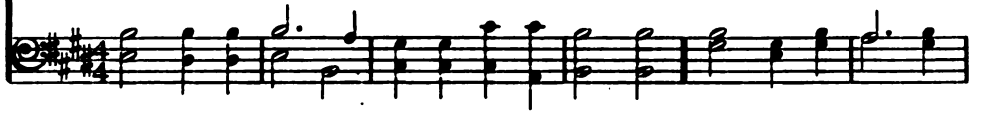
11, 10, 9.

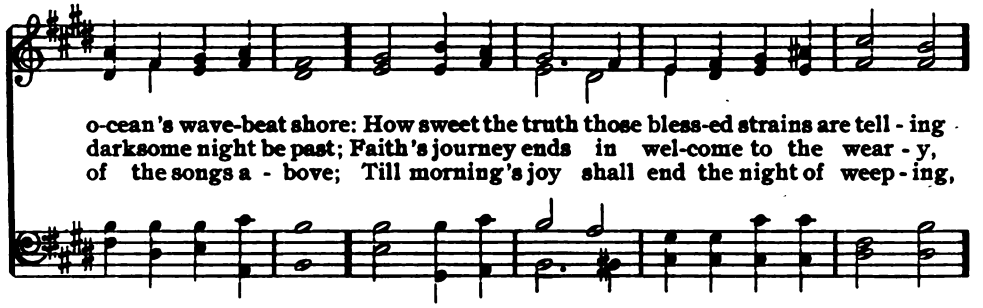
(*Second Tune.*)

FREDERICK W. FABER. HENRY SMART.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must dawn, and
3. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments





o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
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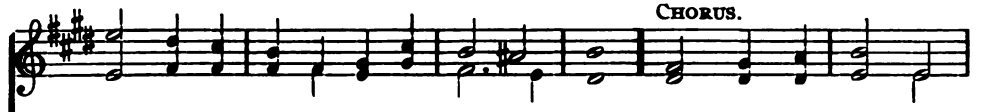
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. } An - gels of glo - ry,
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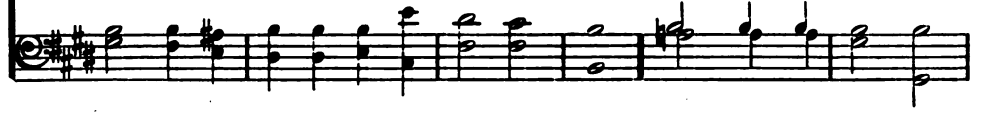
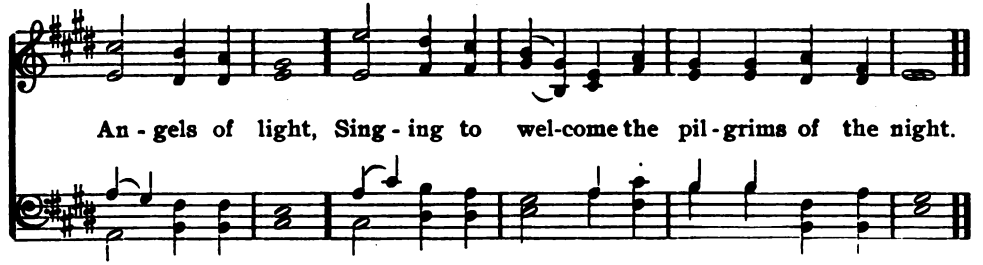
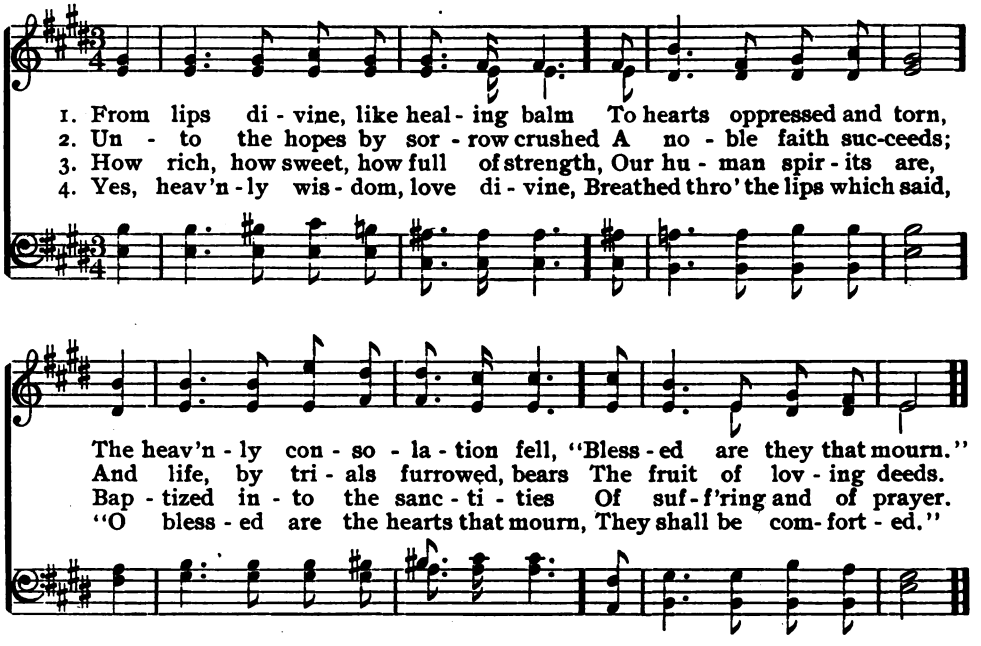




An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil - grims of the night.

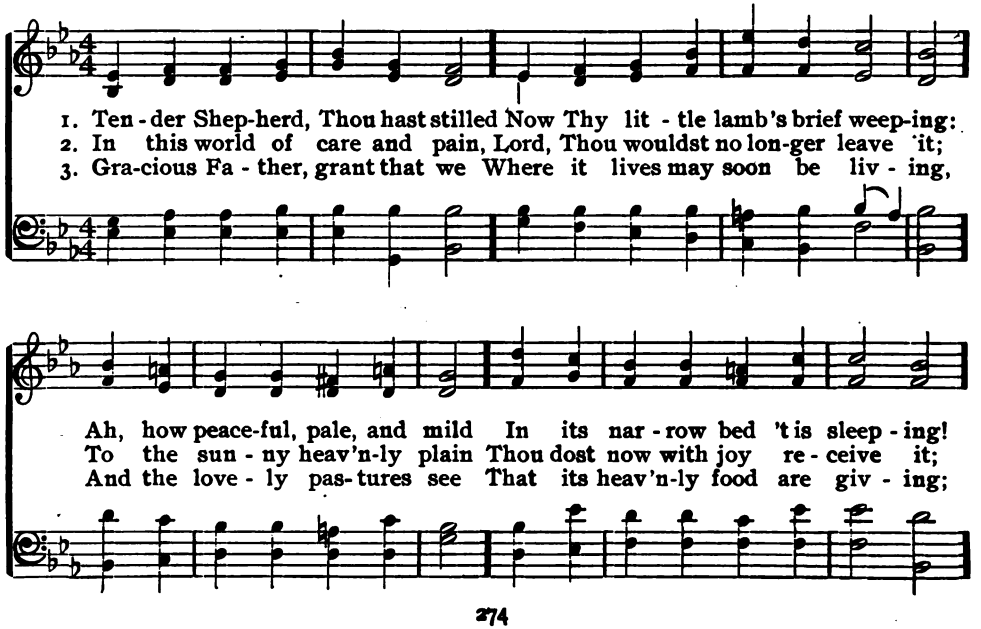
451 Serenity. C. M.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

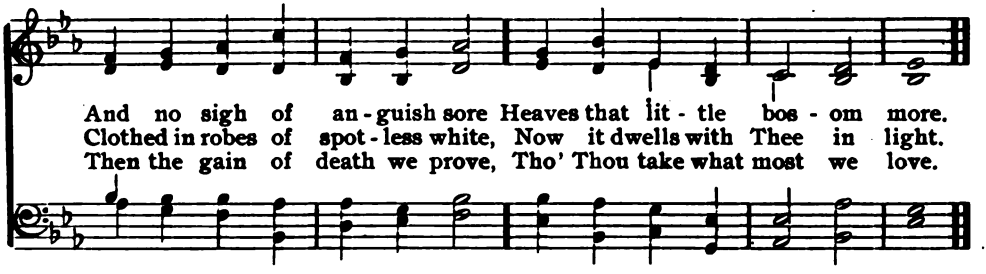


452 Long Home.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr. 7, 8. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

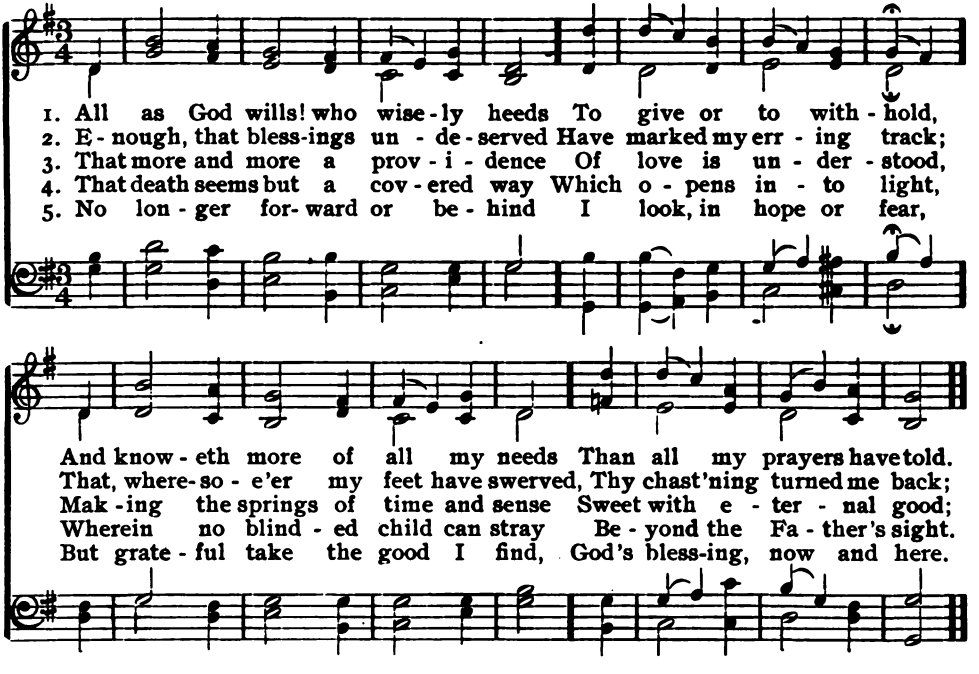


Long Home.



453 Belmont. C. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. SAMUEL WEBBE.



454 Not Lost, But Gone Before.

1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 Oh, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!

3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled,—
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

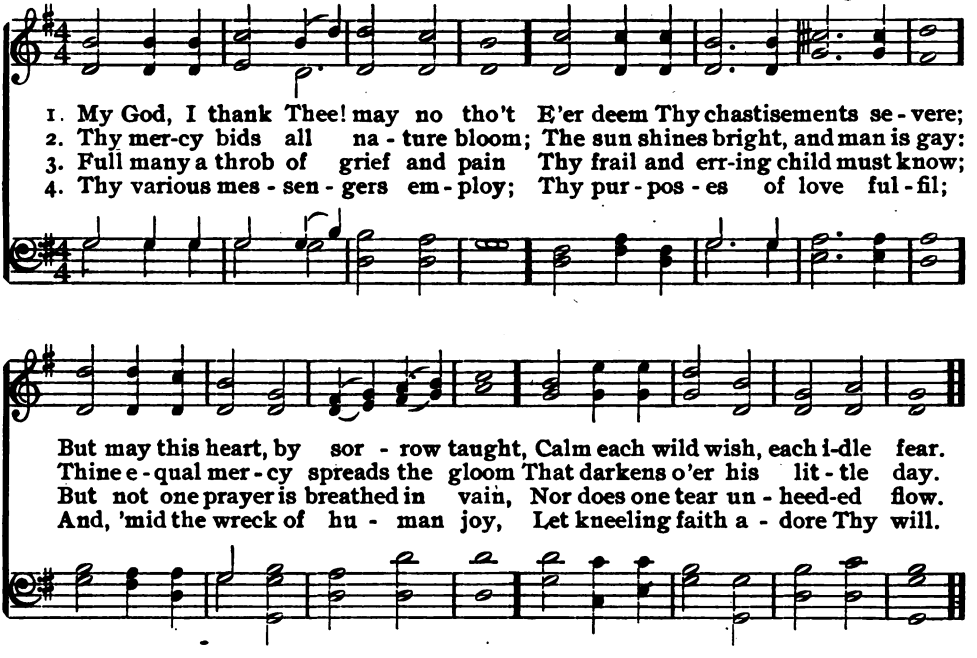
4 Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

—*John G. Whittier.*

455 Federal Street. L. M.

ANDREWS NORTON. HENRY K. OLIVER.

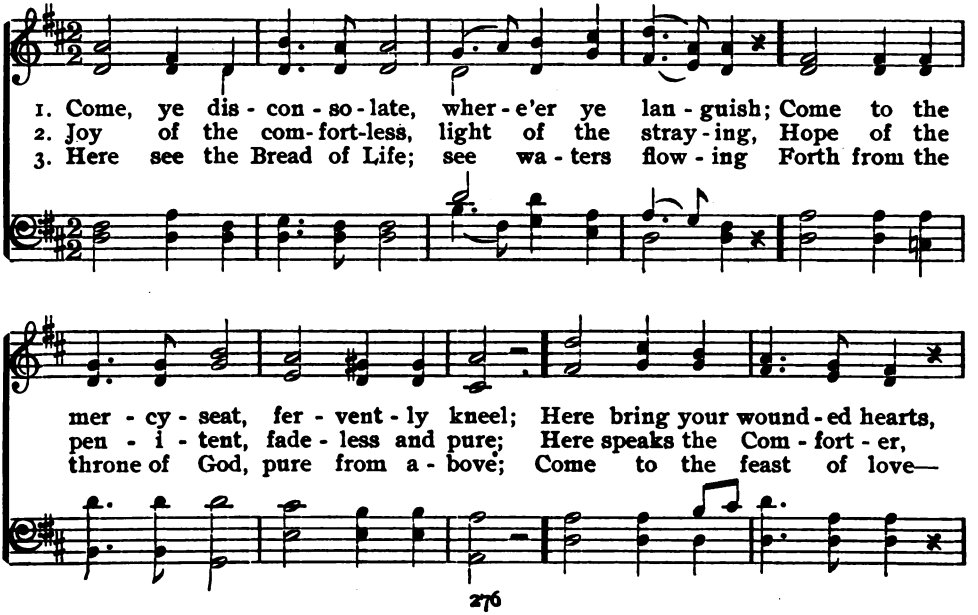


1. My God, I thank Thee! may no tho't E'er deem Thy chastisements se - vere;
2. Thy mer-cy bids all na - ture bloom; The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
3. Full many a throb of grief and pain Thy frail and err-ing child must know;
4. Thy various mes - sen - gers em - ploy; Thy pur - pos - es of love ful - fil;

But may this heart, by sor - row taught, Calm each wild wish, each i-dle fear.
Thine e - qual mer - cy spreads the gloom That darkens o'er his lit - tle day.
But not one prayer is breathed in vain, Nor does one tear un - heed-ed flow.
And, 'mid the wreck of hu - man joy, Let kneeling faith a - dore Thy will.

456 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. 11, 10. SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love—

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing— Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re-move.

457 Rest. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. God giv-eth qui - et - ness at last! The common way once more is passed
2. Fold the rapt soul in your em - brace, Dear ones fa - mil - iar with the place!
3. What to shut eyes hath God re - vealed? What hear the ears that death has sealed?
4. O si - lent land to which we move! Enough, if there a - lone be love,
5. O pure soul! from that far - off shore Float some sweet song the wa - ters o'er;

From pleading tears and ling'rings fond To full - er life and love be - yond.
While to the gen - tle greet-ings there We an-swer here with murmured prayer.
What undreamed beauty pass - ing show Re-quites the loss of all we know?
And mor-tal need can ne'er out-grow What it is wait-ing to be - stow!
Our faith con-firm, our fears dis - pel, With the dear voice we loved so well!

458 Heaven.

1 Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,—
It is not sleep, it is not rest,—
'T is glory opening to the blest.

2 No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

3 There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
Their grief find rest, and nevermore
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

4 There angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that nevermore go down.

5 For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on our heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as His own.

—*William B. O. Peabody.*

459 Jesus Our Light. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. To wear-y hearts, to mourning homes, God's meekest an - gel gen - tly comes:
2. There's quiet in that an - gel's glance, There's rest in his still coun - te - nance!
3. An - gel of Pa-tience! sent to calm Our fev-'rish brows with cooling palm;
4. O thou who mournest on thy way, With long-ings for the close of day;

No pow'r has he to ban - ish pain, Or give us back our lost a - gain;
He mocks no grief with i - dle cheer, Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
To lay the storms of hope and fear, And rec - on - cile life's smile and tear;
He walks with thee, that an - gel kind, And gen - tly whis-pers, "Be re-signed:

And yet in ten-d'rest love our dear And heav'nly Fa - ther sends him here.
But ills and woes he may not cure, He kind-ly trains us to en - dure.
The throbs of wounded pride to still, And make our own our Fa - ther's will!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

460 Strength and Stay.

CATHERINE H. ESLING. 11, 10. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Come un - to me, when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Large are the man-sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Glad are the
3. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair

Strength and Stay.

heart is wear - y and dis-tressed, Seek-ing for com - fort from your heav'nly
homes that sor-rows nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic
flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in

Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest!

461 Requiem.

EDWARD A. DAYMAN. 4, 6. JOSEPH BARNBY.

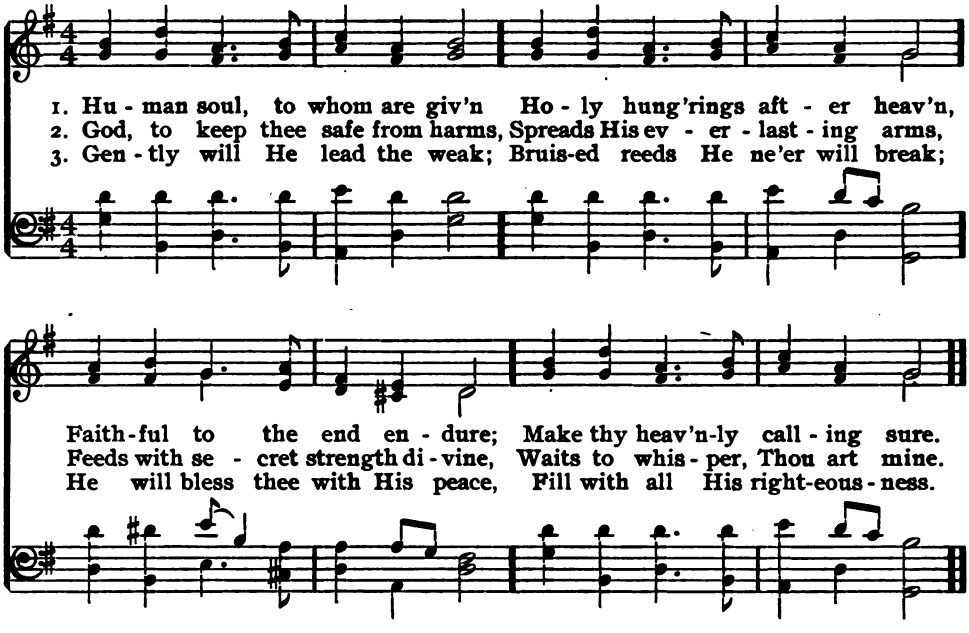
1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin and sad - ness; Bright - ly at last

Till th' e-ter - nal mor - row; Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
Dawns a day of glad - ness: Un - der the sod, Earth, re-ceive our

riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul God will now de - liv - er.
treas - ure, To rest in God, Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.

462 Pleyel.

CHARLES WESLEY. 7. IGNACE PLEYEL.



463 The Only Refuge.

1 Holy Father, heavenly King,
O'er me spread Thy guardian wing;
When by trembling fears distressed,
Let me flee to Thee and rest.

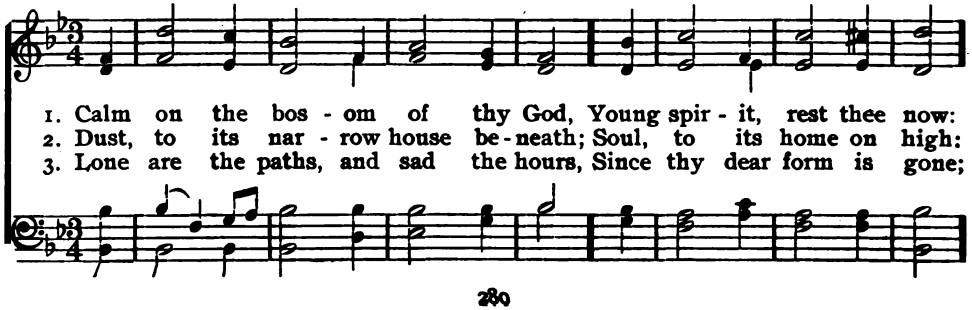
2 Call me, keep me by Thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide:
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps strayed from Thee?

3 Warn me with Thy gentle voice;
Point my path, and guide my choice:
Let me, Lord, in Thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

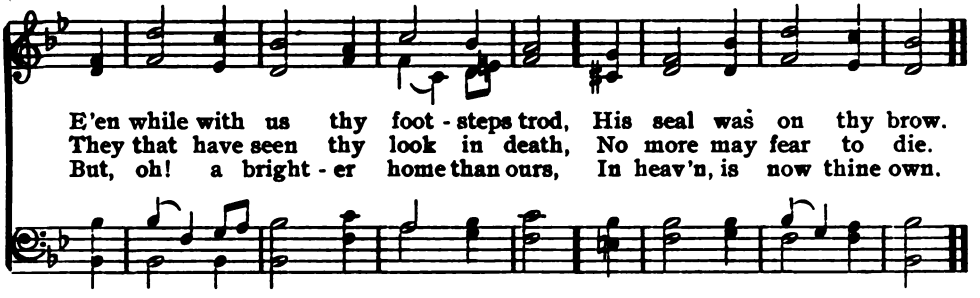
—*Anon.*

464 Holy Cross. C. M.

FELICIA D. HEMANS. ARR. from MENDELSSOHN.



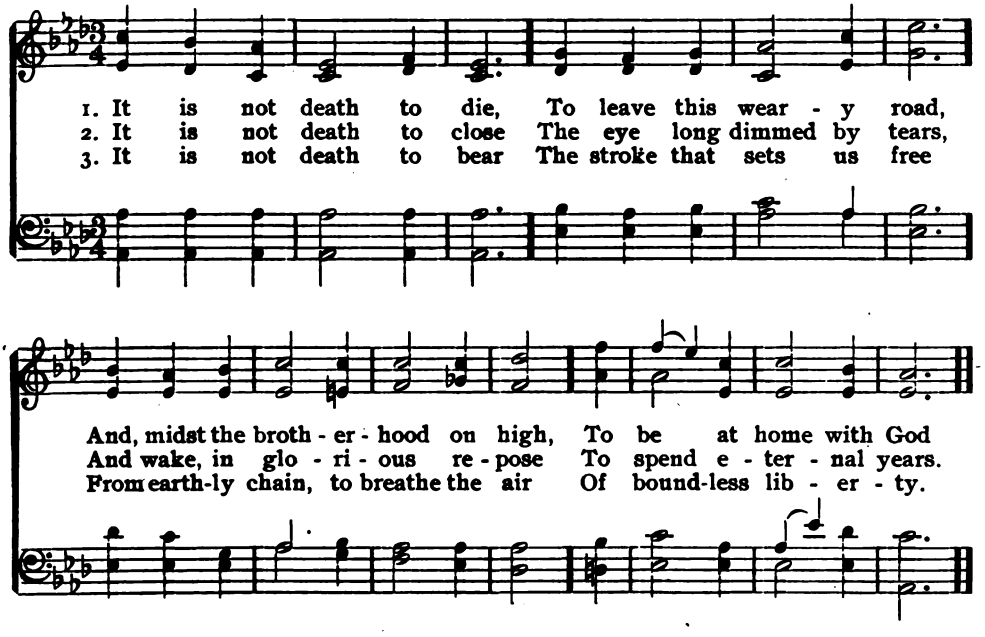
Holy Cross.



465 Greenwood. S. M.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN.
GEORGE W. BETHUNE, tr.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



466 Heaven Everywhere.

1 Our heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'T is where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

3 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there:
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

—*Miss Fletcher.*

467 There is Joy for You.

8, 7, 5.

DUET.

1. O let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be a - fraid,
2. Deep-ly drink of love ce - les - tial From the fountain flow-ing free,
3. Tell me not, ye wear - y la - den, There is naught but sor-row here,
4. Keep your minds in truth-light burn-ing, Walk in vir - tue's humble way,

For be - hold the Bridegroom cometh, In His wed - ding robes ar - rayed.
For it giv - eth joy for - ev - er,— Joy o'er all that crys - tal sea.
For the an - gels are de- scend- ing To re - move earth's blighting fear.
And be read - y for your ex - it To the realms of per - fect day.

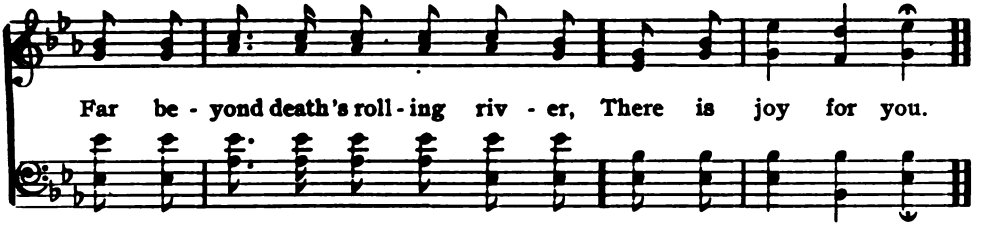
CHORUS.

There is joy for the faith - ful, There is joy for the faith - ful,

There is joy for the faith - ful, There is joy for you; In the

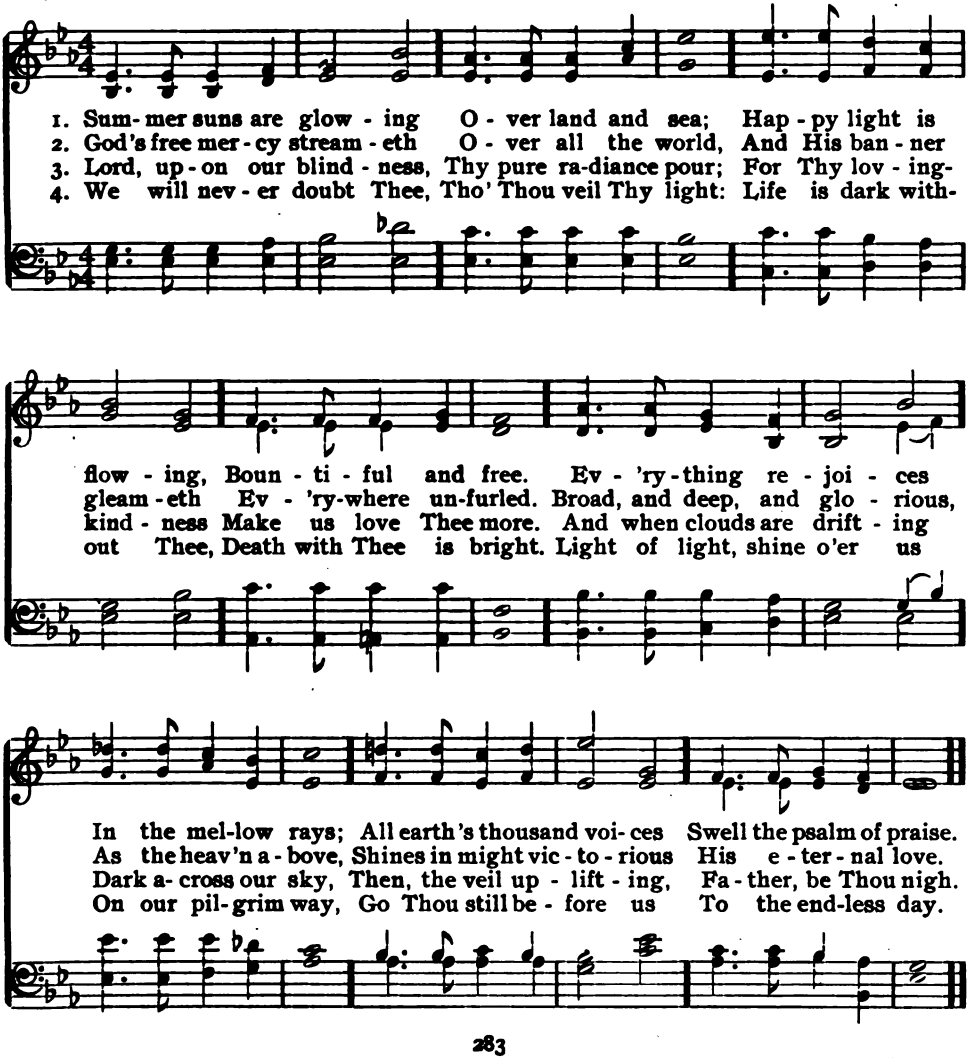
high - er land of wis - dom, Where the an - gels sing for glo - ry,

There is Joy For You.



468 Ruth.

WILLIAM W. HOW. 6, 5. SAMUEL SMITH.



469 Buck.

CLARA L. HAYES. 6, 5. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Joy - ful - ly the cho - rus Ris - es full and clear,
2. Har - mo - nies ce - les - tial Bear the heart a - long,
3. Ev - 'ry - thing re - joi - ces, Earth, and sea, and sky;

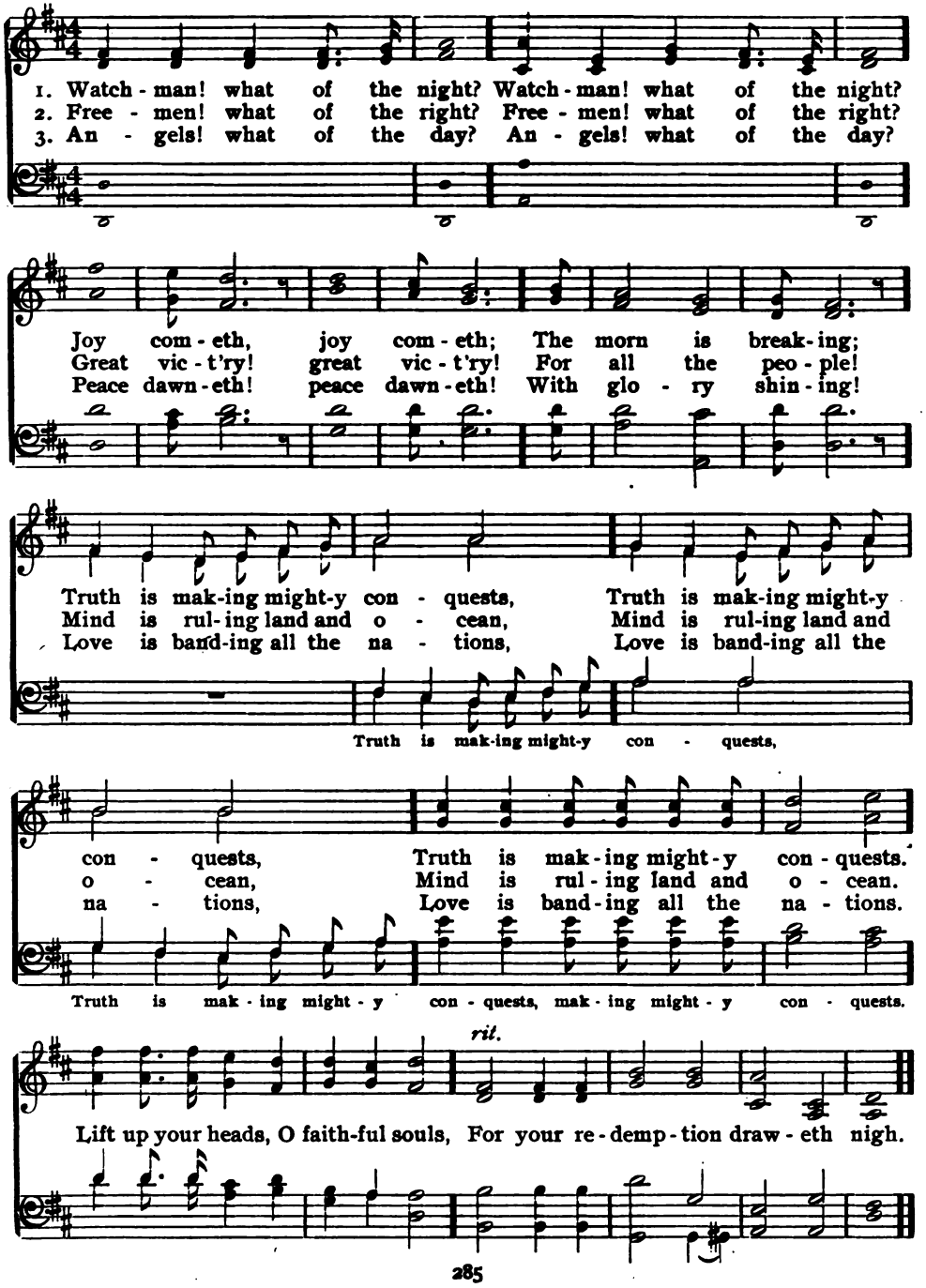
Heav'n-ly an - thems o'er us Fall up - on the ear.
O'er the clouds of dis - cord, To the realms of song.
Yea, all na - ture's voi - ces Swell the har - mo - ny.

Heav - en's gates are o - pen, Hark! the joy - ful strain
Here our hearts we of - fer, Grate - ful prais - es bring;
Praise the Lord Je - ho - vah! Bless His ho - ly name!

Fills the soul with rap - ture; Truth and love shall reign.
Join the an - gel cho - rus, Glad ho - san - nas sing.
Truth and love a - bid - eth Ev - er - more the same.

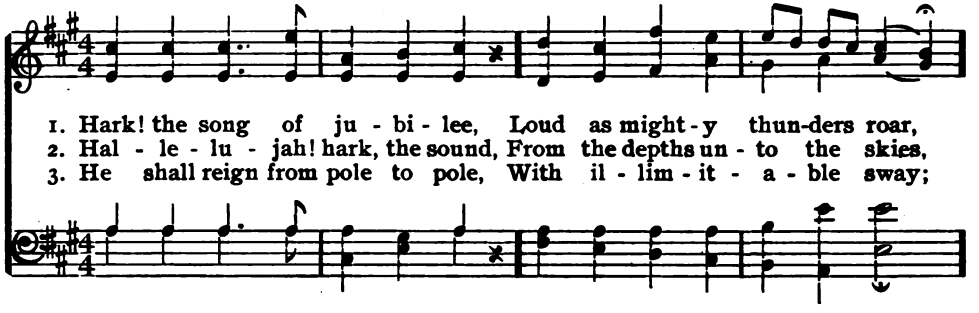
470 Joy Cometh.

6, 5, 8. E. H. Bailey.

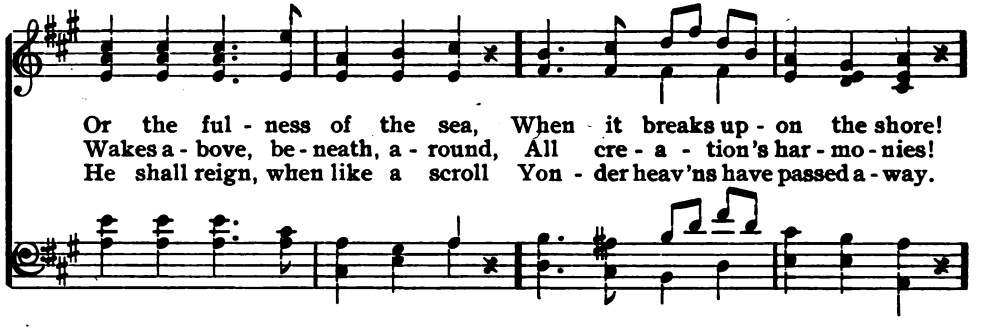


471 Perry.

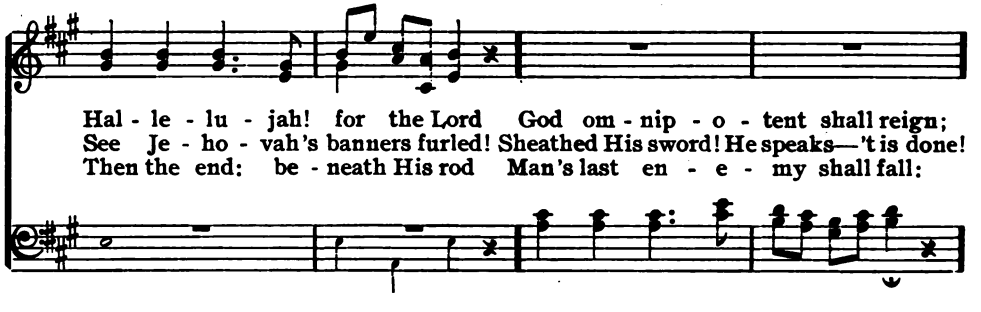
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 7. ARR. by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



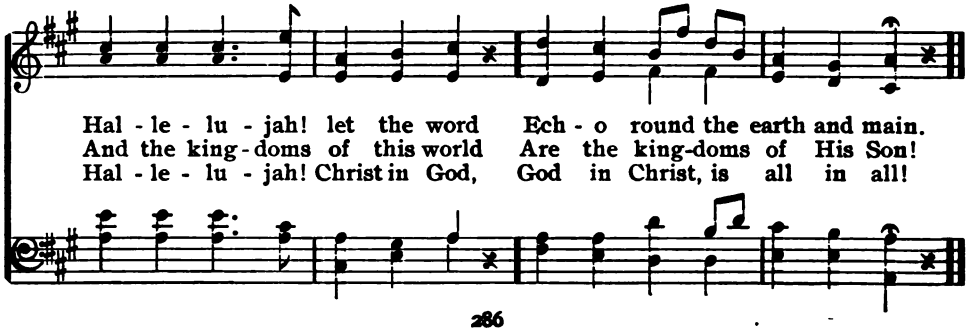
1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun-ders roar,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;



Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yon - der heav'ns have passed a - way.



Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
See Je - ho - vah's banners furled! Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'t is done!
Then the end: be - neath His rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall:



Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
And the king - doms of this world Are the king-doms of His Son!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all!

472 Furth. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who
2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which
3. The watch-men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je-

bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! How
kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found! How
ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy. The

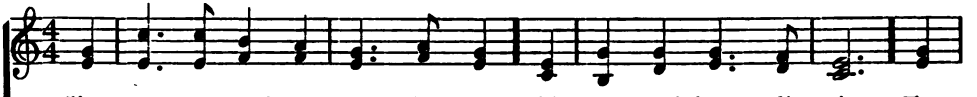
charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy
bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'nly light! Prophets and kings de-
Lord makes bare His arm Thro' all the earth a - broad; Let ev - 'ry na - tion

Sav - ior King; He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and tri - umphs here."
sired it long, But died with-out the sight, But died with-out the sight.
now be-hold Their Sav - ior and their God, Their Sav - ior and their God.

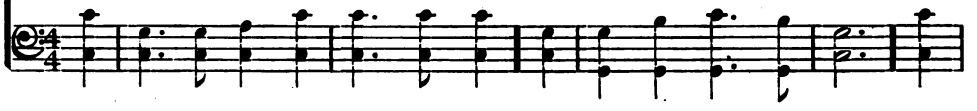
473 "Heart, Soul, Mind." C. M.

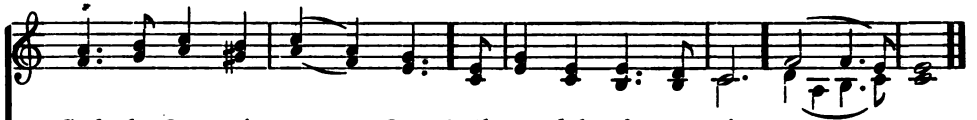
R. M. RUTH MACDONALD.

Liberamente.

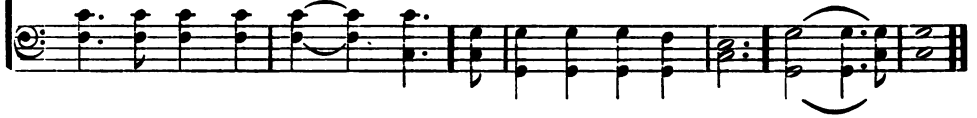


1. Sing out, my soul, a roun - del - ay Of Peace, and love di - vine, For
2. A joy - ous free - dom thou didst crave In con-scious-ness of this: That
3. O Light of wis - dom, shine on me, And make my life com - plete; With



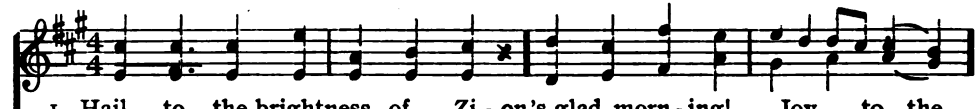


God, the Om - ni - pres - ent One, Doth round thee fast en-twine.
God Om-nip - o - tent would crown Thee, soul, with constant bliss.
naught but God Om - nis - cient, My mind can be re - plete. A - men.

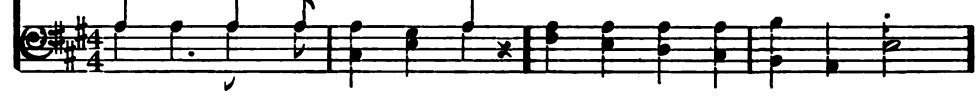


474 Wesley.

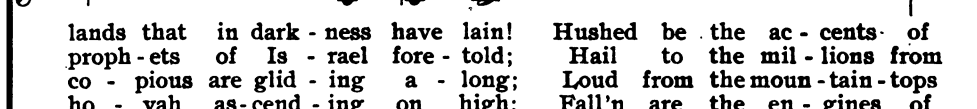
THOMAS HASTINGS. 11, 10. LOWELL MASON.



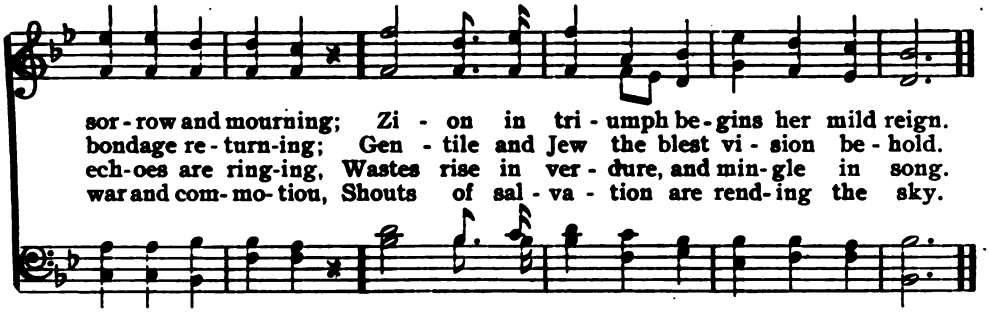
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-



lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain - tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of

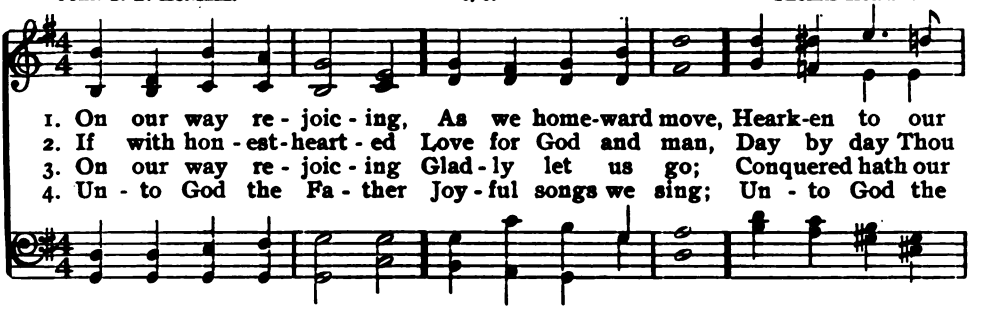


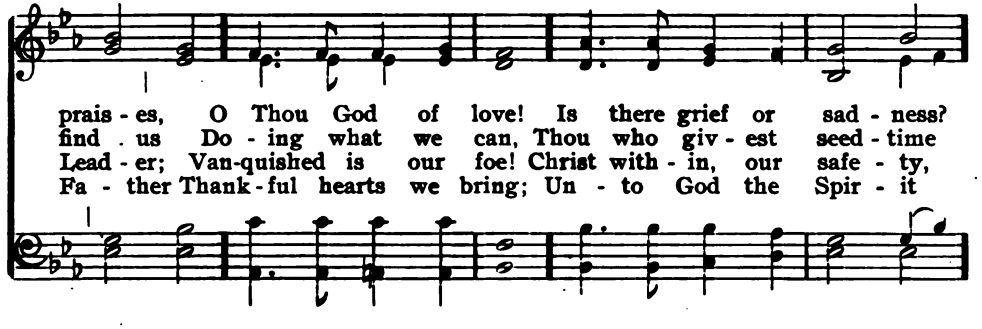
Wesley.

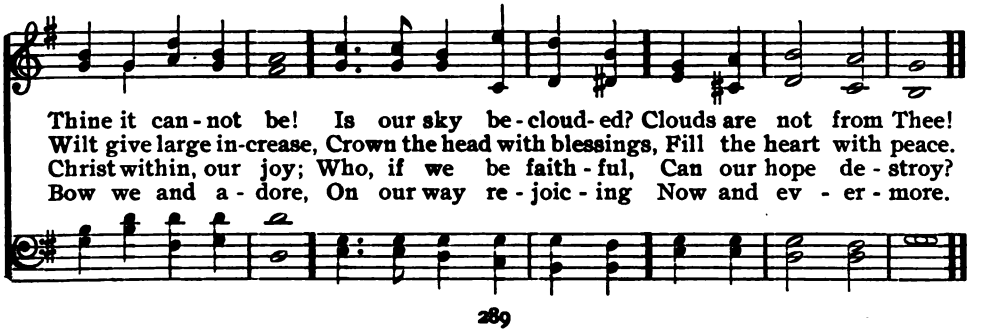


475 David.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL. 6, 5. THOMAS MORLEY.

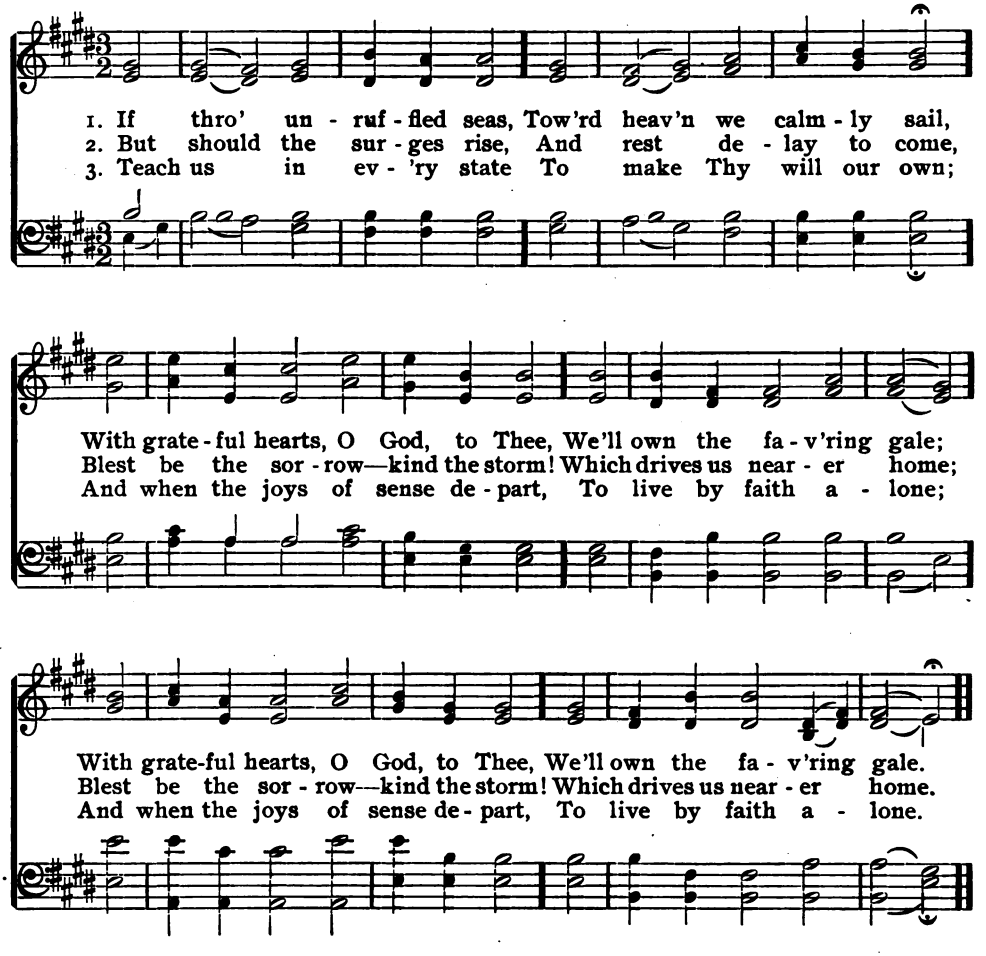






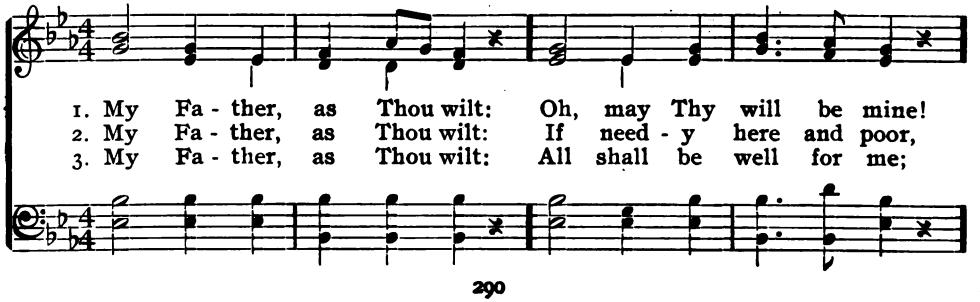
476 Selvin. S. M.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

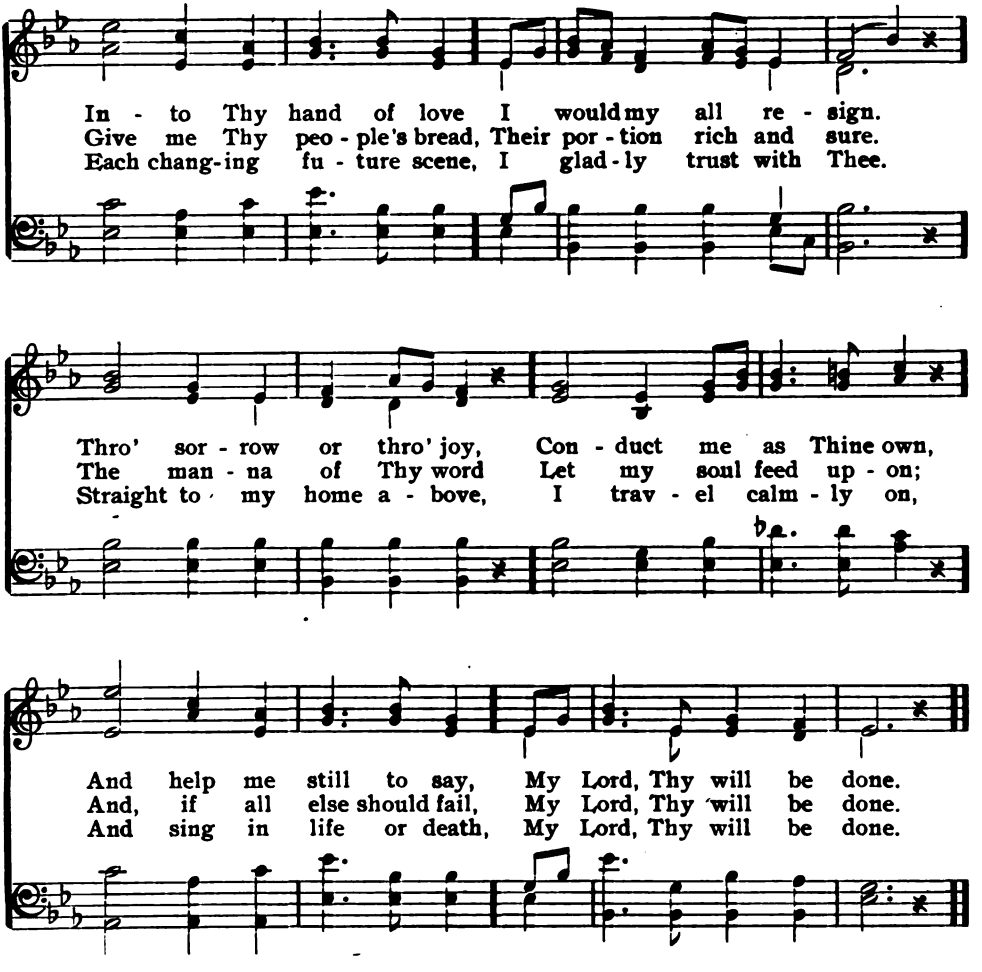


477 St. Frances.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
JANE BORTHWICK, tr. 6. Arr. from C. M. VON WEBER.



St. Frances.



478 Choose Thou My Path.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose Thou the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

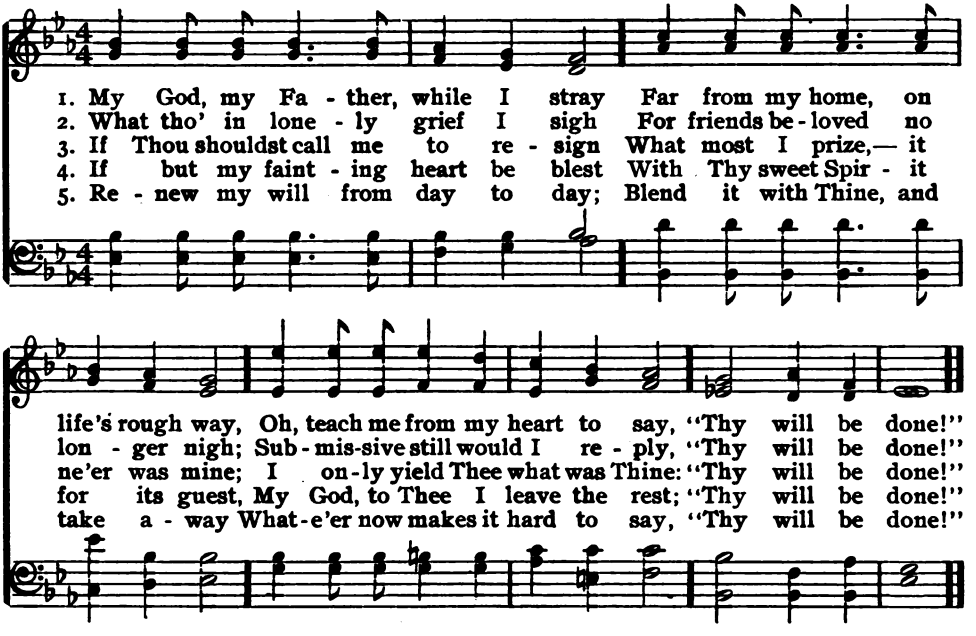
2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small:
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

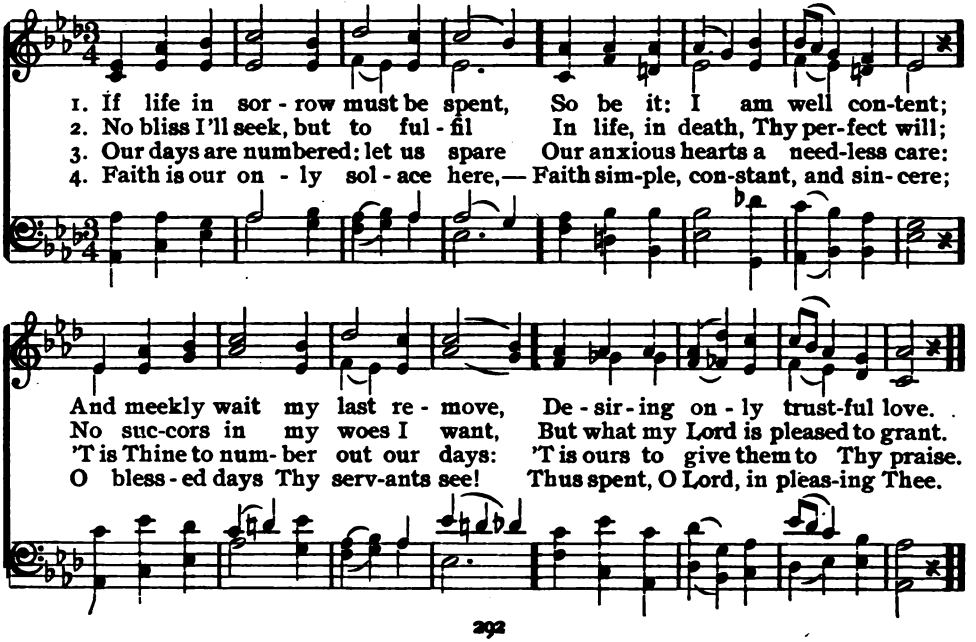
479 Hauford.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8, 4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



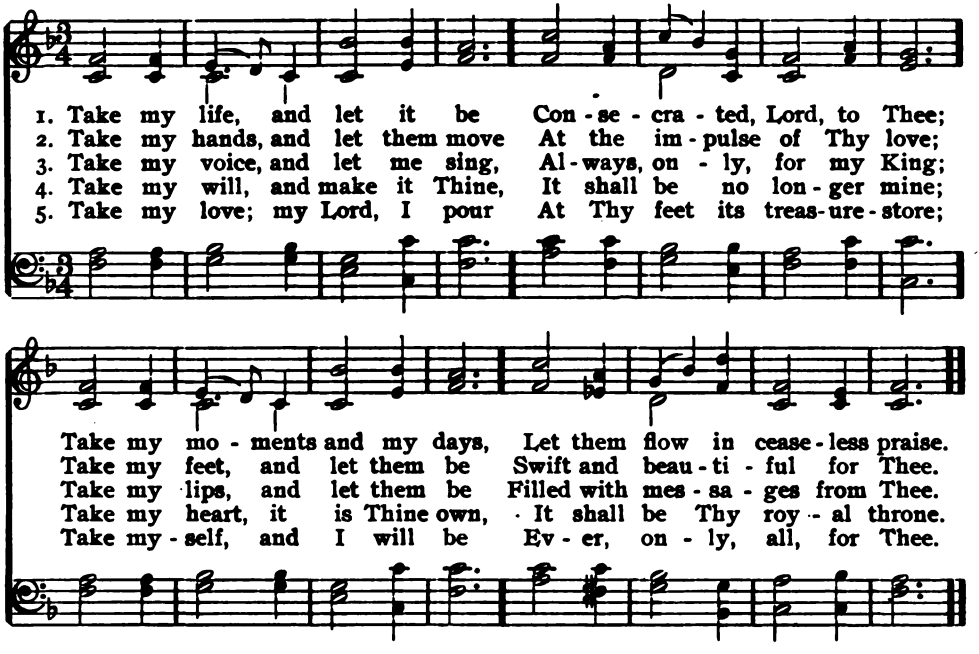
480 Bartholdy. L. M.

MADAME GUION. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



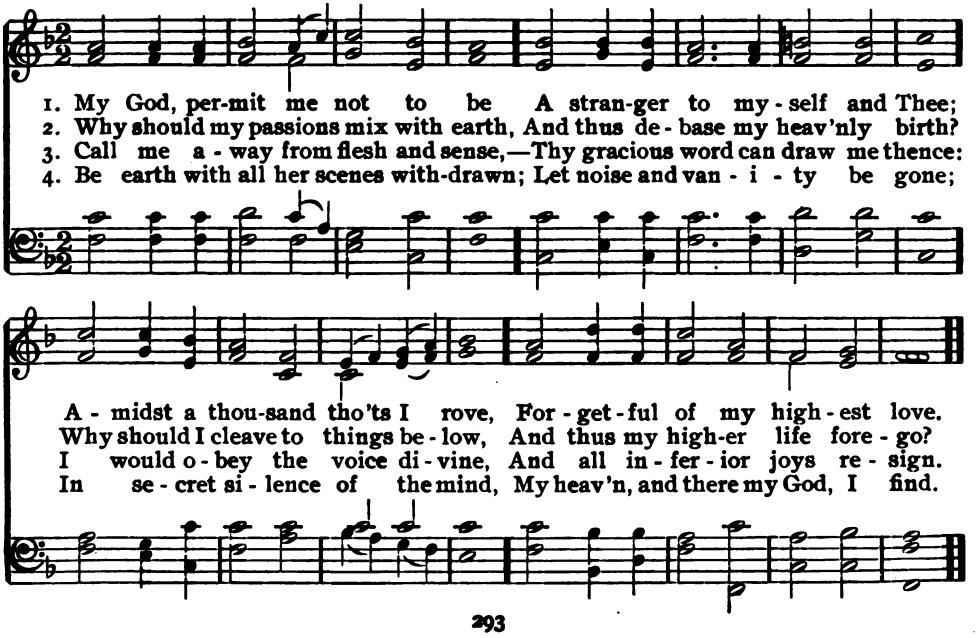
481 Zelotes.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 7. JOHANN W. A. MOZART.



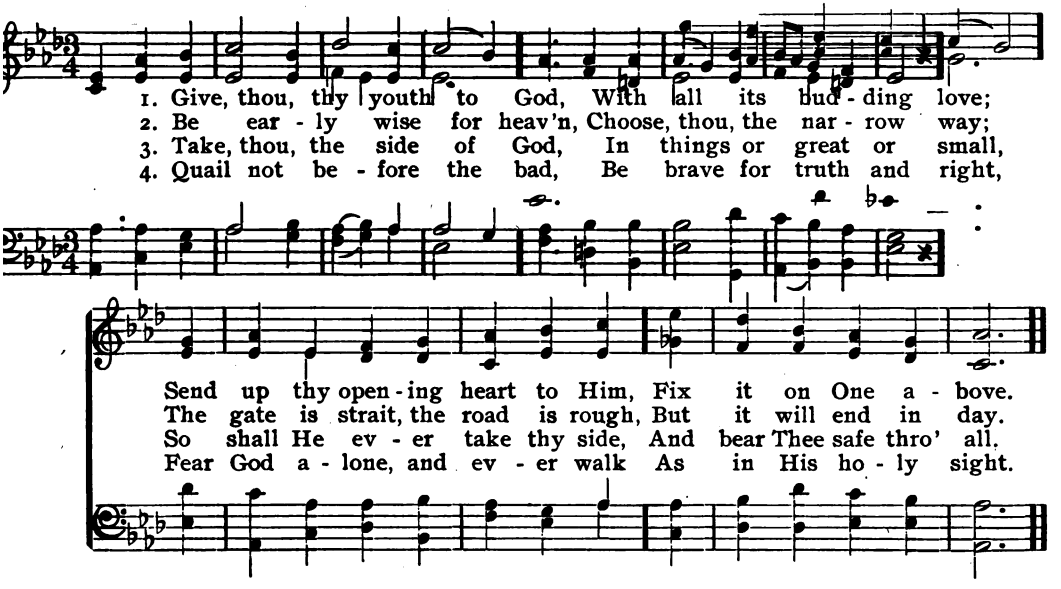
482 Federal Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HENRY K. OLIVER.



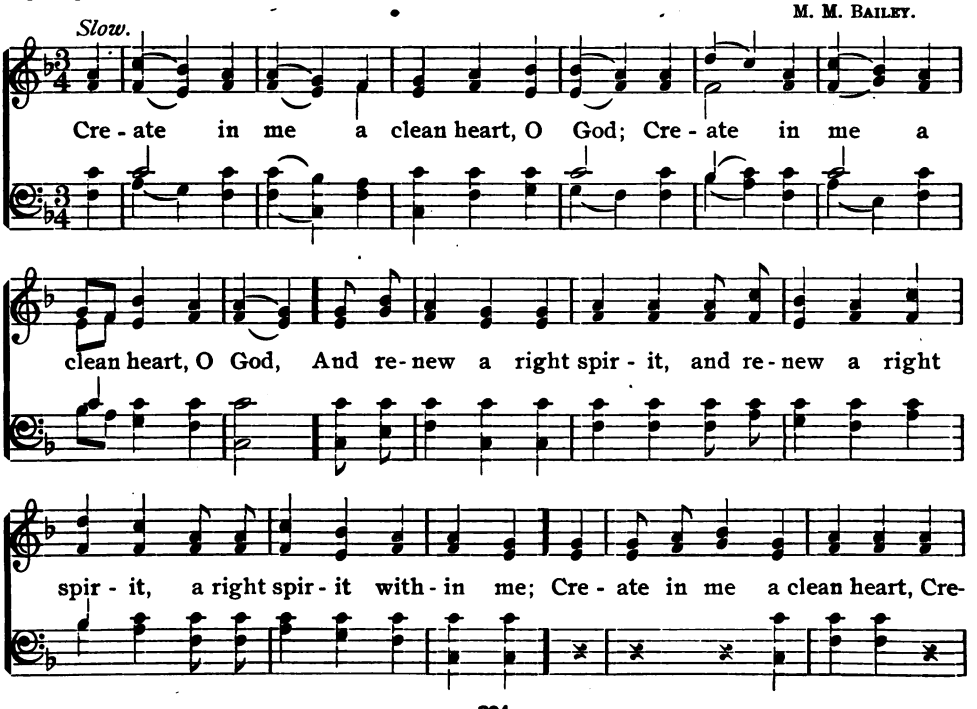
483 Schumann. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR. ARR. from R. SCHUMANN.

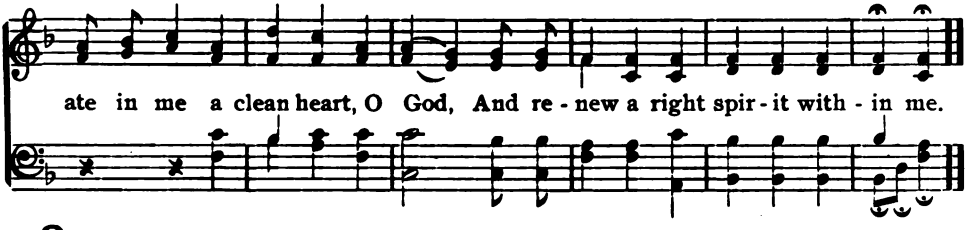


484 Create in Me a Clean Heart.

M. M. BAILEY.

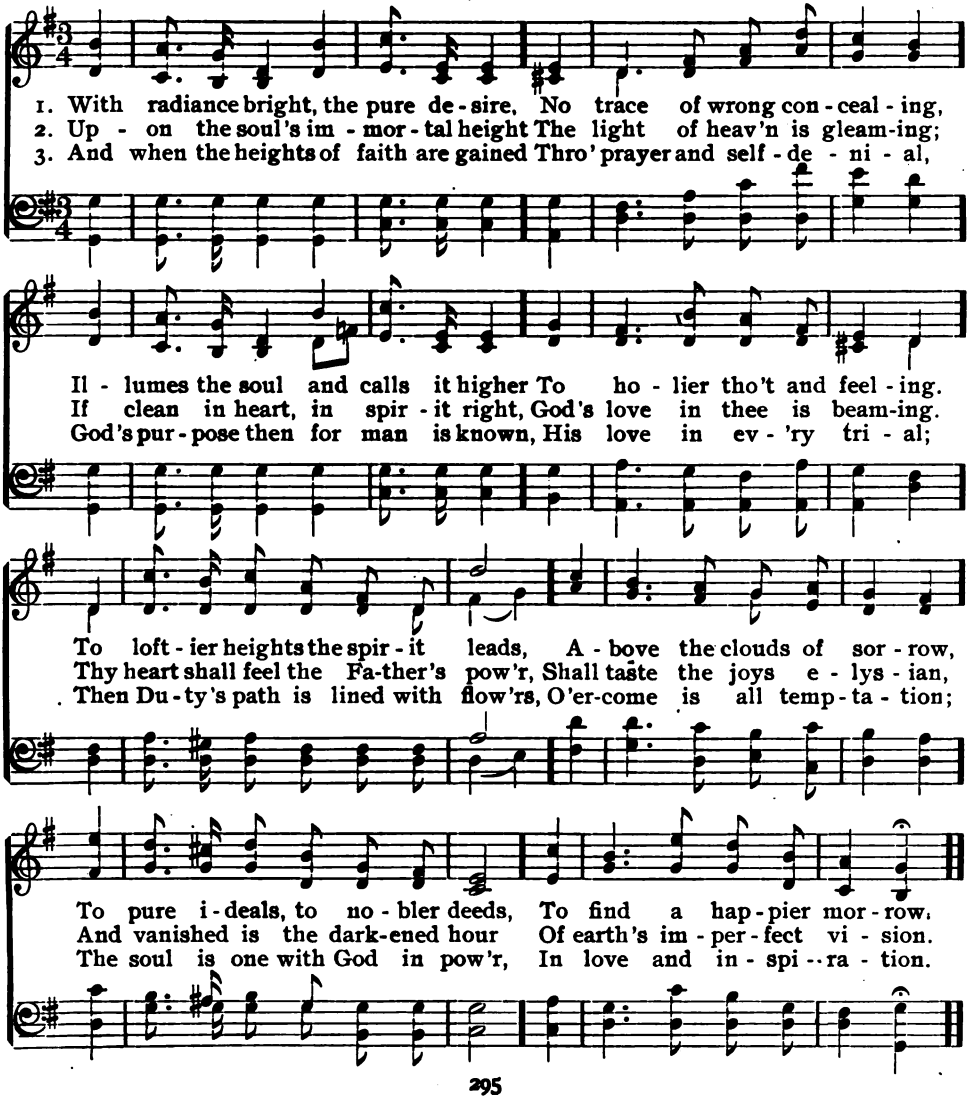


Create in Me a Clean Heart.



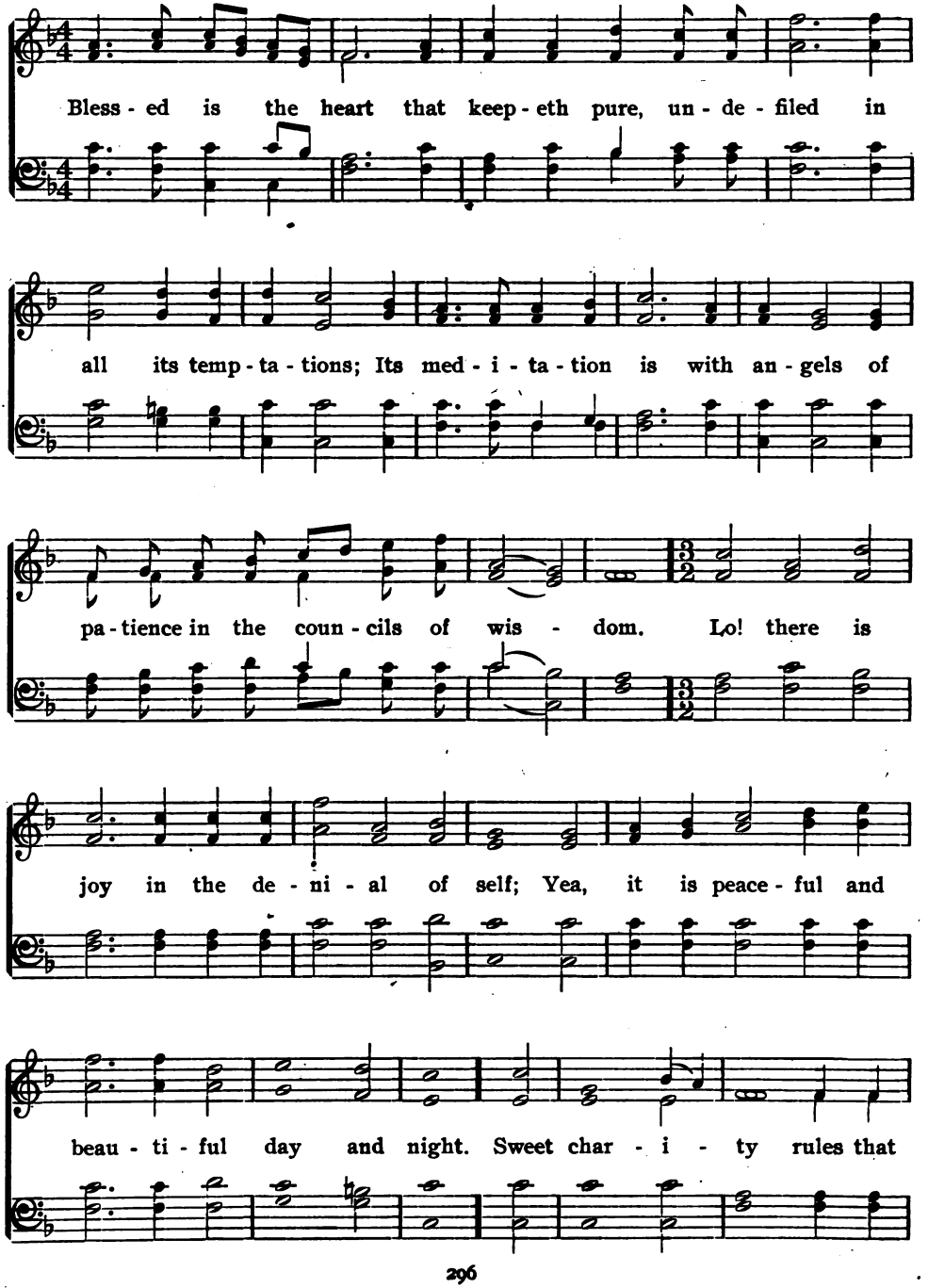
485 Demming.

CLARA L. HAYES. 8, 7. ALFRED BEIRLY.

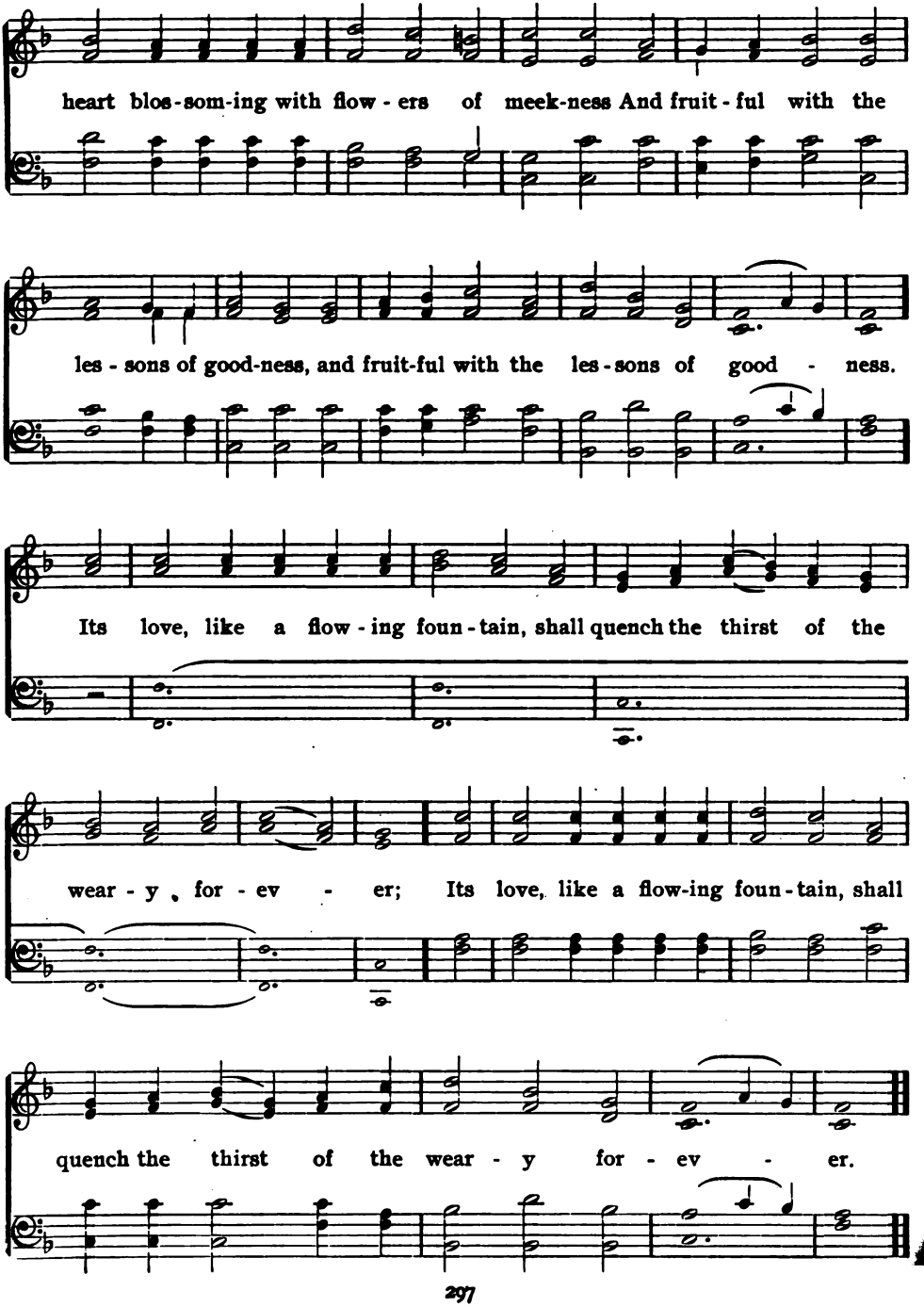


486 Blessed is the Heart.

Evangel. JAMES BAILEY.



Blessed is the Heart.



487 Meek and Lowly.

8, 7. S. GLOVER.

Slowly.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "Blessed Three,"
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Tho' de-ceived, be - liev - ing still;

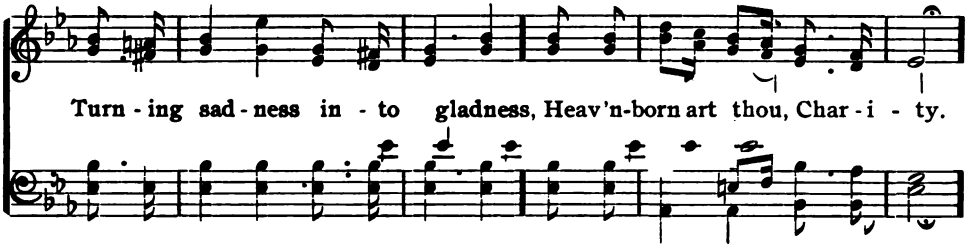
Turn- ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char- i - ty!
Long a - bid - ing, all con - fid - ing, To thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's will;

Pit - y dwell - eth in thy bos - om, Kindness reign-eth o'er thy heart;
Nev-er wear - y of well - do - ing, Nev - er fear - ful of the end;

Gen - tle tho'ts a - lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.
Claiming all man-kind as broth-ers, Thou dost all a - like be-friend.

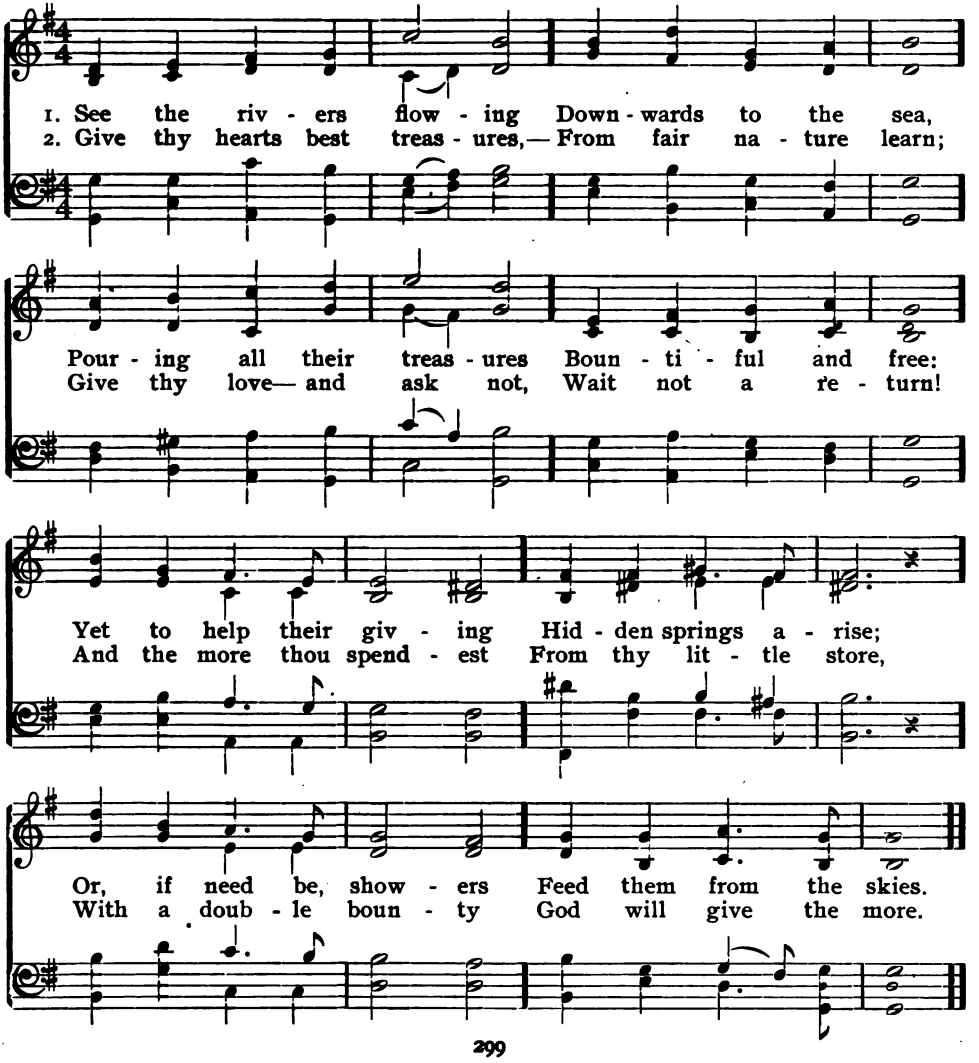
Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "Bless-ed Three,"

Meek and Lowly.



488 Edina.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR. 6, 5. HERBERT S. OAKELEY.



489 Think Gently of the Erring. C. M.

Miss Fletcher. E. H. Bailey.

1. Think gen - tly of the err - ing one, And let us not for - get,
2. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing one, For is it not e - nough
3. Speak kind - ly to the err - ing one; Thou yet mayst lead him back,

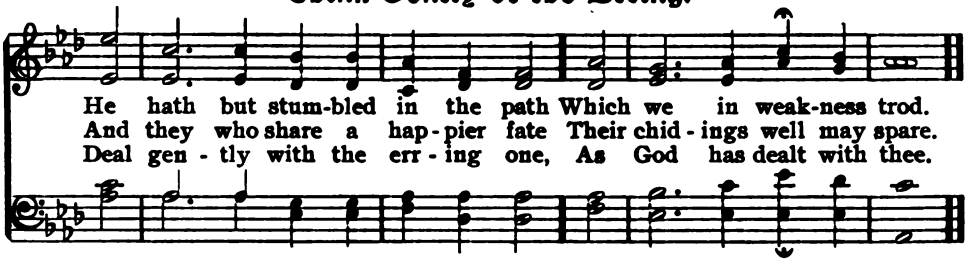
How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet;
That in - no-cence and peace have gone, With - out thy cen - sure rough?
With ho - ly words and tones of love, From mis - ery's thorn - y track;

Heir of the same in - her - it - ance, Child of the self-same God,
It sure must be a wear - y lot That sin-crushed heart to bear,
For - get not thou hast oft - en sinned, And sin - ful yet may be;

He hath but stum-bled in the path Which we in weak - ness trod,
And they who share a hap - pier fate Their chid - ings well may spare,
Deal gen - tle with the err - ing one, As God has dealt with thee,

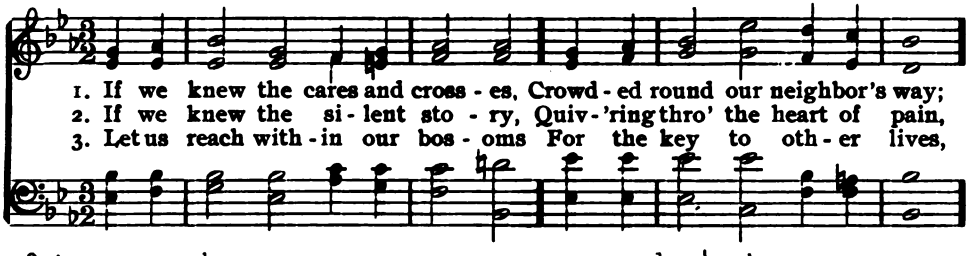
Which we in weak - ness trod Which we in weak - ness trod;
Their chid - ings well may spare, Their chid - ings well may spare;
As God has dealt with thee, As God has dealt with thee;

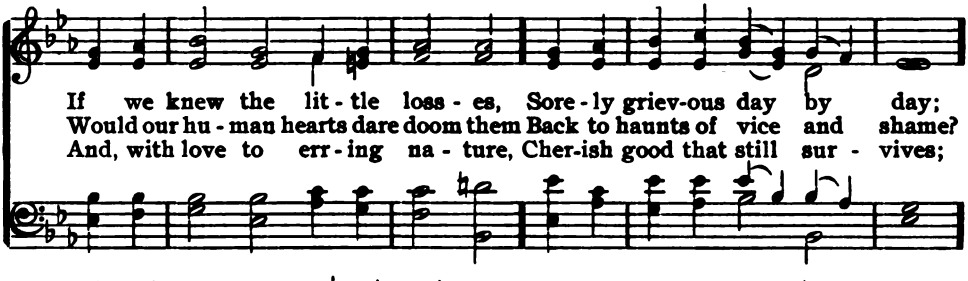
Think Gently of the Erring.

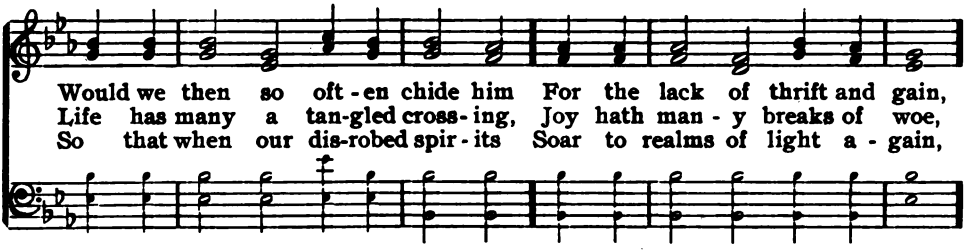


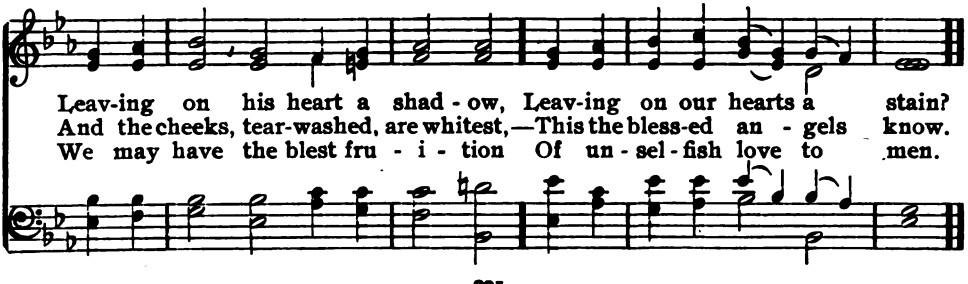
490 Charity.

8, 7. W. S. RIPLEY.









491 While the Days Are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER. 8, 7.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by,
4. Should mis-for - tune dark come o'er us, While the days are go - ing by,

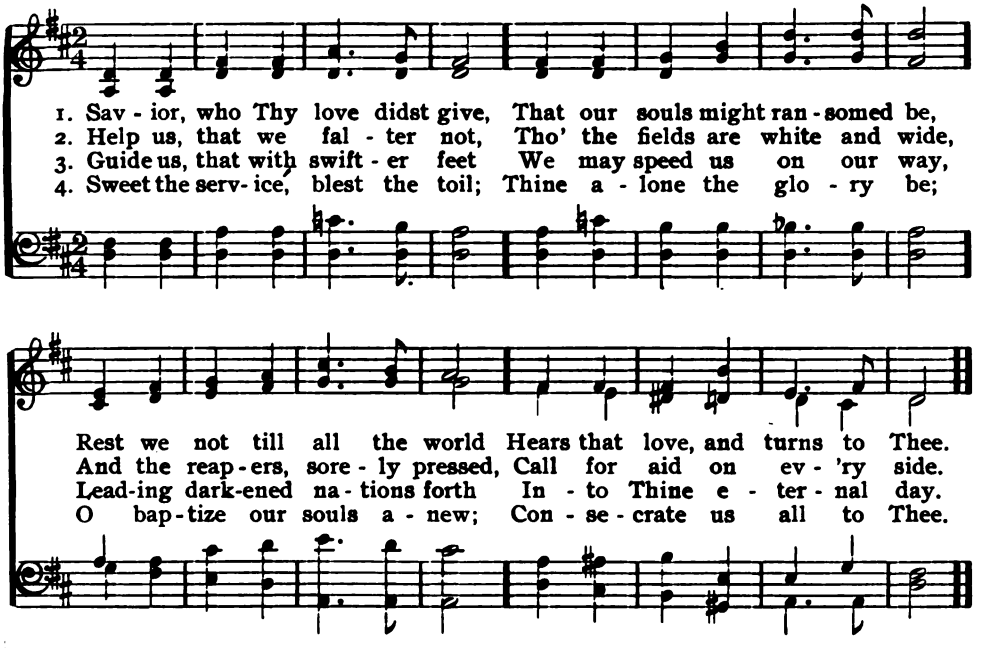
There are wear - y souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by.
Be our fa - ces like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by.
One by one, we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;
Think what brightness is be - fore us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,
Think of heav'n where all are blest, Where no sor - row can mo - lest,

Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.
Where we all shall be at rest, While the days are go - ing by.

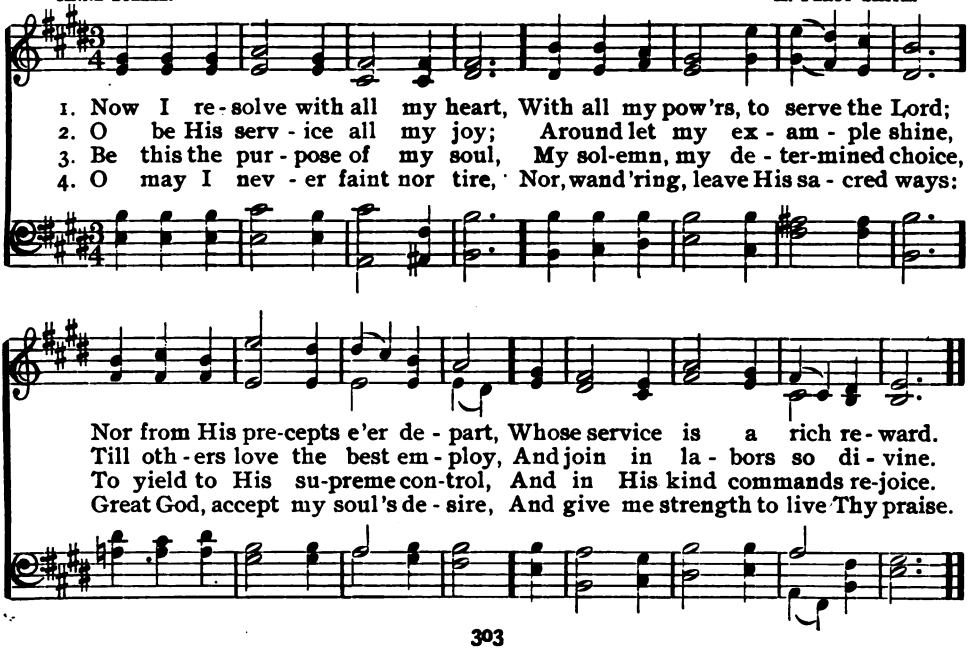
492 Cyprus.

A. D. F. Lockwood. 7. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



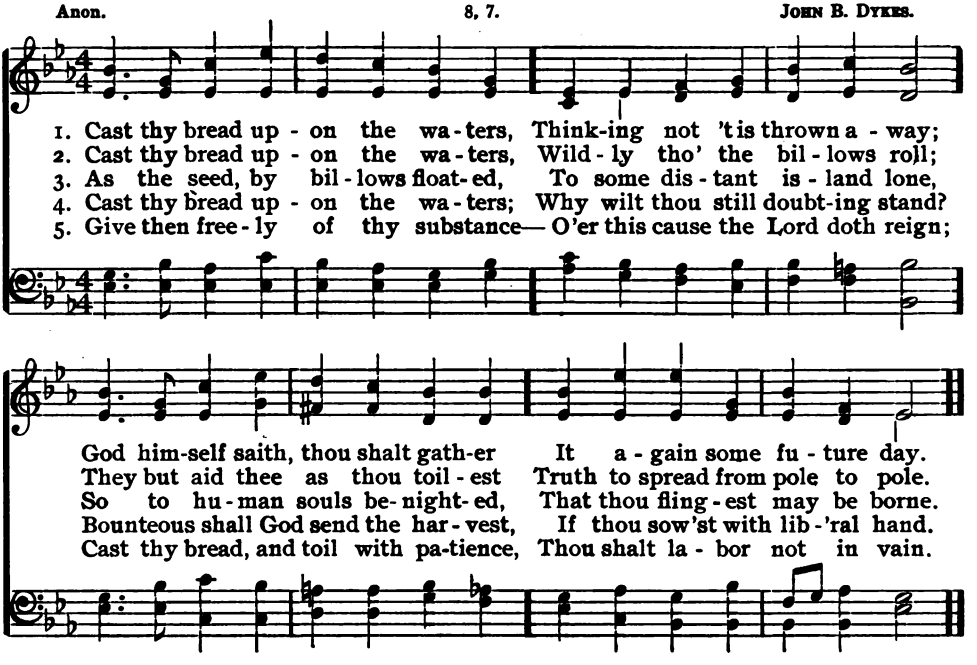
493 Maryton. L. M.

Anne Steele. H. Percy Smith.



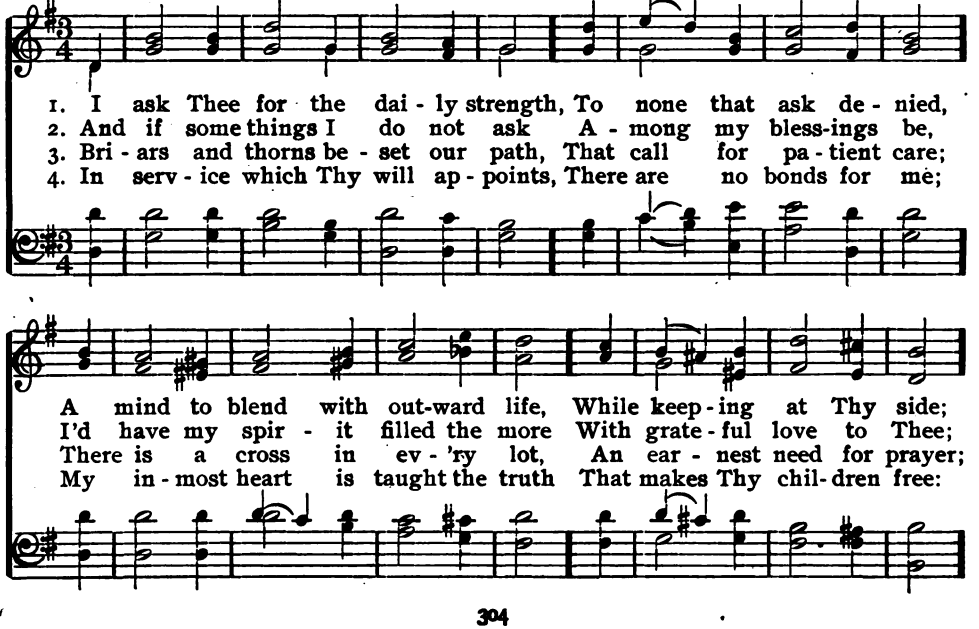
494 St. Oswald.

Anon. 8, 7. JOHN B. DYKES.

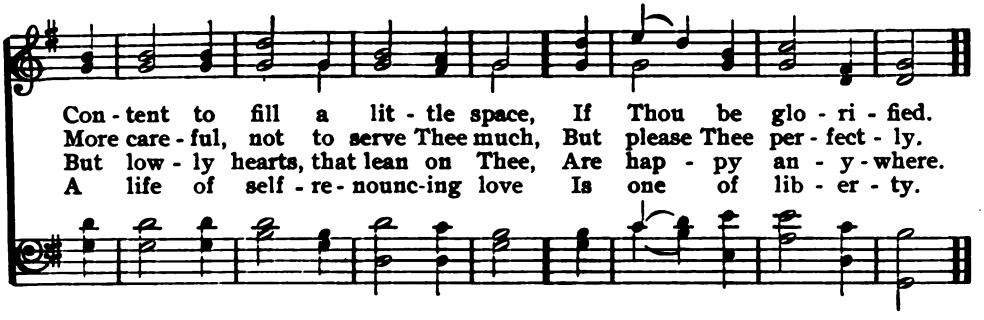


495 Spohr. C. M.

ANNA L. WARING. LUDWIG SPOHR.



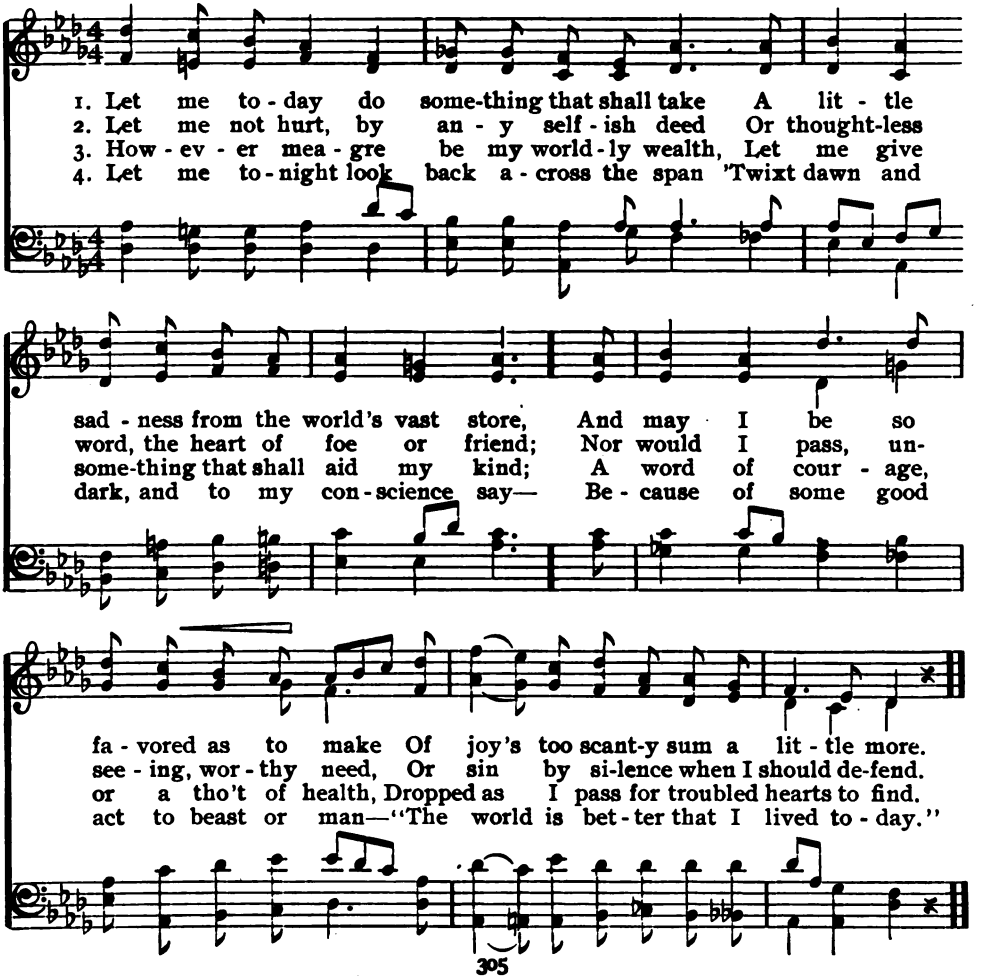
Spohr.



496 Weil.

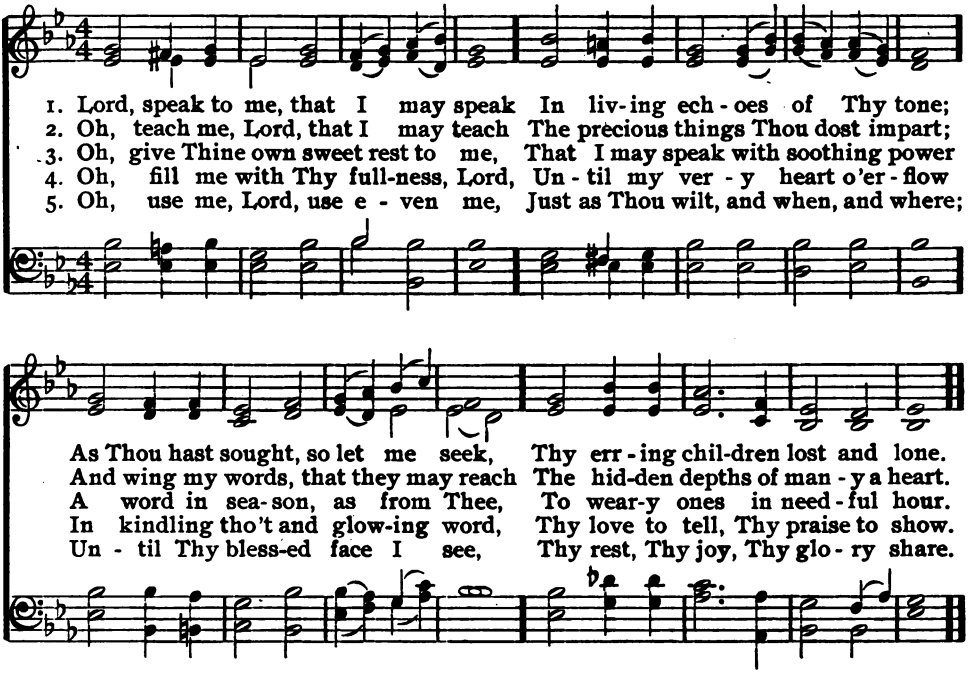
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 10. OSCAR WEIL.

Not too slow.



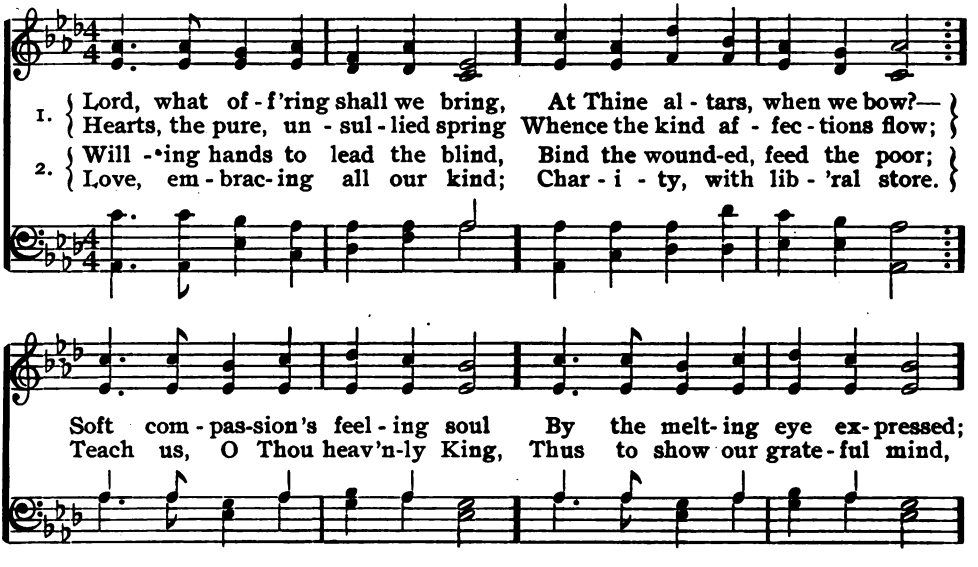
497 Holley. L. M.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE HEWS.

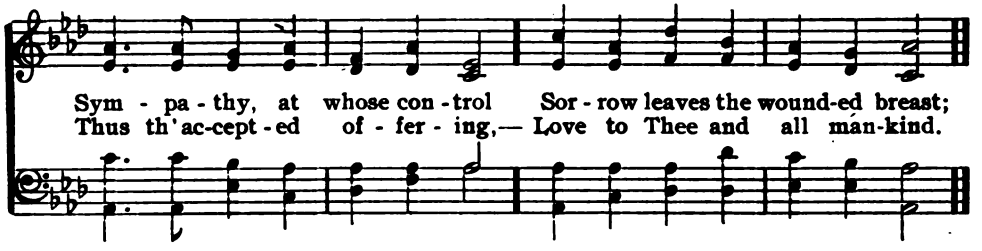


498 Spanish Hymn.

JOHN TAYLOR. 7. Spanish Melody.

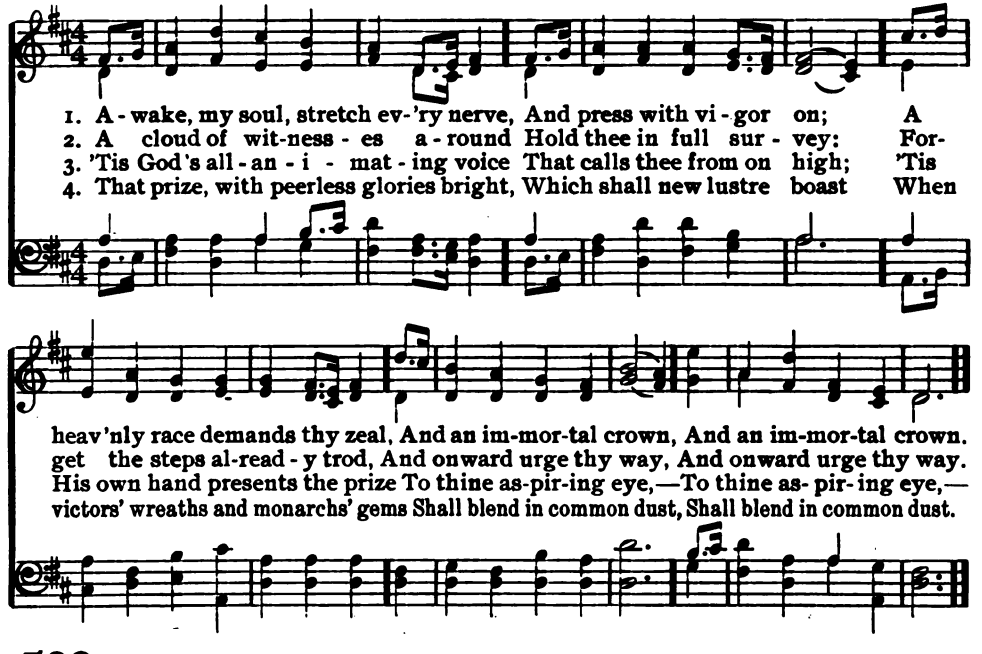


Spanish Hymn.



499 Christmas. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



500 Holy Fortitude.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

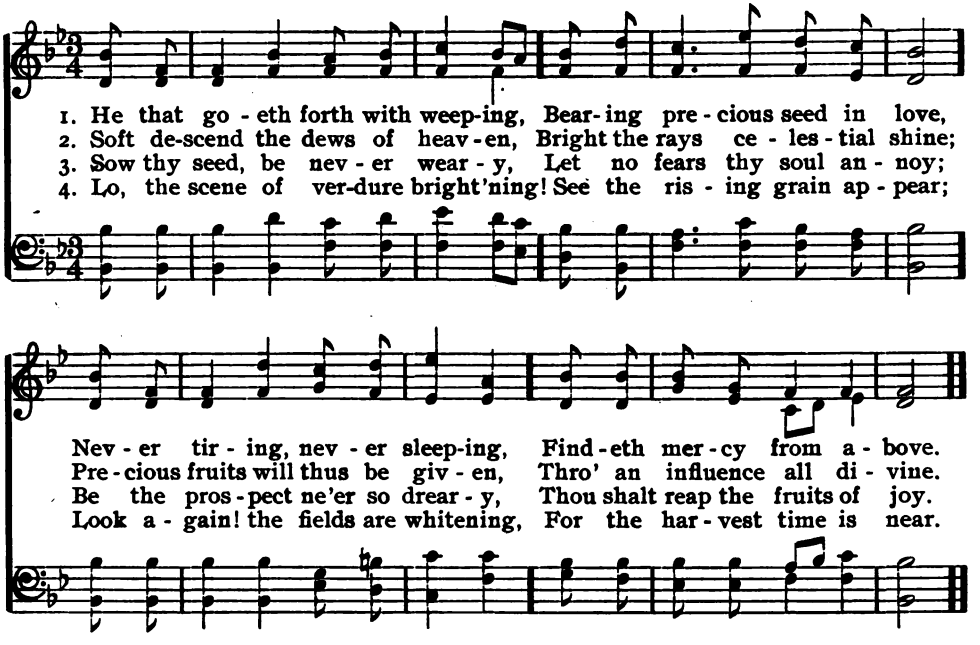
5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

—*Isaac Watts.*

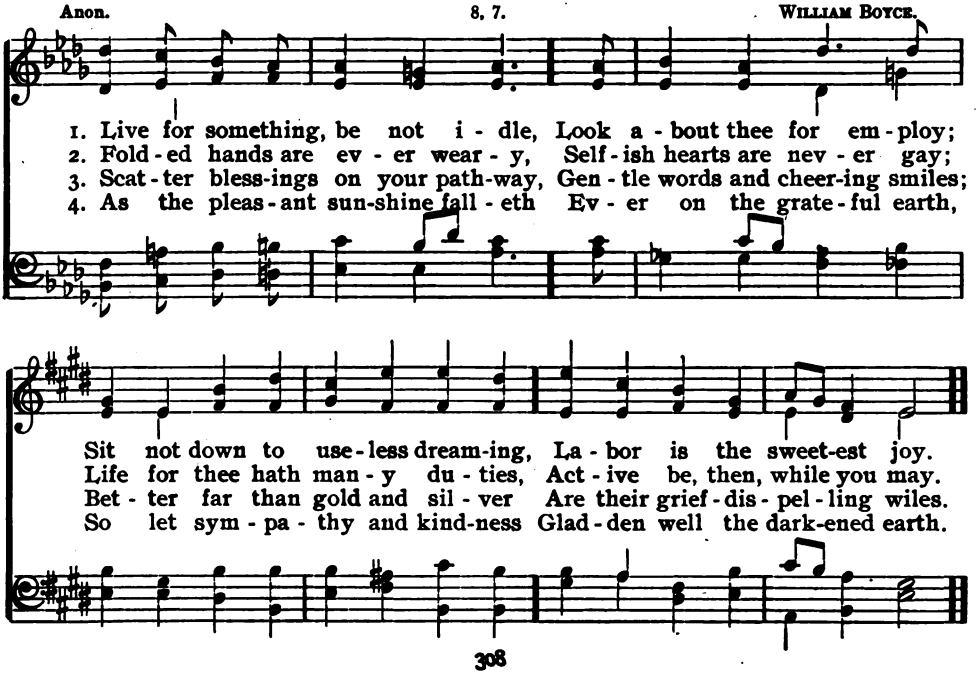
501 Stockwell.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 8, 7. DARIUS E. JONES.



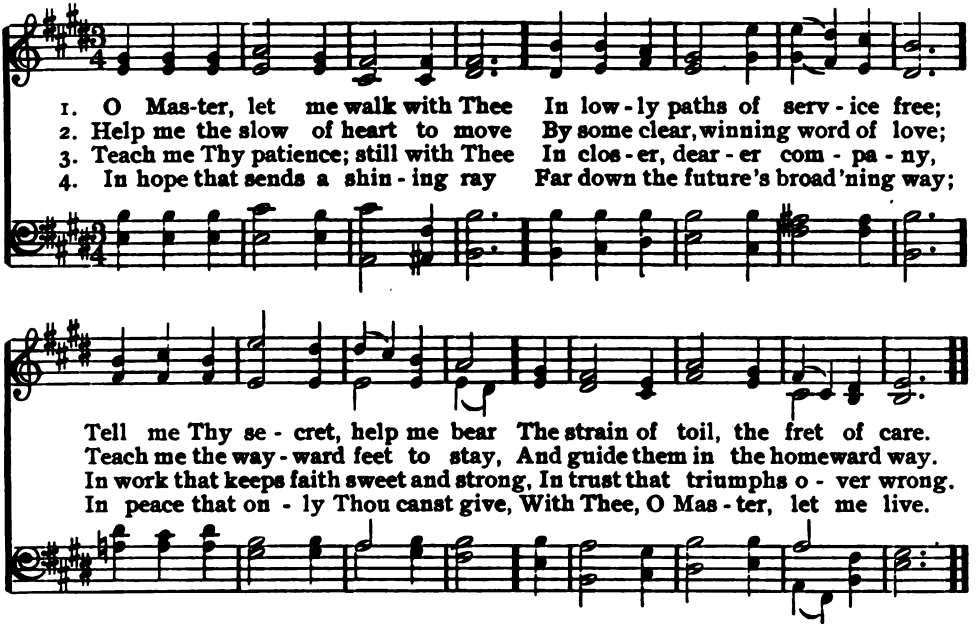
502 Sharon.

Anon. 8, 7. WILLIAM BOYCE.



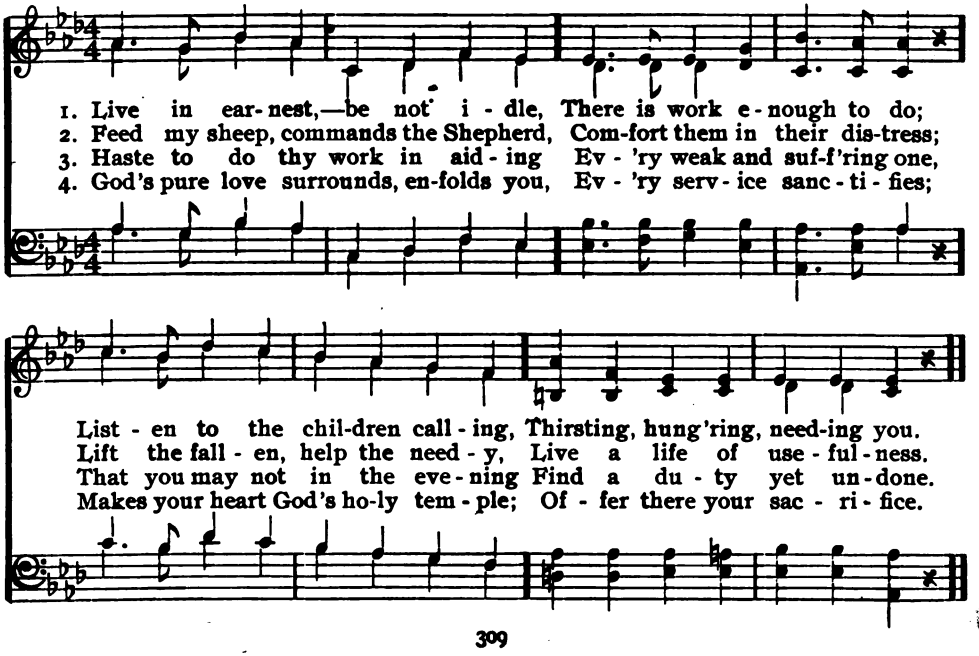
503 Maryton. L. M.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. H. PERCY SMITH.



504 Live in Earnest.

CLARA L. HAYES. 8. 7. J. W. CRAWFORD.



505 Selwyn. C. M.

CARL J. P. SPITTA,
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK.

J. TILLEARD.

1. How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth - ly fet - ters free,
2. How hap - pi - ly the work - ing days In this dear serv - ice fly!
3. Thus may I serve Thee, grac - ious Lord; Thus ev - er Thine a - lone,

In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;
How rap - id - ly the clos - ing hour, The time of rest draws nigh,
My soul and bod - y giv'n to Thee, The pur-chase Thou hast won;

The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com-mand,
When all the faith - ful gath - er home, A joy - ful com - pa - ny!
Thro' e - vil or thro' good re - port Still keep - ing by Thy side;

The mean - est of - fice to re - ceive With meek - ness at Thy hand.
And ev - er where the Mas - ter is Shall His blest serv-ants be.
And by my life, or by my death, Let Love be mag - ni - fied.

506 Work Song.

ANNA L. COGHILL. 7, 6, 5. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs.
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

507 Gathering Seed.

D. W. Crist. 10. Eva H. King.

Not too fast.

1. Out on the high-ways wher-ev-er we go, Seed we must gath-er and
2. Out of each mo-ment some good we ob-tain, Something to win-now and
3. Gath-er-ing seed, we must scat-ter as well; God will watch o-ver the

seed we must sow; E-ven the ti-ni-est seed has a pow'r,
scat-ter a-gain; All that we lis-ten to, all that we read,
place where it fell; On till the gain of the har-vest is ours;

Chorus.

Be it a this-tle, or be it a flow'r.
All that we think of, is gath-er-ing seed.
Shall we plant net-tles, or shall we plant flow'rs?
} That which we gath-er is

that which we sow, Seed-time and har-vest al-ter-nate-ly flow; When we have

fin-ished with time 't will be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

508 Your Mission.

ELLEN H. GATES. 8, 7. S. M. GRANNIS.

1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet,
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun-tain steep and high,
3. If you can - not in the con - flict Prove your-self a sol - dier true,

Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by;
If, where fire and smoke are thick - est, There's no work for you to do;

You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, An-chored yet with - in the bay;
You can chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long;
When the bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread,

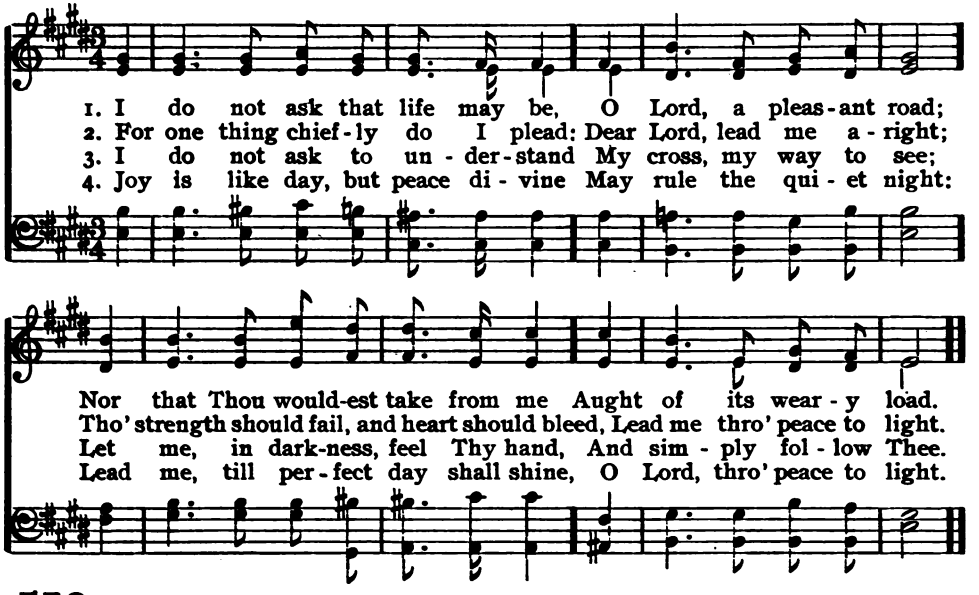
You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a - way,
Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song,
You can bear a - way the wound-ed, You can cov - er up the dead,

As they launch their boats a - way.
They will not for - get the song.
You can cov - er up the dead.

4 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
||:You can find it anywhere.:||

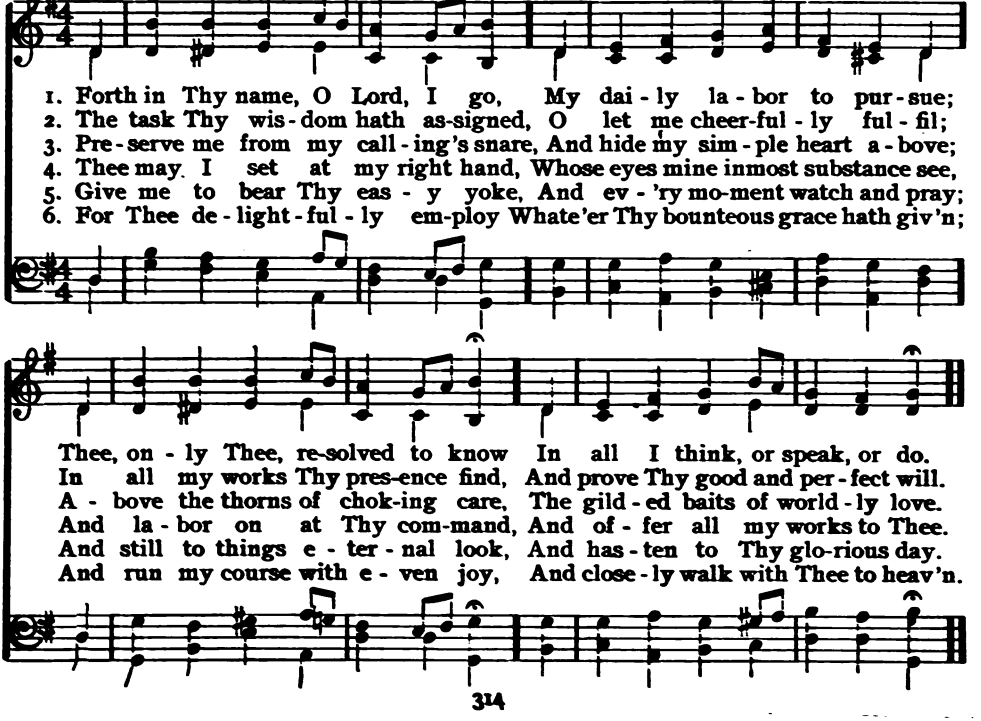
509 Serenity. C. M.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. ARR. from WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



510 Canonbury. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. ROBERT SCHUMANN.



511 Were the Days But One.

MARY L. DICKINSON. 10, 5. J. P. VANCE.

1. We would fill the hours with the sweetest things, Were the days but one;
2. We would guide our feet and our falt'ring wills By the world's true light;
3. We would waste no time in a weak re-gret, Were the days but one;

1. Were the days but one, but one;
2. By the world's true light, true light;
3. Were the days but one, but one;

rit.

We would on-ly pause at the pur-est springs, While the race we run;
We would keep our eyes on the heav'nly hills, When they came in sight;
We would cease to pine if our sun must set With the set of sun;

While the race we run;
When they came in sight;
With the set of sun;

We would learn all love ere the day had flown, If the hours were few;
We would cast our pride and our dis-con-tent At the Lord's dear feet;
We would work and pray, and he-ro-ic be, Not a task we'd shun;

If the hours were few, were few;
At the Lord's dear feet. dear feet;
Not a task we'd shun, we'd shun;

We would cease from dreams, and would live alone But to be, and do.
We would take the good by our Fa-ther sent, With a trust com-plete.
We would live for God and e-ter-ni-ty, Were the days but one.

But to be, and do.
With a trust com-plete.
Were the days but one.

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512 Forsake Not the Right.

11, 10.

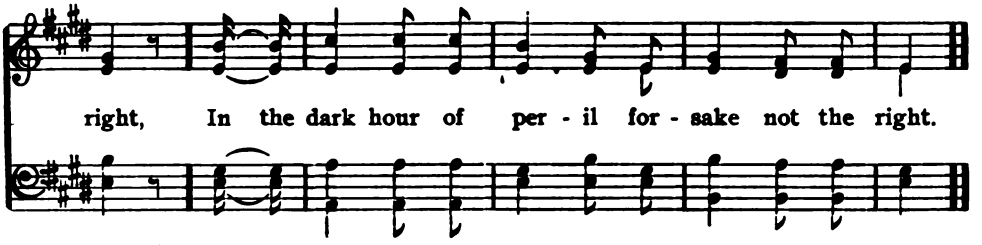
1. In the dark hour of per - il for - sake not the right, Tho' the storm gath - er wild on the o - cean at night; If the lone bark speed true on its tem - pest-tossed way, To - mor - row 't will rest in the
2. If foes gath - er round thee, for - sake not the right; Let truth cheer thee on with its bea - cons of light; The hour is the dark - est that her - alds the morn; That flow'r is the fair - est that
3. If friends should forsake thee, for - sake not the right; Heav-en's shore is be - fore thee, im - mor - tal and bright; The love of false friendship is val - ue - less there; The friends that de - part on - ly
4. If sor - row en - com - pass, for - sake not the right; The har - vest of joy shall yet glad - den thy sight; The mourn - er that walks thro' the val - ley of tears Shall trav - el the path of the
5. In the path - way of life, O for - sake not the right; Joy comes in the morn - ing, tho' dark is the night; And the hour is the dark - est that her - alds the morn; The flow'r is the fair - est that

REFRAIN.

sun - light - ed bay.
hid - eth the thorn.
pur - chase de - spair.
glo - ri - fied years.
hid - eth the thorn.

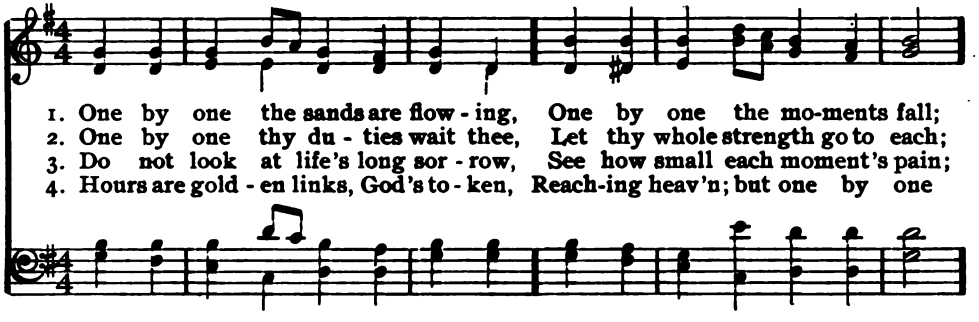
For - sake not the right, for - sake not the

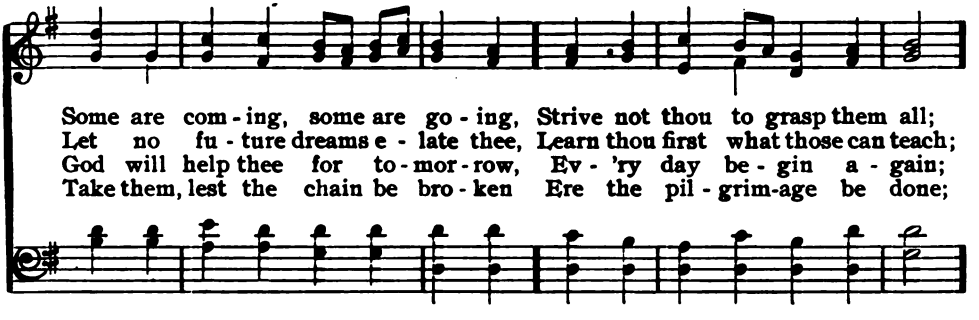
Forsake Not the Right.

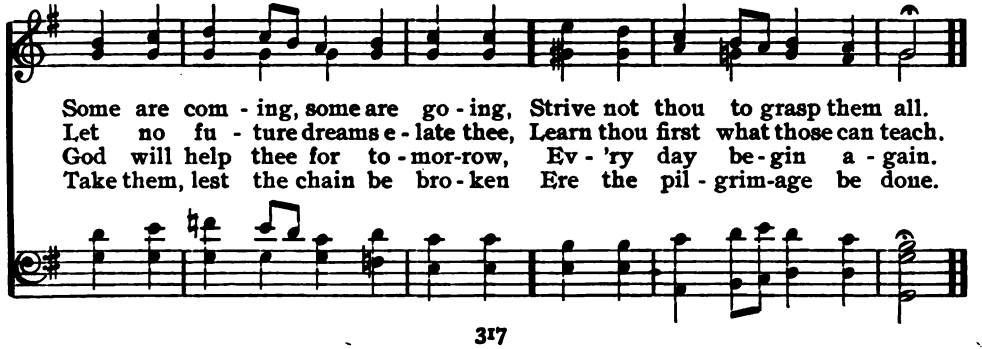


513 Muriel.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. 8, 7. CHARLES GOUNOD.







514 Victory! P. M.

A. B. (A Christian Battle-Hymn.) ALFRED BEIRLY.

f March time.

1. To vic - to - ry! to vic - to - ry! In the name of the King of glo - ry,
2. To vic - to - ry! to vic - to - ry! For the hand of the Lord will guide us;
3. To vic - to - ry! to vic - to - ry! In the strength of the Rock of A - ges,

The re-deemed of the world march with ban - ners un-furled, And pro-
'Gainst the ranks of the foe He commands us to go, And His
Firm - ly trust in the Lord, ev - er true to His word, While the

claim sal - va - tion's sto - ry. Press - ing on, brave and true, ev - 'ry
pres - ence is be - side us. With a rush and a shout we will
con - flict fierce - ly ra - ges. We will strive with a will ev - 'ry

foe to sub - due, Rais - ing high the cross be - fore us; Right will
put them to rout; May Je - ho - vah's arm de - fend us; We are
pledge to ful - fil, That our cause may be vic - to - rious; With our

sure - ly pre - vail, and our cause can - not fail, For vict'ry's flag waves o'er us,
wag - ing a fight for sal - va - tion and right, And vic - t'ry will at - tend us,
Lord in command we shall con-quer the land, His tri-umph will be glo - rious,

Victory!

p REFRAIN.

For vic-t'ry's flag waves o'er us.
And vic-t'ry will at-tend us.
His tri-umph will be glo-rious.
} We march, we march with banners bright,

Je-ho-vah is our De-fend-er! He shall lead us on till our

f *ff*

work is done; The Lord is our Com-mand-er In the bat-tle for the right.

515 Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

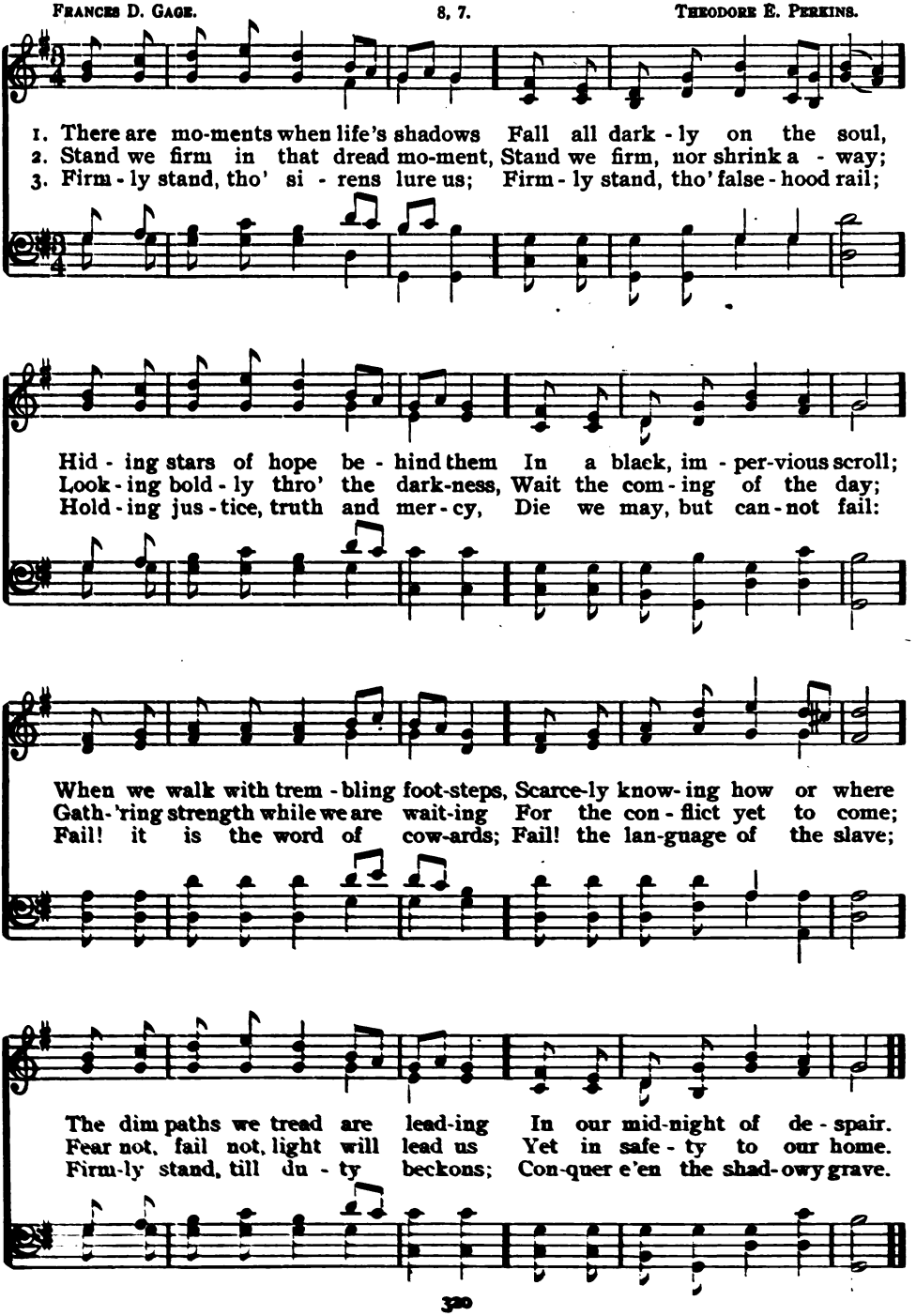
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to His blest a-bode.

516

Courage.

FRANCES D. GAGE. 8, 7. THEODORE E. PERKINS.



517 O Star of Truth.

MINOT J. SAVAGE. 7, 6. CONRADIN KREUTZER.

1. O star of Truth, down shining Thro' clouds of doubt and fear, I
2. The bleed-ing feet of mar-tyrs Thy toil-some road have trod; But
3. Tho' lov-ing friends for-sake me, Or plead with me in tears; Tho'

ask but 'neath thy guidance My path-way may ap-pear. How-ev-er long the
fires of hu-man pas-sion May light the way to God. Then, tho' my feet should
an-gry foes may threaten To shake my soul with fears; Still to my high al-

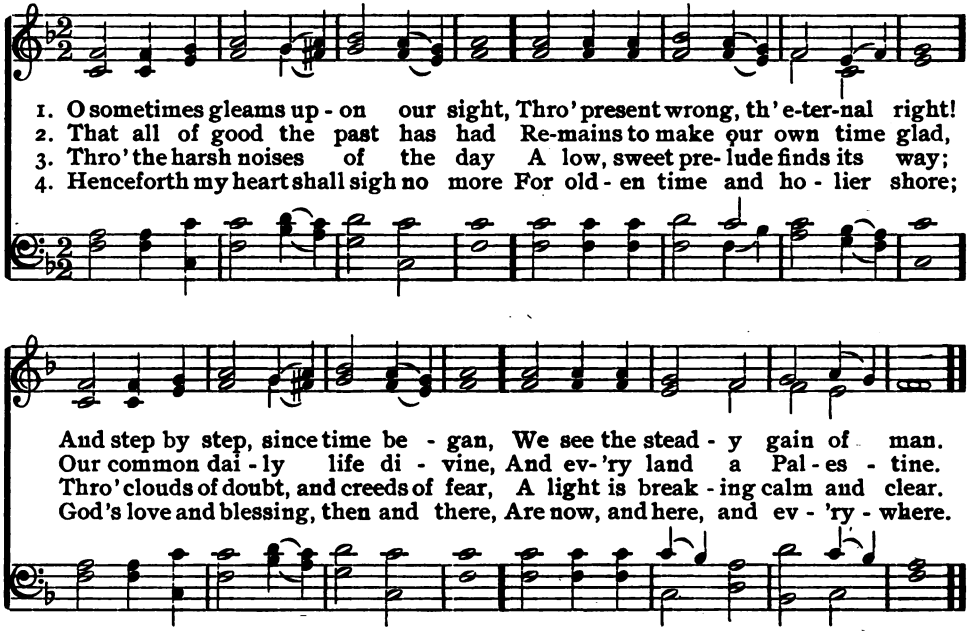
jour-ney, How hard so-e'er it be, Tho' I be lone and wear-y,
fal-ter, While I thy beams can see, Tho' I be lone and wear-y,
le-giance I must not faith-less be; Thro' life and death, for-ev-er,

Lead on, I'll fol-low thee! Lead on, I'll fol-low thee!

Lead on, I'll fol-low thee!

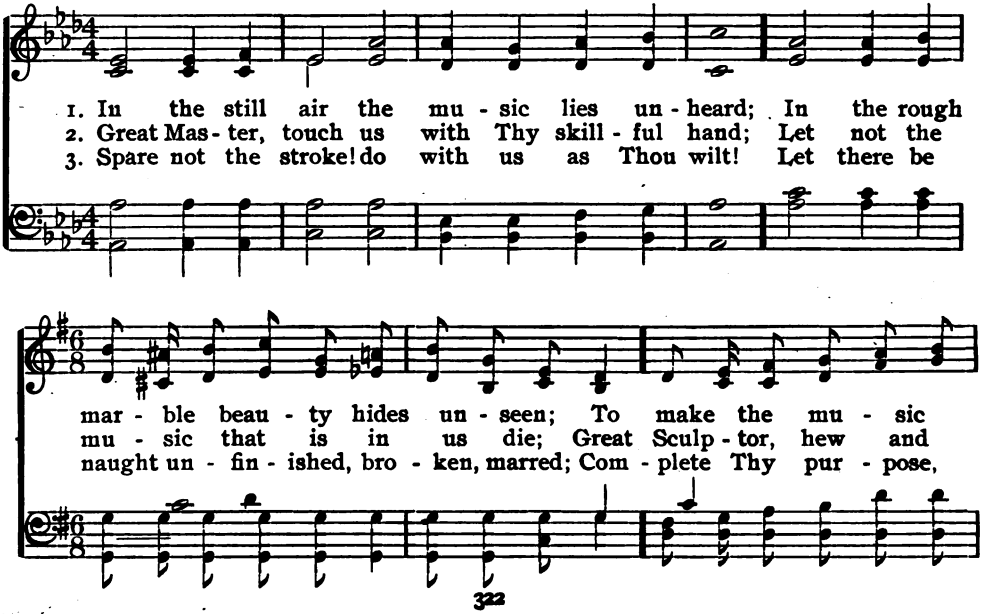
518 Hamburg. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.

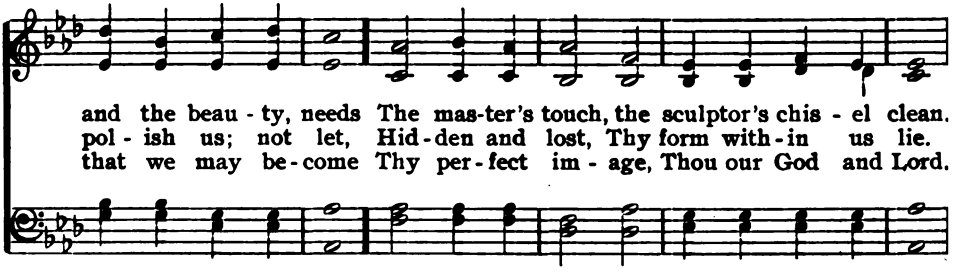


519 Ellerton.

HORATIUS BONAR. 10. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

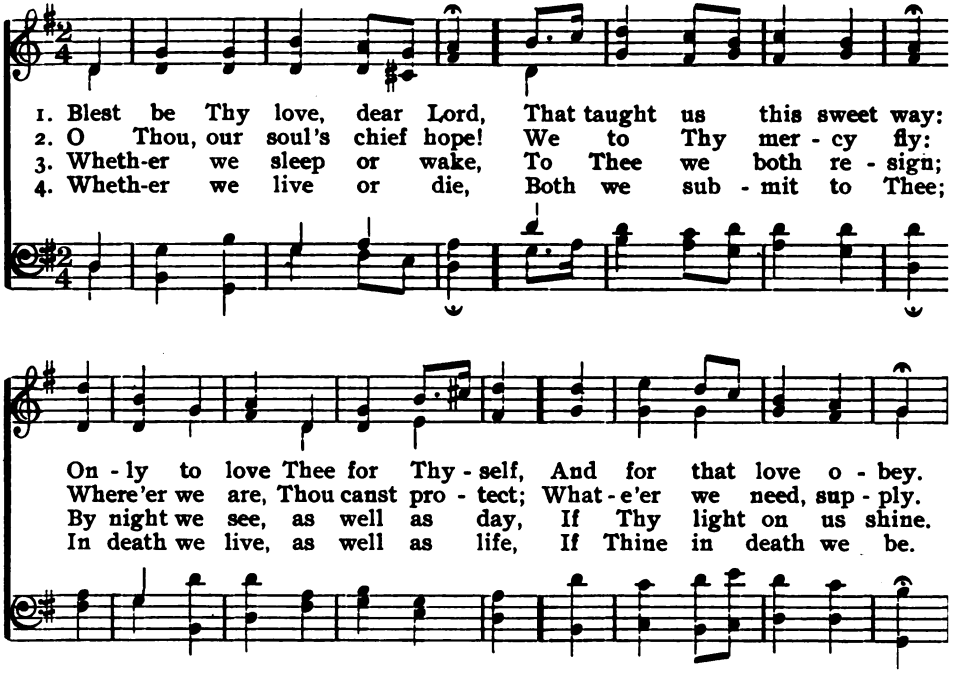


Ellerton.



520 St. Thomas. S. M.

JOHN AUSTIN. WILLIAM TANSUR.



521 The New Life.

1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And thro' thy Spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake!

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

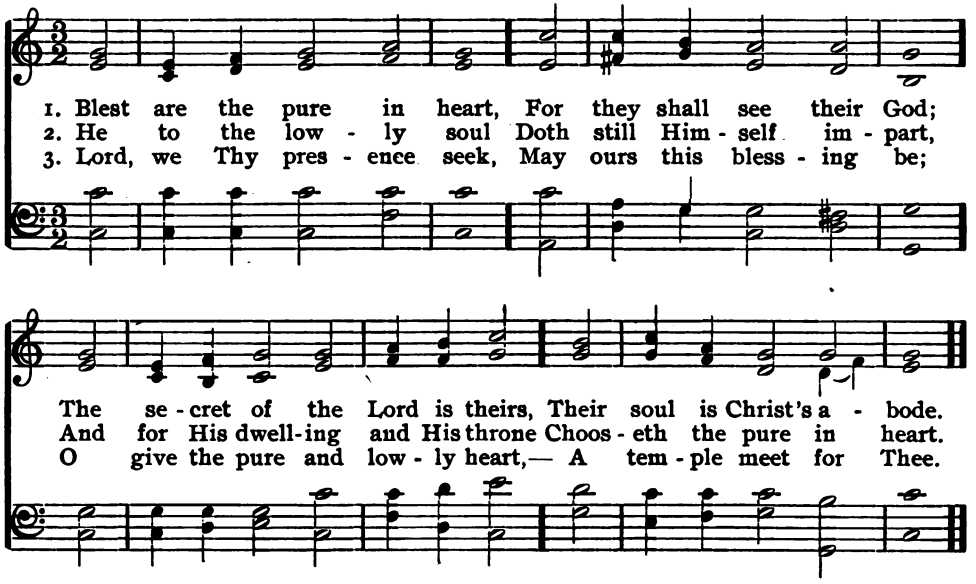
3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe Thy word,
And place Thine image there.

—*Stephen G. Bulfinch.*

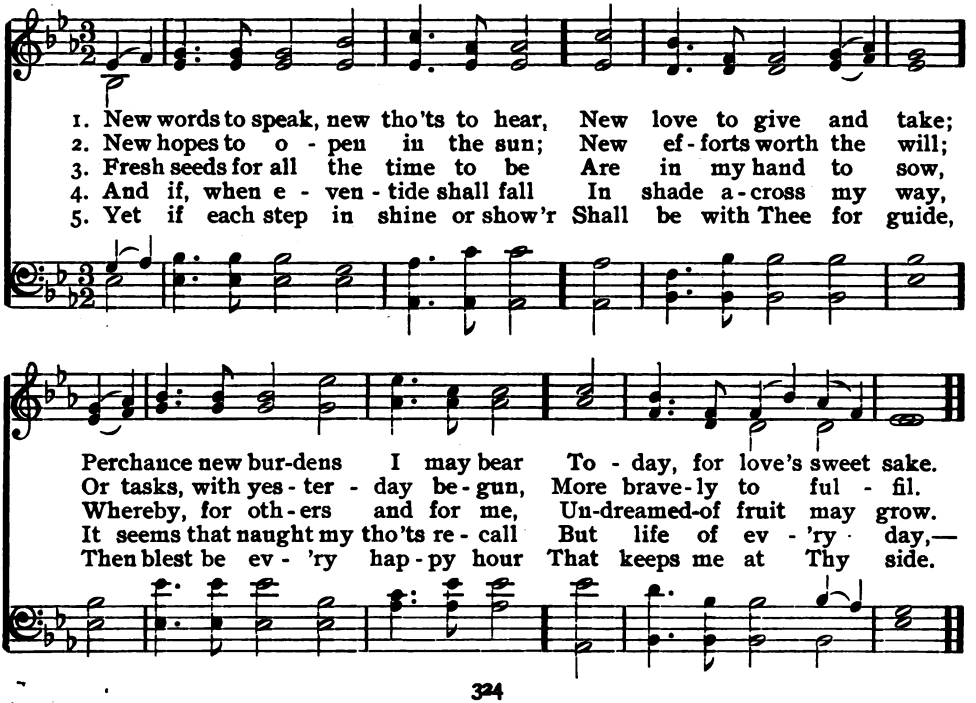
522 Boylston. S. M.

JOHN KEBLE. LOWELL MASON.



523 Southport. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



524 Bernard.

CLARA L. HATES. 8, 6. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O sa - cred Peace, O per - fect Peace! De-scend, Thou heav'nly dove,
2. We ask not for the peace of death The ach - ing heart to still;
3. We ask for peace that thrills with life, With pow'r and ho - li - ness;
4. O ho - ly Peace, O sa - cred Peace! Be o'er us when the night
5. O may we walk in paths of peace, And climb the up - ward way,

In - spire our hearts to no - bler deeds, To pur - er, ho - lier love.
But peace that proves the les - son learned, Sub-mis - sion to God's will.
The peace God sends to right-eous hearts, To en - er - gize and bless.
With un-known ter - rors fills the soul; O give us then thy light.
Still guid - ed on by truth and love, That lead to end - less day.

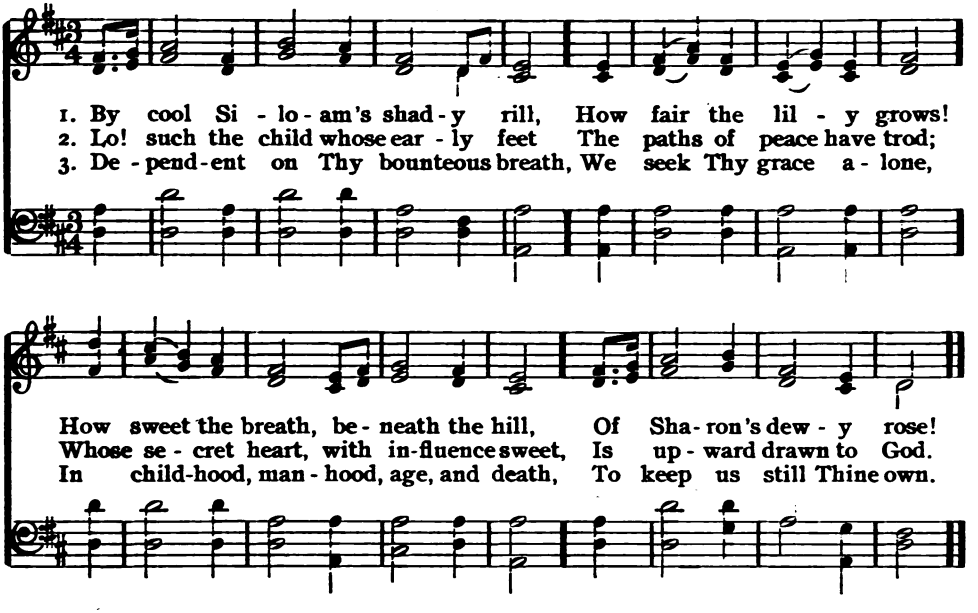
REFRAIN.

O peace of God, de - scend, Thy sweet re - pose im - part,

Thy tran - quil pleas - ures send, To calm each troub - led heart.

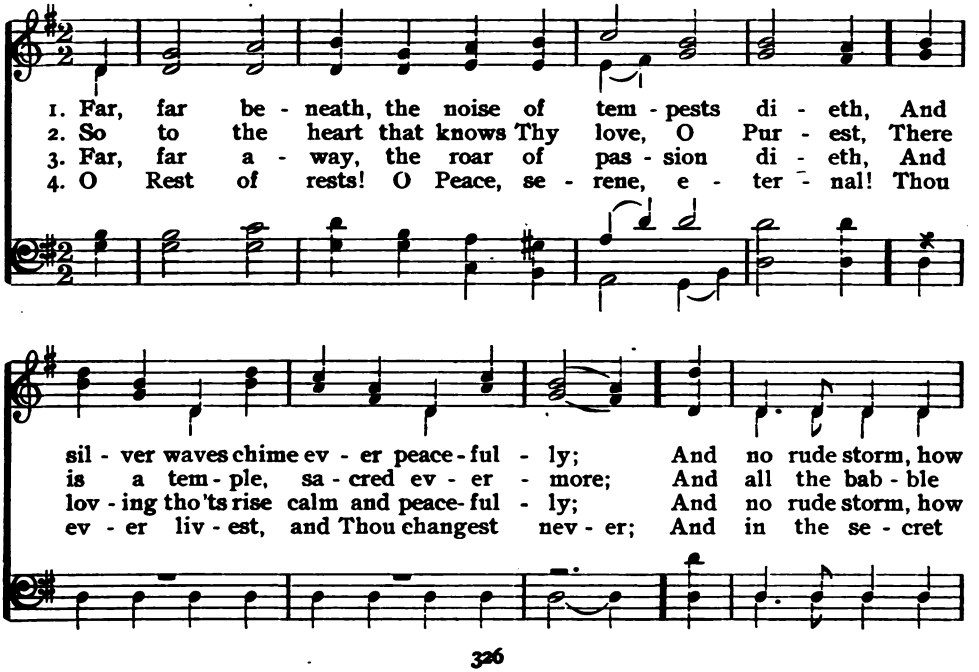
525 Siloam. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

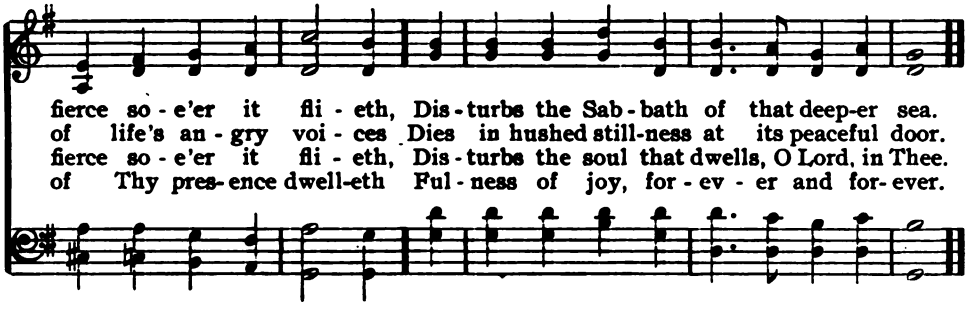


526 Rest.

HARRIET B. STOWE. 11, 10. CH. BEECHER.

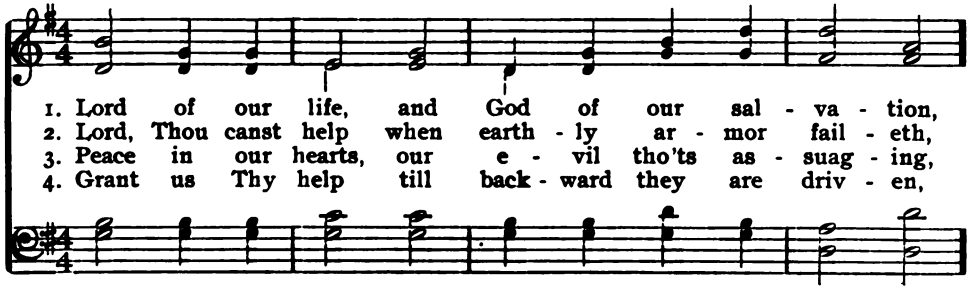


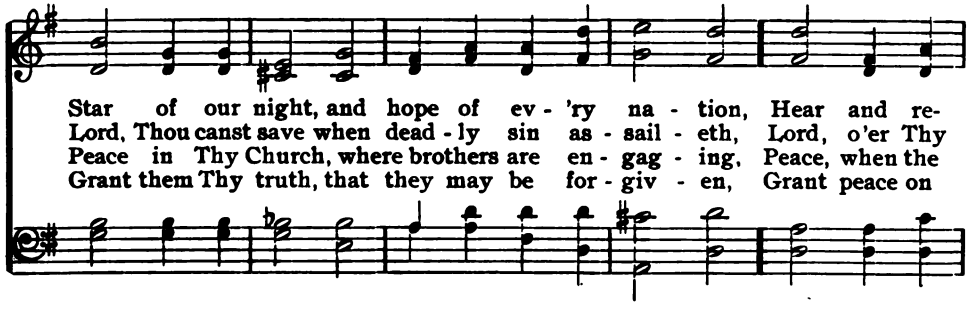
Rest.

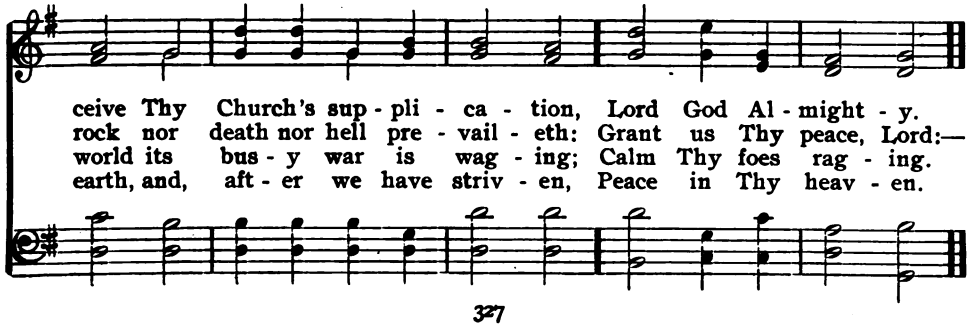


527 Ecclesia.

PHILIP PUSEY, tr. 11, 5. GEORGE M. GARRETT.







528 Carol. C. M.

EDMUND H. SEARS. RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long;
4. And ye, be - neath life's crushing load Whose forms are bend- ing low,
5. For lo, the days are hast'ning on By proph-et - bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
Be - neath the an - gel-strain have rolled Two thou - sand years of wrong;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all- gra-cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
And man, at war with man, hears not The love - song which they bring:
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When Peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

529 America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. 6, 4. HENRY CAREY. ARR. by JOHN W. TUFTS.

Moderato.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

530 Keller's American Hymn.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. 10. MARTYN KELLER.

f

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan - dered too long; Spread thy white
2. Broth - ers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Ming - ling the
3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain; Hark! a new

p

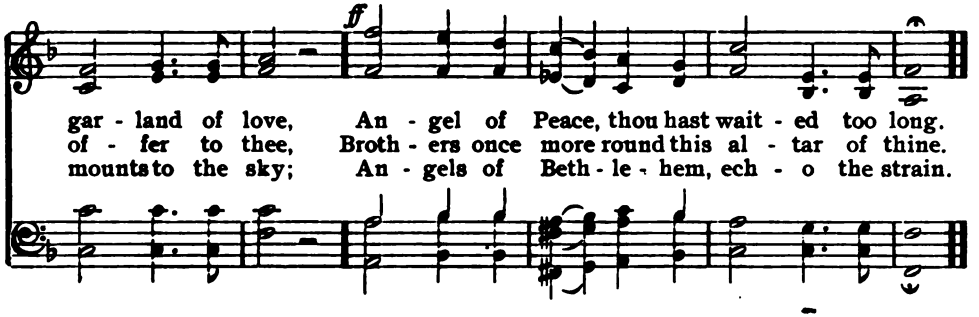
wings to the sun-shine of love; Come, while our voi - ces are
gifts we have gath-ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of
birth-song is fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that

blend - ed in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beat - en dove:
myr - tle and pine, Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea:
tum - bles the main, Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply:

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, Speed o'er the
Mead - ow and moun-tain and for - est and sea,— Sweet is the
Let the loud tem - pest of voi - ces re - ply, Roll its long

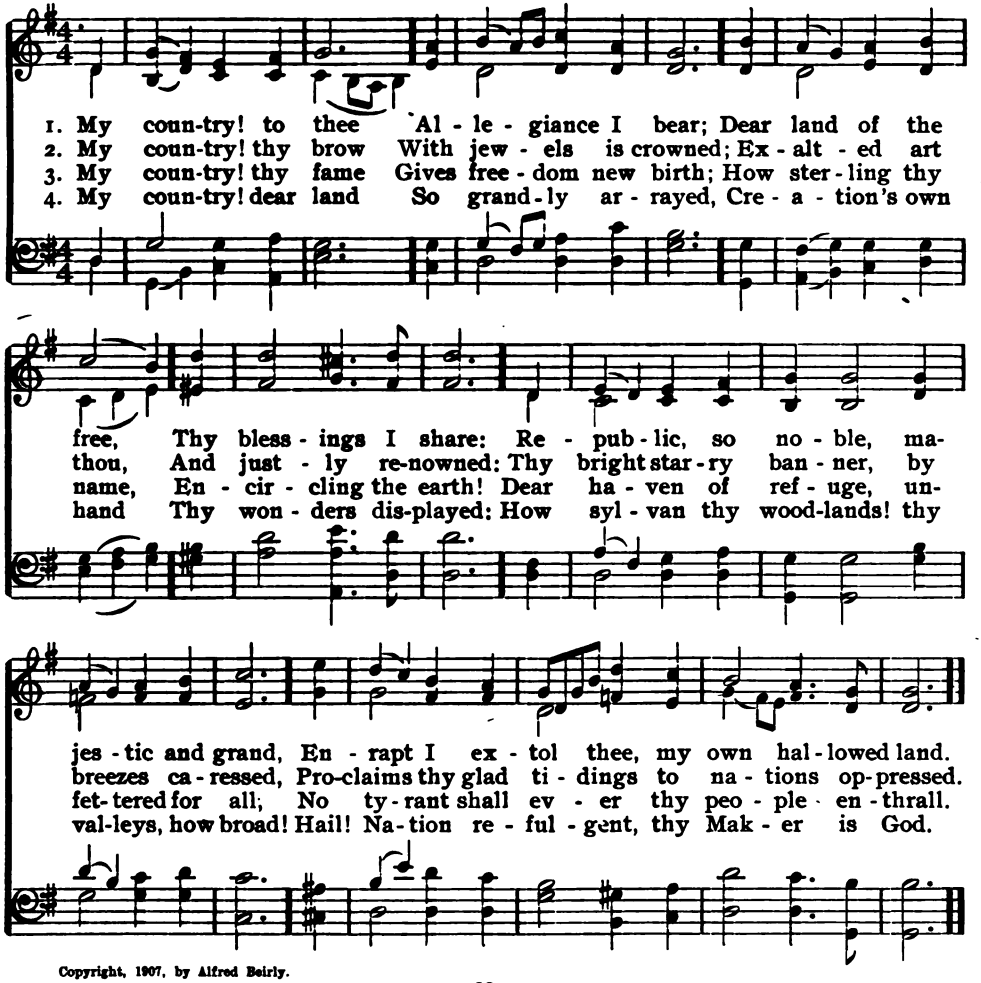
far - sound-ing bil - lows of song, Crowned with thine ol - ive - leaf
fra - grance of myr - tle and pine,— Sweet - er the in - cense we
surge like the earth - shak-ing main, Swell the vast song till it

Keller's American Hymn.



531 My Country!

A. B. 5, 11. ALFRED BEIRLY.



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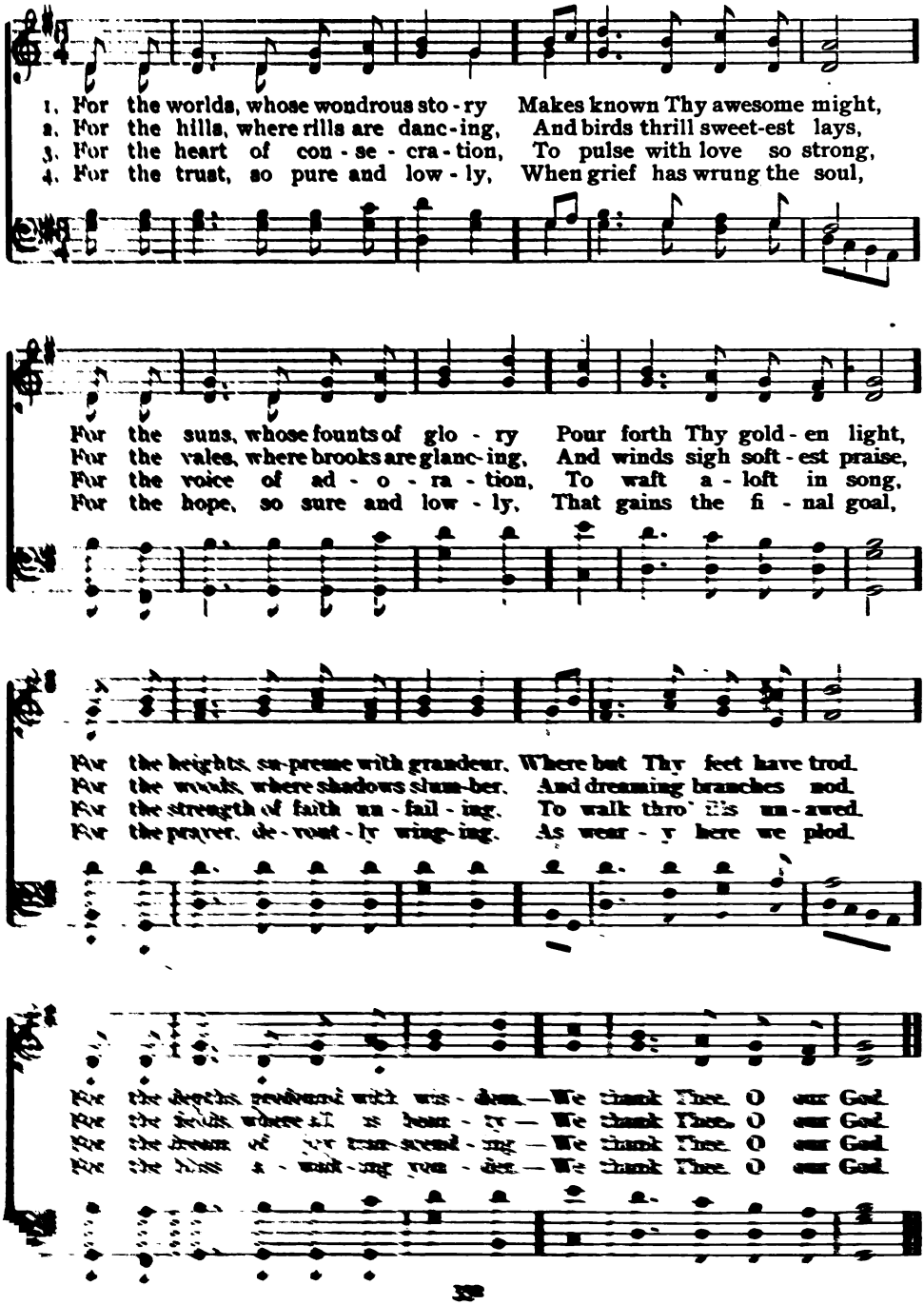
532 Thanksgiving. C. M.

N. K. G. N. K. GRIGGS.


1. For the worlds, whose wondrous sto - ry Makes known Thy awesome might,
2. For the hills, where rills are danc - ing, And birds thrill sweet-est lays,
3. For the heart of con - se - cra - tion, To pulse with love so strong,
4. For the trust, so pure and low - ly, When grief has wrung the soul,
For the suns, whose founts of glo - ry Pour forth Thy gold - en light,
For the vales, where brooks are glanc - ing, And winds sigh soft - est praise,
For the voice of ad - o - ra - tion, To waft a - loft in song,
For the hope, so sure and low - ly, That gains the fi - nal goal,
For the heights, su-preme with grandeur, Where but Thy feet have trod,
For the woods, where shadows slum-ber, And dreaming branches nod,
For the strength of faith un - fail - ing, To walk thro' ills un - awed,
For the prayer, de - vout - ly wing - ing, As wear - y here we plod,
For the depths, profound with wis - dom,—We thank Thee, O our God,
For the fields, where all is bean - ty — We thank Thee, O our God,
For the dream of joy tran-scend - ing — We thank Thee, O our God,
For the bliss a - wait - ing yon - der — We thank Thee, O our God,

533 Waiting, Only Waiting.

A. B. W. 8, 7. A. B. Whitney.

1. I am wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, For the dawn-ing of the day,
2. I am wait-ing, hoping, trust-ing, That the fu-ture, fair and bright,
3. I am wait-ing in the twi-light Of a morn-ing yet to be,
4. Thus we all thro' life are wait-ing For the com-ing of the morn,

When, the joys of life re-lat-ing, I shall walk the heav'nly way;
Ev-'ry wrong and ill ad-just-ing, Shall an-nounce the rule of right;
When up-on my fad-ing eye-sight An-gel forms shall come to me;
When, life's pleas-ure re-in-stat-ing, We shall be as an-gels born;

Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, I shall sound the joy-ful lay;
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, I shall see the joy-ful sight;
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, Heav'nly glo-ries I shall see;
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, We shall hail the glo-rious dawn;

Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, I shall sound the joy-ful lay.
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, I shall see the joy-ful sight.
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, Heav'n-ly glo-ries I shall see.
Then, no lon-ger sad-ly wait-ing, We shall hail the glo-rious dawn.

534 Truth.

E. R. Sill. 8, 7. Kücken.

Allegretto.

1. Fair-est grace our souls in-her-it, Truth, O be thy presence near,
2. 'T is the lil-y of the gar-den, Spot-less in its pet-als white;
3. Hast thou erred? con-fess it frank-ly! Wronged thy friend? O hide it not!
4. Flow'rs but with-er in the dark-ness, There all shapes of e-vil hide;

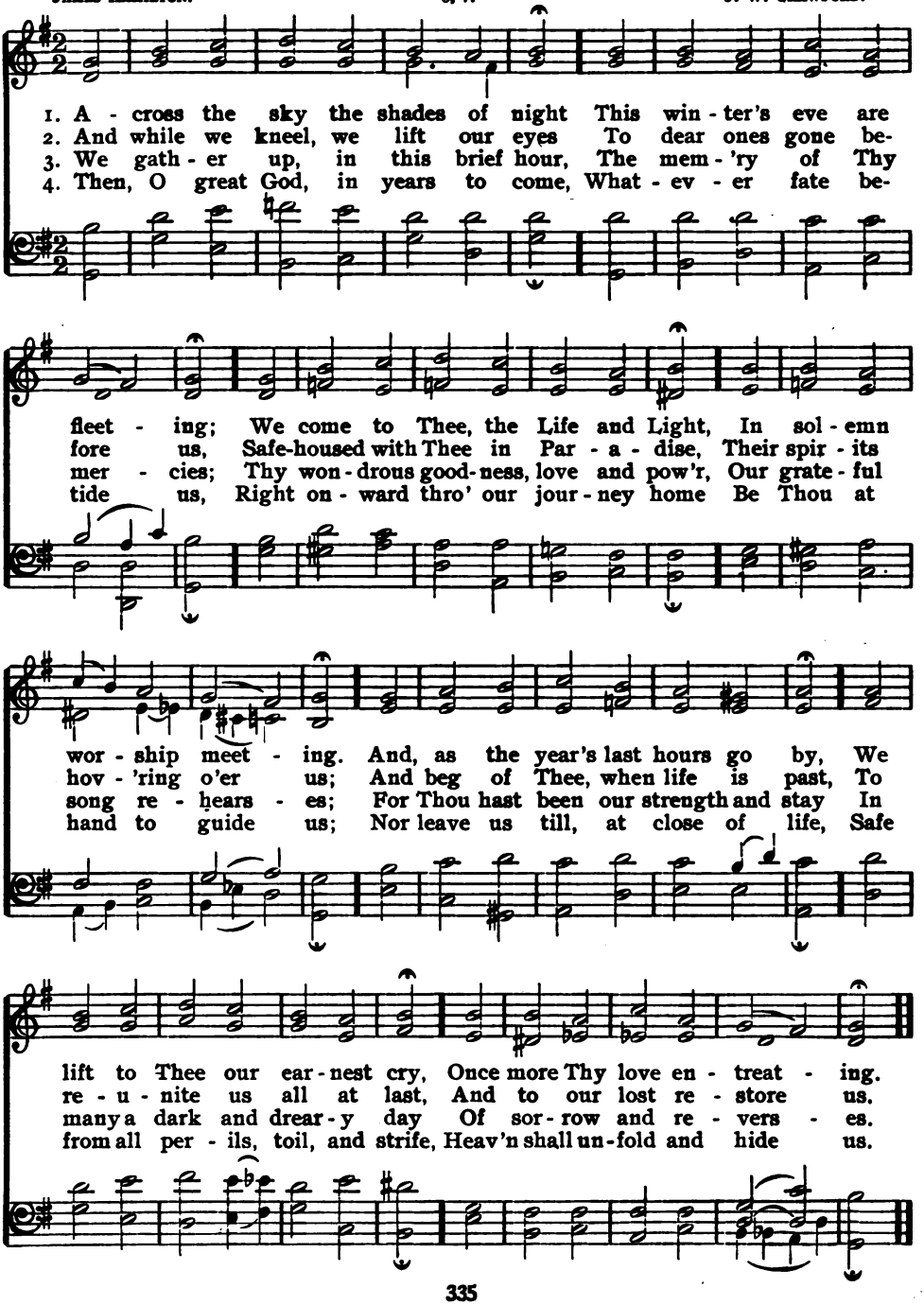
Like a foun-tain in the spir-it, Springing ev-er fresh and clear.
'T is the pur-est star of e-ven, Burn-ing on the az-ure night.
Dark con-ceal-ment moulds and cankers, Sun-ny truth will cleanse the spot.
Give the soul Truth's air and sun-shine, With her win-dows standing wide.

Truth, O let us clasp thee ev-er, Till thy sway each tho't con-trol;
Clear as snow, and calm as sum-mer, Dew-y fresh as morning light,
Storms may come, and clouds may gather, Till the troub-les fall like rain;
Love can nev-er bud and blos-som, Friendship nev-er per-fect be,

Stain of false-hood, nev-er, nev-er Dim the crys-tal of the soul.
Is the heart where truth, the an-gel, Sit-teth clothed in beau-ty bright.
Truth, the bright and sun-ny weath-er, Makes the world all fair a-gain.
Till each heart to each is o-pen As the star-light to the sea.

535 Choral.

JAMES HAMILTON. 8, 7. J. W. CRAWFORD.



536

Union.

M. A. Archer. 11. Y. A. Leib.

Maestoso.

As the mountain torrents, gath'ring in-to one, Broad-er, deeper, grander,

hast-en proudly on, Thus the firm and faith-ful, with their unseen bands,

Mingling souls and voices, join-ing hearts and hands, Form a mighty mag-net,

draw-ing from the sea, Where the el-e-men-tal truths of a-ges be.

Full Chorus.

Ho! ye friends of prog-ress, lov-ing God in-deed,

Union.

Join your ea - ger for - ces for the com - ing need, the com - ing need, the com-ing need, Join your ea - ger for - ces for the com - ing need.

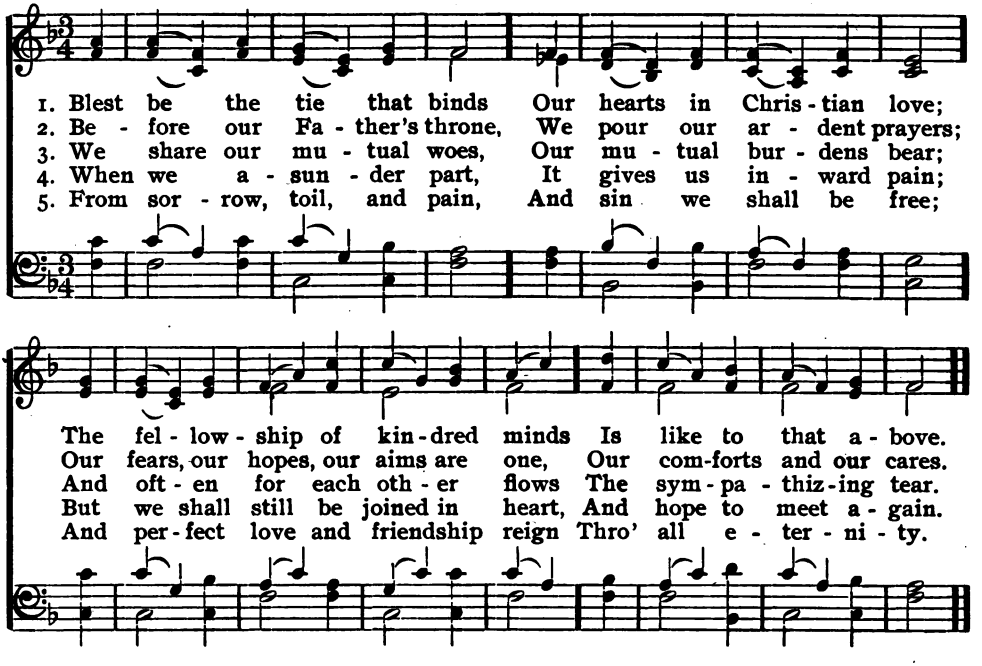
537 Oswald.

CLARA L. HAYES. 9, 7, 10. J. W. CRAWFORD.

1. Spir - it of Light, my path - way il - lume, Chase the dread shad - ows of fear; In - to the dark - ness of sad - ness and gloom Pour the bright sun - shine of cheer.
2. Spir - it of Hope, thy pa - tience im - part, Teach me to trust and en - dure, Then in thy ha - ven my tem - pest - tossed heart An - chor - age finds, safe and sure.
3. Spir - it of Truth, im - mor - tal and bright, Kin - dle my heart with thy glow; Cour - age thou giv - est to stand for the right, Pow - er to con - quer the foe.
4. Spir - it of Love, O gra - cious - ly send Pow'r to re- lieve the dis - tressed; May ev - 'ry ef - fort to shield and be - friend God's lit - tle chil - dren be blessed.
5. Spir - it of Faith, in earth's deep - est throes, Borne on thy in - fi - nite peace, Calm - ly I rest in se- ren - est re - pose, Wait - ing thy cer - tain re - lease.

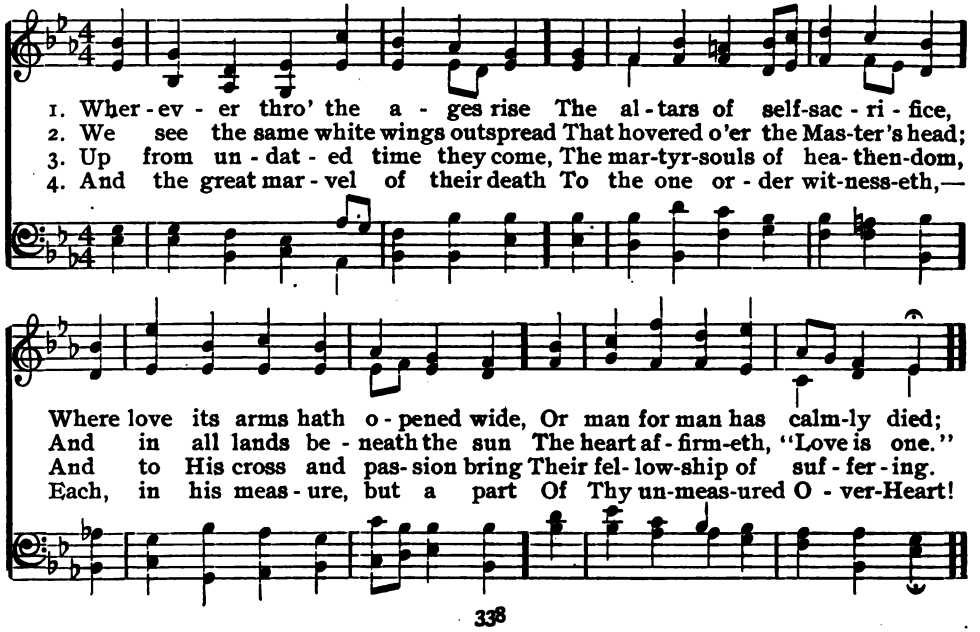
538 Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAEGELI.



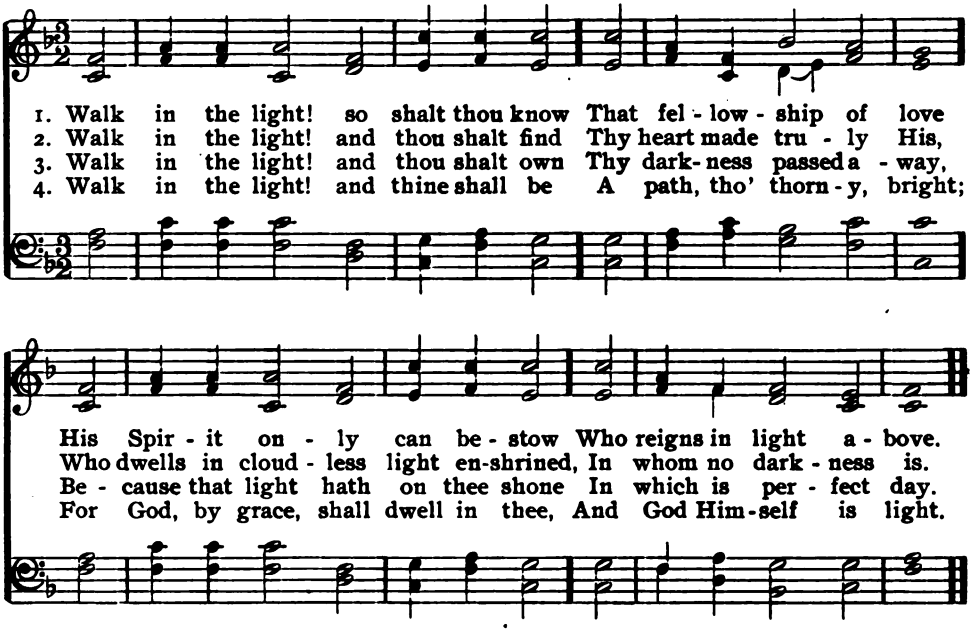
539 Kent. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. J. F. LAMPE.



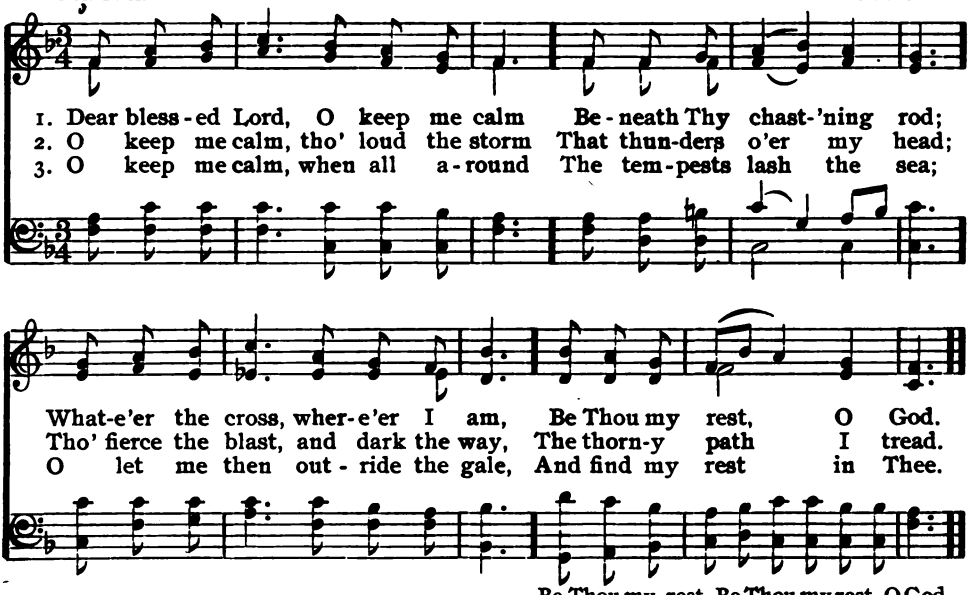
540 Marlow. C. M.

BERNARD BARTON. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



541 Keep Me Calm. C. M.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE. N. K. GRIGGS.



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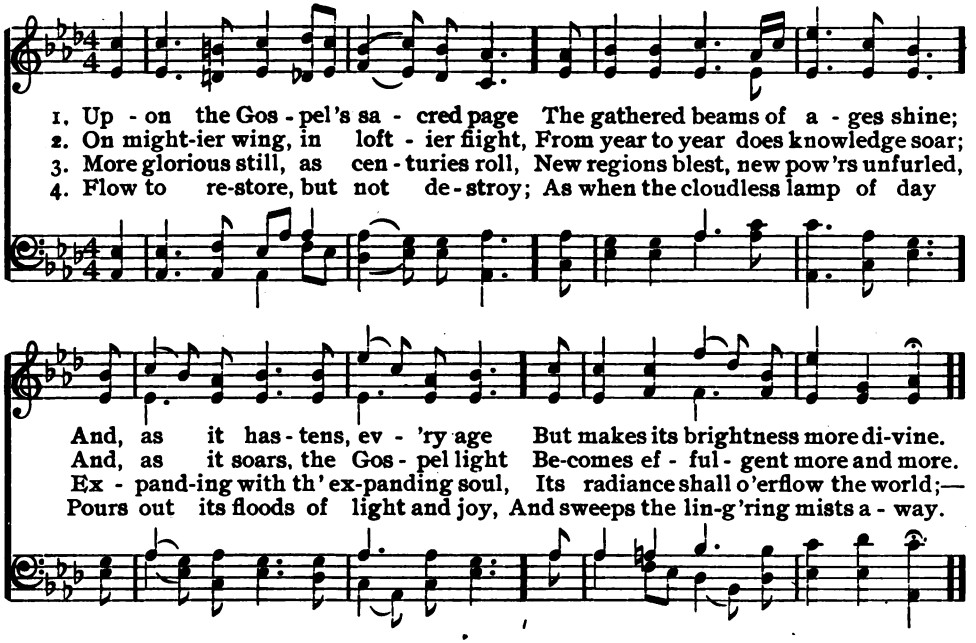
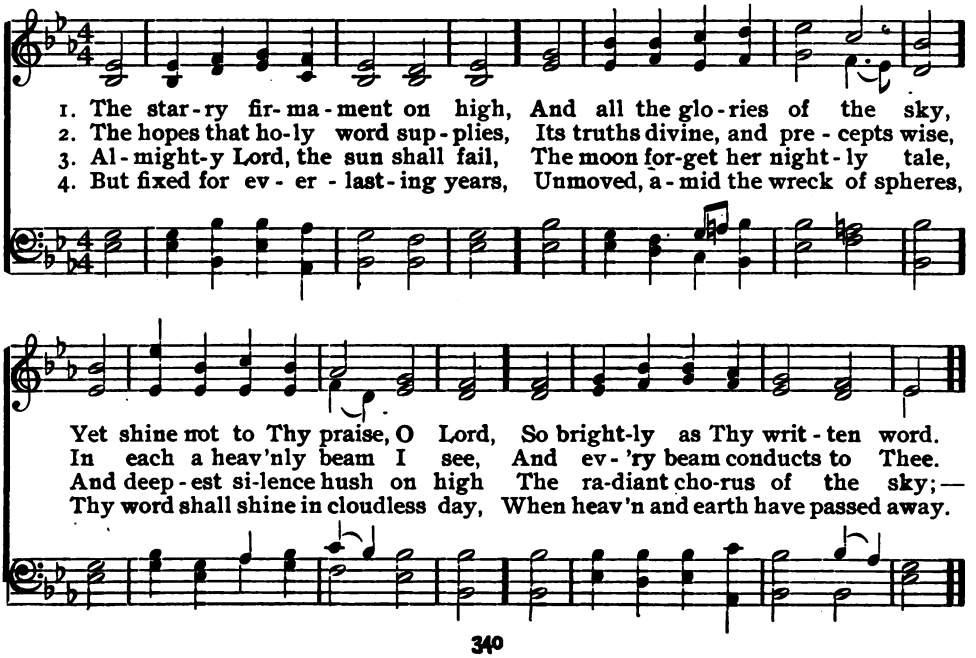
542 Capello. L. M.

JOHN BOWRING. R. KREUTZER.



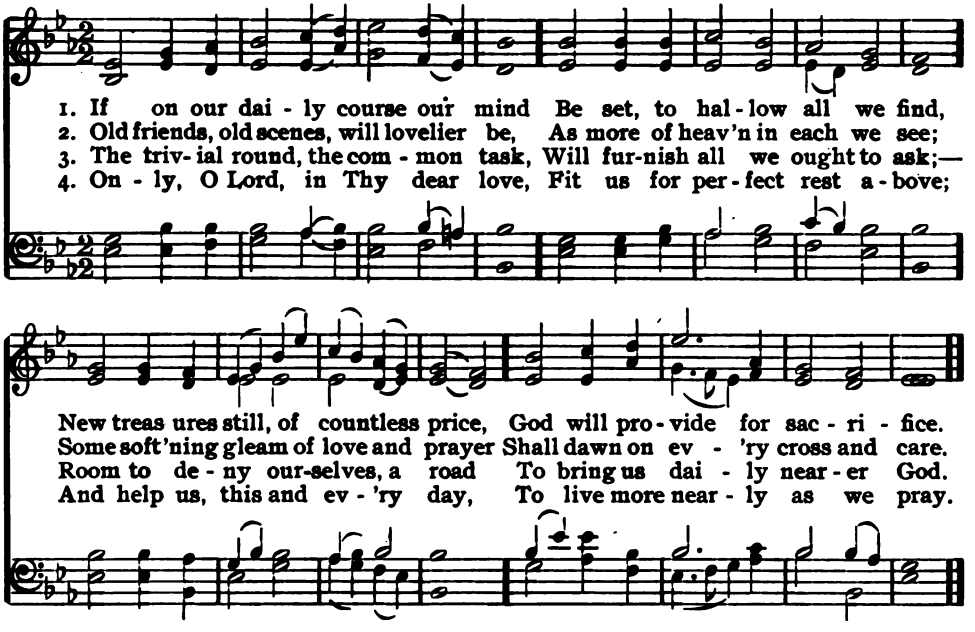
543 Uxbridge. L. M.

ROBERT GRANT. LOWELL MASON.



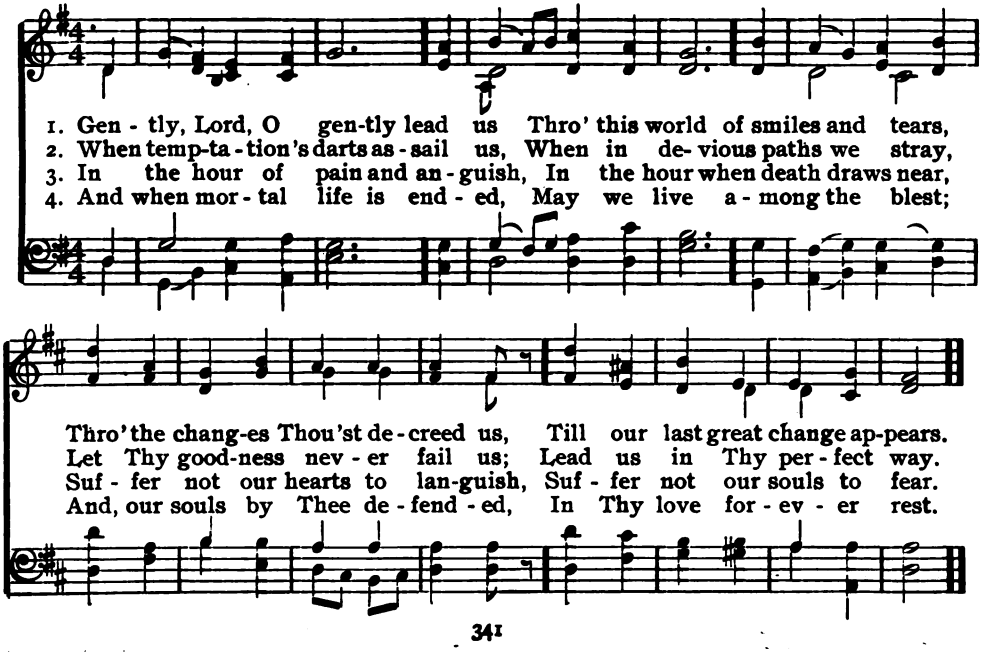
544 Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. JOHN HATTON.



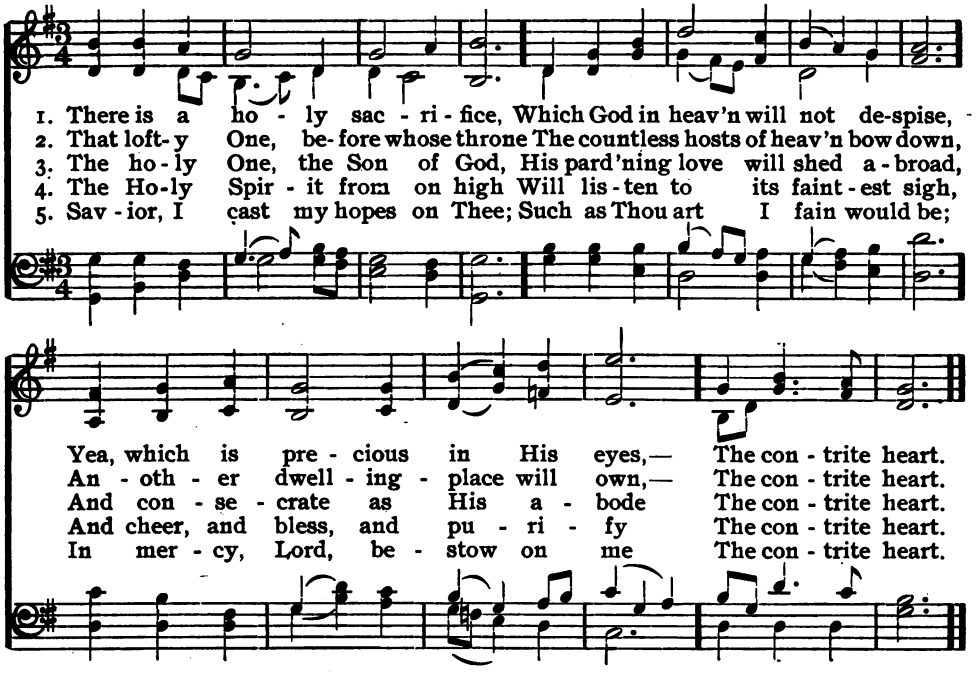
545 Gently Lead Us.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 8, 7. KRAUSE. Arr. by J. W. C.



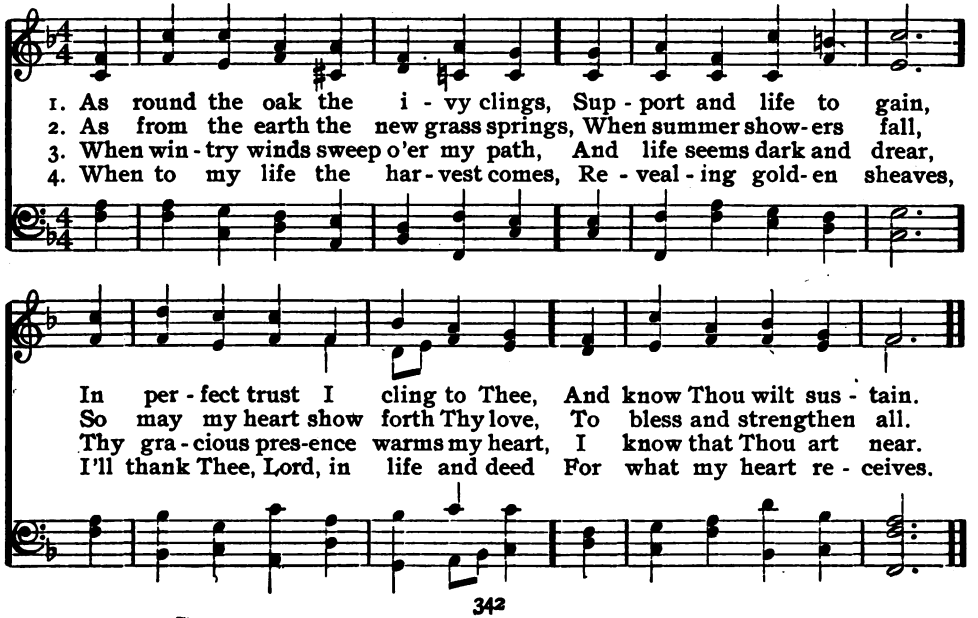
546 Almsgiving.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8, 4. JOHN B. DYKES.



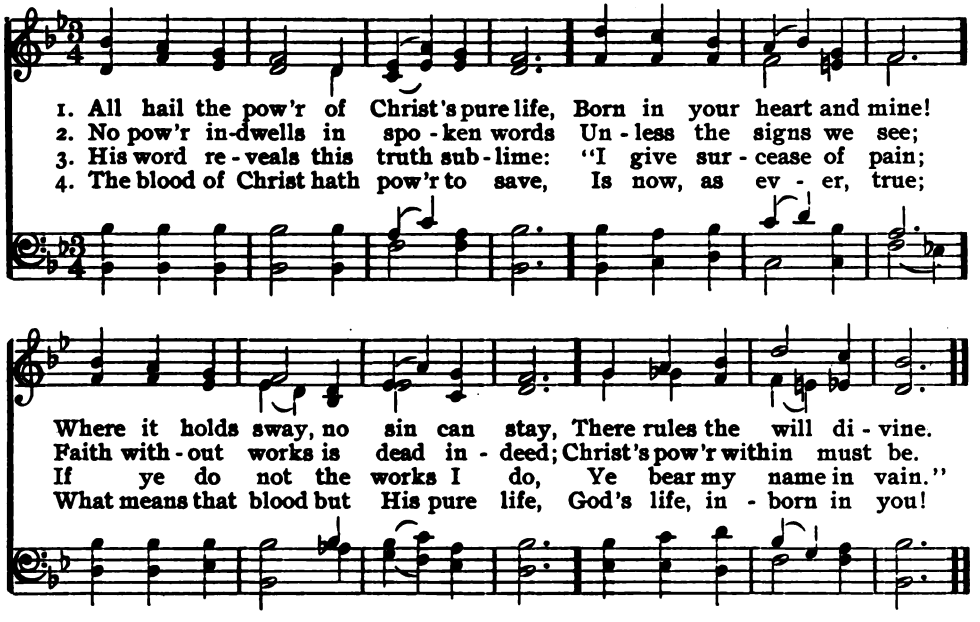
547 Mear. C. M.

LENA C. LINDEMANN. AARON WILLIAMS.



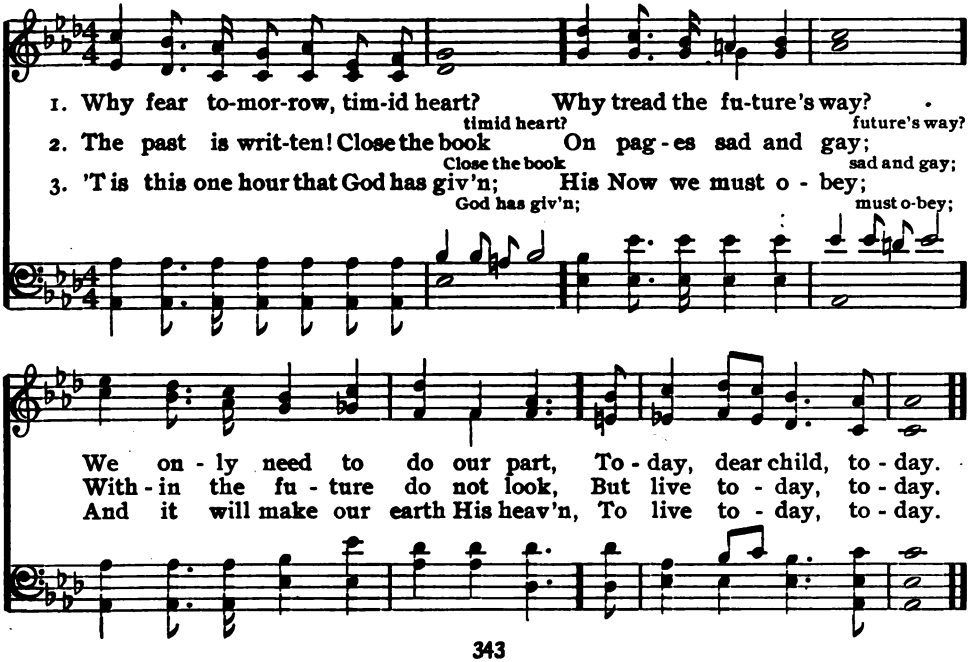
548 Sawley. C. M.

ELLEN C. LYON. JAMES WALCH.



549 To-day. C. M.

LYDIA A. WARD. RUTH MACDONALD.



550 St. Chrysostom. L. M.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis - dom, grace, and pow'r; The things of earth have filled our tho't, And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour. Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, And make us wise in know - ing Thee.
2. We have not feared Thee as we ought, Nor bowed be - neath Thine aw - ful eye, Nor guard - ed deed, and word, and tho't, Re- mem - ber - ing that God was nigh. Lord, give us faith to know Thee near, And grant the grace of ho - ly fear.
3. We have not loved Thee as we ought, Nor cared that we are loved by Thee; Thy pres - ence we have cold - ly sought, And fee - bly longed Thy face to see. Lord, give a pure and lov - ing heart To feel and own the love Thou art.
4. We have not served Thee as we ought; A - las! the du - ties left un - done, The work with lit - tle fer - vor wrought, The bat - tles lost, or scarce - ly won! Lord, give the zeal, and give the might, For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.
5. When shall we know Thee as we ought, And fear, and love, and serve a - right! When shall we, out of tri - al brought, Be per - fect in the land of light! Lord, may we day by day pre - pare To live Thy life, and serve Thee there.

Subject Index.

	Nos.
Sabbath Worship	1— 22
Morning	23— 30
Evening	31— 60
The Indwelling God	61— 82
The Holy Spirit	83—112
Praise	113—154
Prayer and Aspiration	155—284
True Life	285—321
Love Divine	322—349
Divine Care	350—393
Life Everlasting	394—416
Hope and Trust	417—443
Consolation	444—466
Rejoicing	467—475
Submission to God's Will	476—480
Purity of Life	481—486
Charity	487—490
Service	491—508
Duty	509—513
Courage	514—517
Newness of Life	518—523
Peace	524—528
Patriotic	529—531
Miscellaneous	532—550

Alphabetical Index of Tunes.

No.

Adrian..... 148
Alleluia..... 191
All Saints..... 287
Almsgiving.....204, 546
Amantus.....104, 105
America..... 529
Amsterdam..... 235
Angel Voices..... 143
Angelo Juvante..... 350
Angels' Song..... 449
Angelus..... 153
Antioch..... 137
Ariel.....62, 109, 110
Arlington.....146, 147
Aspiration.....161, 162
Aurelia.....208, 209
Austria.....210, 211
Autumn..... 268
Azmon..... 214

Bailey.....46, 47
Balerma.....347, 426
Bartholdy..... 480
Bartlett..... 165
Beatitudo.....220, 221, 222
Beautiful Home..... 395
Beethoven.....4, 5
Be Joyful in God..... 120
Belmont.....321, 453, 454
Bemerton.....242, 243
Bentley..... 380
Bera.....1, 2, 56
Berlin.....423, 440
Bernard..... 524
Bethany..... 160
Blairgowrie..... 123
Blessed is the Heart..... 486
Bliss..... 323
Blumenthal..... 387
Boston.....298, 299
Bowen..... 337
Boylston.....93, 522
Bradford..... 443
Brattle Street.....116, 117
Bridgman.....318, 319
Bristol..... 430
Brownell.....159, 223, 224, 365, 366, 428
Buck..... 469
But the Lord is Mindful of His Own..... 372

Canonbury.....124, 334, 510
Capello.....392, 542
Carol.....40, 528
Chapel..... 171
Charity..... 490
Chatham.....339, 340
Cheer..... 14
Cherith.....431, 432
Chesterfield..... 307
Choral..... 535

No.

Christmas.....348, 499, 500
Cloisters..... 169
Come Unto Me..... 389
Come, Ye Disconsolate..... 456
Coronation..... 150
Courage..... 516
Crawford.....25, 26, 27
Create in Me a Clean Heart.... 484
Creation..... 131
Crosby..... 302
Cyprus..... 492

Dallas.....185, 186
David..... 475
Dawn..... 24
Day of Rest..... 270
Demming..... 485
Dennis.....359, 382, 538
Deus Nobiscum..... 447
Deux Anges.....238, 444, 445
Disciple..... 151
Divine Goodness..... 344
Duke Street....258, 259, 371, 544
Dwight.....335, 336
Dykes..... 363

Easton.....244, 245
Ecclesia..... 527
Eclipse..... 78
Edina..... 488
Elgin..... 310
Elijah..... 172
Ellerton.....17, 519
Elliott.....180, 181, 182
Elyria..... 89
Emerson..... 174
Energy..... 190
Ernan.....305, 306
Evan.....315, 316
Evangelist.....79, 80, 317
Even..... 32
Evening Hymn..... 41
Evening Praise..... 52
Eventide.....42, 58
Everett.....237, 255, 429

Faben.....118, 119
Fairbanks..... 301
Faroon..... 434
Federal Street.....455, 482
Feniton Court..... 388
Flemming.....277, 278, 373
Forsake Not the Right..... 512
Frederick.....149, 408
Furth..... 472

Garden City..... 51
Gathering Seed..... 507
Geneva.....312, 332

No.

Gently Lead Us..... 545
Germany.....35, 36, 295, 296
Gladness..... 19
Gladsome Life..... 308
God in the Flesh..... 393
God is Spirit..... 111
God Speed the Right..... 314
Golden Age..... 292
Gould..... 330
Greenland..... 420
Greenport..... 377
Greenwood.....465, 466
Guidance..... 356
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah..... 358

Hamburg.....256, 257, 309, 518
Harmony Grove..... 82
Harwell..... 125
Haydn.....10, 346
Hayes..... 360
He Leadeth Me..... 438
Heart, Soul, Mind..... 473
Heath..... 141
Heavenly Day..... 411
Heavenly Guest..... 379
Heavenly Praise..... 170
Heber.....217, 218, 219
Hebron.....3, 15, 327
Hendon.....192, 193, 266, 267
Higher Law..... 64
Hinchman..... 11
Holbrook..... 313
Holley.....59, 60, 497
Holy Cross..... 464
Holy Trinity..... 378
Horton..... 102
Hosmer..... 139
Howland.....106, 107
Hursley..... 49, 320

Immortality..... 398
Intercession..... 173
Invocation..... 196
Isabelle.....252, 253
Italian Hymn.....178, 179, 284

Jesus, Lover of My Soul..... 375
Jesus Our Light.....303, 459
Jordan..... 88
Joy Cometh..... 470
Joy Shall Come at Last..... 425
Jubilee..... 126
Judea..... 361

Keep Me Calm..... 541
Keller's American Hymn..... 530
Kent..... 539
Kücken..... 385

Alphabetical Index of Tunes.

No.

Laban.....166, 272, 515
Lachrymae..... 234
Lambeth.....206, 207
Lancashire.....163, 164
Lasea..... 311
Last Hope..45, 97, 98, 99, 212, 213
Lead, Kindly Light 352
Leighton..... 16
Leila.....129, 130
Lemont..... 383
Lenox..... 90
Leominster..... 281
Life.....293, 294
Light..... 94
Linwood.....197, 198, 199
Lischer.....12, 13
Live in Earnest..... 504
Lo, the Day of Rest..... 55
Long Home..... 452
Longwood..... 103
Louvan ...227, 228, 249, 250, 251
Love..... 50
Love Divine..... 322
Lucetta..... 273
Luella.....239, 240
Lutkin..... 155
Lyndhurst..... 175
Lynton.....28, 326
Lyons.....121, 122

Macdonald..... 417
Magill..... 338
Manoah.....154, 230, 231, 247, 248
Mansfield..... 331
Marlow..... 540
Maryton.....493, 503
Matheson..... 333
Mear..... 547
Meditation..... 274
Meek and Lowly..... 487
Melrose..... 86
Mendelssohn..... 236
Mendon..... 260
Miller..... 156
Missionary Chant..... 81
Mitchell..... 345
Monsell..... 18
Mornington..... 271
Moscow..... 409
Mozart.....72, 73
Muriel..... 513
My Country..... 531
My Faith Looks Up to Thee .. 427

Naomi..... 68
Nauford..... 479
Nelson..... 157
Nettleton..... 128
Newbold..... 158
New Year..... 74
Nicaea.....114, 115
Nightfall..... 43
Nina..... 48
Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old.. 397

O Come and Dwell in Me..... 391
O Father, Hear..... 184
O God of Mercy..... 229
O Life, Beautiful Life..... 396
O Star of Truth..... 517
Oaksville..... 132
Oberlin..... 254
Onido.....324, 325
Ortonville.....83, 84, 85
Oswald..... 537
Otterbourne.....91, 92

No.

Overberg..... 57
Owen..... 241

Palmer..... 394
Paraclete..... 87
Park Street..... 145
Pater Omnium..... 384
Peaceful Rest..... 422
Perfect Love..... 289
Perry..... 471
Philippi..... 54
Pilgrim.....200, 201, 232
Pleyel.....152, 462, 463
Portuguese Hymn..... 353
Praise Ye the Father..... 138
Prescott..... 140
Princeton..... 349

Quebec..... 187

Raphael.....8, 9
Rathbun.....290, 291, 435, 436
Refuge..... 374
Regent Square.....70, 71, 369
Requiem..... 461
Rest.....441, 526
Rest..... 448
Rest.....457, 458
Rest in Heaven..... 410
Retreat..... 414
Rockingham.....341, 342, 343
Roscoe..... 135
Rothwell.....279, 280
Ruth..... 468
Rutherford..... 404

St. Agnes..112, 263, 264, 265, 276
St. Anatolius..... 37
St. Andrew..... 329
St. Chrysostom..... 550
St. Drostane..... 415
St. Edmund..... 416
St. Frances.....477, 478
St. Leonard..... 39
St. Oswald..... 494
St. Sylvester..... 31
St. Thomas.....520, 521
Salome..... 355
Samuel..... 134
Sardis..... 38
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us..... 386
Sawley.....246, 548
Schumann.....167, 483
Seasons..... 61
Segur..... 357
Seleucia.....176, 177
Selvin.....364, 476
Selwyn.....233, 505
Serenity.....283, 451, 509
Sharon..... 502
Shepherd..... 113
Silent River..... 446
Siloam.....261, 262, 525
Slingsby..... 286
Solitude..... 433
Sometime..... 437
Southport.....33, 34, 523
Spanish Hymn.....282, 370, 498
Spirit of Prayer.....202, 203
Spohr.....69, 495
Spring..... 136
Star of Hope..... 421
Stockwell.....328, 501
Stream of Life..... 399

No.

Strength and Stay..... 46
Sunrise..... 3
Sweet By-and-By..... 40

Thanksgiving..... 53
Thatcher.....7, 20, 21, 22, 37
The Coming Day..... 2
The Homeland..... 40
The Lord is My Shepherd..... 35
The Other World..... 40
The Silent Land..... 40
Theodora..... 10
There is Joy for You..... 46
There is no Death..... 40
Things That Never Die..... 30
Think Gently of the Erring.... 48
Thorne..... 13
Thornton..... 26
Thou Knowest, Lord..... 41
Thou Only..... 44
Thou True God Alone..... 14
Thracia.....194, 19
To-day..... 54
Toplady.....362, 39
Toulon.....100, 10
Transfiguration..... 41
Triumph..... 28
Truro..... 28
Trust..... 6
Truth..... 53
Turpin..... 30
Twilight..... 5

Union..... 53
Uxbridge.....297, 54

Varina..... 41
Vesperi Lux..... 4
Via Crucis..... 18
Victory..... 51
Vigil..... 14
Vision..... 40
Vox Angelica..... 45

Waiting by the River..... 41
Waiting, Only Waiting..... 53
Warsaw..... 20
Warwick..... 6
Watchman..... 40
We Leave It All to Thee..... 42
Webb.....63, 66, 67, 35
Weil..... 49
Were the Days but One..... 51
Wesley 47
While the Days are Going By.. 49
White.....225, 22
Whitfield..... 2
Whittier..... 27
Wilmot.....75, 7
Wilson..... 16
Wimborne..... 12
Woodbury..... 38
Woodstock.....188, 18
Woodworth.....215, 216, 43
Work Song..... 50
Worship..... 7

Your Mission..... 50

Zelotes..... 48
Zephyr.....95, 9
Zion.....367, 36

Metrical Index of Tunes.

Short Metre.

No.
Adrian 148
Amantus 104, 105
Aspiration 161, 162
Boylston 93, 522
Dennis 359, 382, 538
Energy 190
Furth 472
Garden City 51
Greenwood 465, 466
Haydn 10, 346
Higher Law 64
Laban 166, 272, 515
Leighton 16
Leominster 281
Lucetta 273
Mornington 271
O Come and Dwell in Me 391
Owen 241
St. Andrew 329
St. Thomas 520, 521
Schumann 167, 483
Selvin 364, 476
Thatcher 7, 20, 21, 22, 376
Vigil 144

Common Metre.

Antioch 137
Arlington 146, 147
Asmon 214
Balerma 347, 426
Bartlett 165
Beatitudo 220, 221, 222
Belmont 321, 453, 454
Bemerton 242, 243
Boston 298, 299
Bradford 443
Brattle Street 116, 117
Bridgman 318, 319
Carol 40, 528
Cherith 431, 432
Chesterfield 307
Christmas 348, 499, 500
Coronation 150
Evan 315, 316
Evangelist 79, 80, 317
Gould 330
Greenport 377
Heart, Soul, Mind 473
Heath 141
Heber 217, 218, 219
Holy Cross 464
Holy Trinity 378
Keep Me Calm 541
Lambeth 206, 207
Lynton 28, 326
Manoah 154, 230, 231, 247, 248
Marlow 540
Mear 547
Mendelssohn 236
Mozart 72, 73
Naomi 68
Newbold 158
Oaksville 132
Ortonville 83, 84, 85
Rest in Heaven 410
Roscoe 135
St. Agnes 112, 263, 264, 265, 276
St. Leonard 39
Salome 355
Sawley 246, 548
Selwyn 233, 505
Serenity 283, 451, 509
Siloam 261, 262, 525
Slingsby 286
Southport 33, 34, 523
Spohr 69, 495
Thanksgiving 532
The Other World 402
Things That Never Die 300
Think Gently of the Erring 489
Thou Only 442
To-day 549
Varina 418
Warwick 6
Woodstock 188, 189

Long Metre.

All Saints 287
Angelus 153
Bartholdy 480
Beethoven 4, 5
Bera 1, 2, 56
Bowen 337
Bristol 430
Brownell 159, 223, 224, 365, 366, 428
Canonbury 124, 334, 510
Capello 392, 542
Chapel 171
Crawford 25, 26, 27
Creation 131
Disciple 151
Duke Street 258, 259, 371, 544
Dwight 335, 336
Easton 244, 245
Ernan 305, 306
Evening Hymn 41
Federal Street 455, 482
Germany 35, 36, 295, 296
Hamburg 256, 257, 309, 518
Harmony Grove 82
He Leadeth Me 438
Heavenly Day 411
Hebron 3, 15, 327
Holley 497
Howland 106, 107
Hursley 49, 320
Jesus Our Light 303, 459
Jordan 88
Kent 539
Lasea 311
Life 293, 294
Linwood 197, 198, 199
Louvan 227, 228, 249, 250, 251
Maryton 493, 503
Mendon 260
Miller 156
Missionary Chant 81
New Year 74
Oberlin 254
Otterbourne 91, 92
Overberg 57
Park Street 145
Quebec 187
Rest 457, 458
Retreat 414
Rockingham 341, 342, 343
Rothwell 279, 280
St. Chrysostom 550
St. Drostane 415
Seasons 61
Spring 136
Star of Hope 421
Thracia 194, 195
Truro 288
Uxbridge 297, 543
Vision 405
Wimborne 127
Woodworth 215, 216, 439
Worship 77
Zephyr 95, 96

H. M.

Lenox 90
Lischer 12, 13
Warsaw 205

P. M.

Evening Praise 52
God Speed the Right 314
Immortality 398
Monsell 18
Stream of Life 399
Sunrise 30
Sweet By-and-By 400
The Silent Land 401
Transfiguration 412
Victory 514

C. P. M.

Ariel 62, 109, 110

4, 6.

Requiem 461

5, 10.

Thou True God Alone 142

5, 11.

My Country 531

6.

St. Frances 477, 478

6, 4.

America 529
Bethany 160
Hayes 360
Holbrook 313
Isabelle 252, 253
Italian Hymn 178, 179, 284
My Faith Looks Up to Thee 427
St. Edmund 416

6, 5.

Buck 469
David 475
Edina 488
Lyndhurst 175
Ruth 468
Twilight 53

6, 5, 8.

Joy Cometh 470

6, 8.

Samuel 134

7.

Blumenthal 387
Chatham 339, 340
Crosby 302
Cyprus 492
Dallas 185, 186
Deux Anges 238, 444, 445
Dykes 363
Elyria 89
Even 32
Hendon 192, 193, 266, 267
Holley 59, 60
Horton 102
Hosmer 139
Jesus, Lover of My Soul 375
Kücken 385

Metrical Index of Tunes.

No.
Lachrymae 234
Last Hope ..45, 97, 98, 99, 212, 213
Light 94
Lutkin 155
Onido 324, 325
Paraclete 87
Perry 471
Philippi 54
Pleyel 152, 462, 463
Refuge 374
Solitude 433
Spanish Hymn 282, 370, 498
Theodora 108
Toplady 362, 390
Watchman 406
Woodbury 381
Zelotes 481

7, 4.

Alleluia 191

7, 5.

Emerson 174
Vesperi Lux 44

7, 5, 8.

Elijah 172
Intercession 173

7, 6.

Amsterdam 235
Aurelia 208, 209
Bentley 380
Blairgowrie 123
Day of Rest 270
Elgin 310
Gladness 19
Greenland 420
Lancashire 163, 164
Macdonald 417
Nina 48
O Star of Truth 517
Palmer 394
Princeton 349
Silent River 446
The Homeland 403
Webb 63, 66, 67, 351
Whitfield 29

7, 6, 5.

Rutherford 404
Work Song 506

7, 6, 8.

Fairbanks 301
St. Anatolius 37

7, 8.

Hinchman 11
Long Home 452

8.

Pater Omnium 384

8, 4.

Almsgiving 204, 546
Elliott 180, 181, 182
Nanford 479
Spirit of Prayer 202, 203

8, 5.

Heavenly Guest 379
Peaceful Rest 422

8, 5, 3.

Geneva 312, 332

8, 5, 4, 3.

Angel Voices 143

8, 6.

Bernard 524
Flemming 277, 278

No.
Gladsome Life 308
Matheson 333
O God of Mercy 229
There is no Death 407
We Leave It All to Thee 424
Whittier 275

8, 6, 4.

Rest 448

8, 7.

Angelo Juvante 350
Austria 210, 211
Autumn 268
Bailey 46, 47
Beautiful Home 395
Charity 490
Choral 535
Courage 516
Demming 485
Faben 118, 119
Gently Lead Us 545
God in the Flesh 393
Harwell 125
Heavenly Praise 170
Joy Shall Come at Last 425
Jubilee 126
Live in Earnest 504
Lo. the Day of Rest 55
Love 50
Love Divine 322
Luella 239, 240
Mansfield 331
Meek and Lowly 487
Melrose 86
Mitchell 345
Muriel 513
Nettleton 128
Pilgrim 200, 201, 232
Prescott 140
Rathbun 290, 291, 435, 436
Regent Square 70, 71, 369
St. Oswald 494
St. Sylvester 31
Sardis 38
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us 386
Sharon 502
Stockwell 328, 501
Thornton 269
Trust 65
Truth 534
Via Crucis 183
Waiting by the River 413
Waiting, Only Waiting 533
While the Days are Going By .. 491
Wilmot 75, 76
Wilson 168
Your Mission 508

8, 7, 4.

Feniton Court 388
Guidance 356
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 358
Nelson 157
Raphael 8, 9
Segur 357
Seleucia 176, 177
Triumph 285
Zion 367, 368

8, 7, 5.

There is Joy for You 467
Turpin 304

8, 7, 7.

Cheer 14

9, 7, 10.

Oswald 537

10.

No.
Eclipse 78
Ellerton 17, 519
Eventide 42, 58
Everett 237, 255, 429
Faroon 434
Gathering Seed 507
Keller's American Hymn 530
Longwood 103
Moscow 409
Sometime 437
Thorne 133
Toulon 100, 101
Weil 496

10, 4.

Lead Kindly Light 352

10, 5.

Were the Days but One 511

10, 11.

Lyons 121, 122

11.

Bliss 323
Frederick 149, 408
Judea 361
Magill 338
Portuguese Hymn 353
The Lord is My Shepherd 354
Union 536

11, 5.

Cloisters 169
Ecclesia 527
Nightfall 43
Praise Ye the Father 138

11, 8.

Be Joyful in God 120
Meditation 274
Shepherd 113

11, 10.

Berlin 423, 440
Come, Ye Disconsolate 456
Dawn 24
Deus Nobiscum 447
Forsake Not the Right 512
Invocation 196
Lemont 383
Perfect Love 289
Rest 441, 526
Strength and Stay 460
Thou Knowest, Lord 419
Wesley 474
White 225, 226

11, 10, 9.

Angels' Song 449
Vox Angelica 450

11, 12.

Leila 129, 130

12, 7, 8.

Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old .. 397

Irregular.

Blessed is the Heart 486
But the Lord is Mindful of His Own 372
Come Unto Me 389
Create in Me a Clean Heart 484
Divine Goodness 344
God is Spirit 111
Golden Age 292
Nicaea 114, 115
O Father, Hear 184
O Life, Beautiful Life 396
The Coming Day 23

Index of First Lines.

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
273	A true life would I lead . .	M. B. Hayes	Lucetta	Har. by A. Beirly	151
443	A wand'ring soul on life's .	E. C. Lyon	Bradford	J. W. Crawford	267
42	Abide with me! fast falls . .	H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk	28
535	Across the sky the shades . .	J. Hamilton	Choral	J. W. Crawford	335
36	Again, as evening's shadow .	S. Longfellow	Germany	Beethoven	24
453	All as God wills!	J. G. Whittier	Belmont	S. Webbe	275
548	All hail the power of . . .	E. C. Lyon	Sawley	J. Walch	343
88	All-moving Spirit! freely . .	J. G. Whittier	Jordan	J. Barnby	53
129	All things are ours! how . .	J. Holme	Leila	M. Costa	76
76	Always with us, always . .	E. H. Nevin	Wilmot	L. Mason	47
500	Am I a soldier of the . . .	I. Watts	Christmas	G. F. Handel	307
530	Angel of Peace, thou hast . .	O. W. Holmes	Keller's American Hymn	M. Keller	330
143	Angel voices, ever singing .	F. Pott	Angel Voices	A. S. Sullivan	85
56	Another fleeting day is . .	W. B. Collyer	Bera	J. E. Gould	37
454	Another hand is beckoning .	J. G. Whittier	Belmont	S. Webbe	275
80	As day by day the selfhood .	T. L. Harris	Evangelist	Mendelssohn	49
339	As his flock the shepherd .	W. Lamport	Chatham	C. M. v Weber	189
431	As pants the hart for . . .	Tate and Brady	Cherith	Spohr	259
434	As pants the wearied hart .	R. Lowth	Faroon	J. Barnby	260
547	As round the oak the ivy . .	L. C. Lindemann	Mear	A. Williams	342
536	As the mountain torrents .	M. A. Archer	Union	Y. A. Leib	336
285	As the sky-lark mounts . .	M. B. Hayes	Triumph	A. Beirly	158
221	Author of good, we rest on .	J. Merrick	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes	125
499	Awake, my soul, stretch . .	P. Doddridge	Christmas	Handel	307
313	Awake to righteousness! . .	C. L. Hayes	Holbrook	A. Beirly	174
336	Away from earth my spirit .	R. Palmer	Dwight	Bellini	187
120	Be joyful in God, all ye . .	J. Montgomery	Be Joyful in God	W. B. Bradbury	70
299	Be true to every inmost . .	H. Alford	Boston	U. C. Burnap	165
194	Before the ending of the . .	J. M. Neale	Thracia	G. A. Macfarren	114
164	Before Thy love unbounded .	T. C. Williams	Lancashire	Smart	97
25	Believe and trust. Thro' stars	J. G. Whittier	Crawford	Haydn	18
69	Beyond, beyond that . . .	J. Conder	Spohr	L. Spohr	44
486	Blessed is the heart that . .	Evangel	Blessed is the Heart	J. Bailey	296
133	Blessing, and honor, and . .	H. Bonar	Thorne	E. H. Thorne	78
522	Blest are the pure in . . .	J. Keble	Boylston	L. Mason	324
538	Blest be the tie that . . .	J. Fawcett	Dennis	H. J. Naegeli	338
520	Blest be Thy love, dear . .	J. Austin	St. Thomas	W. Tanser	323
104	Blest Comforter divine . .	L. H. Sigourney	Amantus	W. A. Muhlenburg	61
4	Blest hour, when mortal man	T. Raffles	Beethoven	L. Mason	6
292	Bright days of which the . .	E. Tuttle	Golden Age	E. H. Bailey	162
421	Bright Star of Hope, thy . .		Star of Hope		252
115	Bring, O morn, thy music! .	W. C. Gannett	Nicæa	J. B. Dykes	67
372	But the Lord is mindful . .		But the Lord is mindful of His	Mendelssohn	210
525	By cool Siloam's shady . .	R. Heber	Siloam	I. B. Woodbury	326
78	Call it not dark! the inner .		Eclipse		48
464	Calm on the bosom of thy .	F. D. Hemans	Holy Cross	Mendelssohn	280
494	Cast thy bread upon the . .	Anon.	St. Oswald	J. B. Dykes	304
338	Come, blessed Redeemer . .	R. Palmer	Magill	T. E. Perkins	188
107	Come, blessed Spirit . . .	B. Beddome	Howland		62
260	Come, gracious Spirit . . .	S. Browne	Mendon	S. Dyer	144
284	Come, Holy One, in love . .	R. Palmer	Italian Hymn	F. Giardini	157
90	Come, Holy Spirit, come . .	A. Reed	Lenox	L. Edson	54

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
110	Come, Holy Spirit, from . .		Ariel	L. Mason	63
112	Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly .	I. Watts	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes	65
85	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly .	I. Watts	Ortonville	T. Hastings	51
250	Come, holy Sun of heav'nly .	Ambrose	Louvan	V. C. Taylor	140
16	Come, kingdom of our God, .	J. Johns	Leighton		12
30	Come, my soul, thou must be	H. J. Buckoll	Sunrise	J. Stainer	21
96	Come, O Creator Spirit . .	E. Caswall	Zephyr	W. B. Bradbury	57
178	Come, Thou almighty King .	C. Wesley	Italian Hymn	F. Giardini	106
128	Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry .	R. Robinson	Nettleton	A. Nettleton	75
65	Come, Thou long-expected .	C. Wesley	Trust	Mendelssohn	42
176	Come, Thou soul-transforming	J. Evans	Seleucia		105
161	Come to me, thoughts of . .	F. D. Hemans	Aspiration		96
389	Come unto me, all ye that .		Come Unto Me		222
460	Come unto me, when shadows	C. H. Ealing	Strength and Stay	J. B. Dykes	278
20	Come, we who love the Lord	I. Watts	Thatcher	G. F. Handel	15
456	Come, ye disconsolate . . .	T. Moore	Come, Ye Disconsolate	S. Webbe	276
291	Courage, brother, do not . .	N. Macleod	Rathbun	I. Conkey	161
484	Create in me a clean heart .		Create in Me a Clean Heart	M. M. Bailey	294
52	Day is dying in the west . .	M. A. Lathbury	Evening Praise	W. F. Sherwin	34
541	Dear blessed Lord, O keep .	Mrs. Wood-White	Keep Me Calm	N. K. Griggs	339
378	Dear Father, to Thy mercy .	A. Steele	Holy Trinity	J. Barnby	214
275	Dear Lord and Father of . .	J. G. Whittier	Whittier	F. C. Maker	152
264	Early, my God, without . .	I. Watts	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes	146
15	Ere to the world again we .	Anon.	Hebron	L. Mason	11
82	Eternal Father, when to . .	H. D, Ganse	Harmony Grove	H. K. Oliver	50
355	Eternal God, we look to . .	J. Merrick	Salome	Beethoven	199
253	Eternal Principle, ...	C. L. Hayes	Isabelle	A. Beirly	141
237	Eternal Ruler of the . . .	J. W. Chadwick	Everett	A. Beirly	134
347	Eternal Source of joys . . .	A. Steele	Balerma	R. Simpson	193
83	Eternal Spirit, God of . . .	T. Cotterill	Ortonville	T. Hastings	51
127	Eternal Spirit, we confess .	I. Watts	Wimborne	J. Whitaker	74
422	Ev'ry day hath toil and . .		Peaceful Rest		252
534	Fairest grace our souls . .	E. R. Sill	Truth	Kücken	334
526	Far, far beneath, the noise .	H. B. Stowe	Rest	Ch. Beecher	326
195	Far from my thoughts, vain	I. Watts	Thracia	G. A. Macfarren	114
68	Far from the world, O Lord .	W. Cowper	Naomi	L. Mason	44
54	Father, by Thy love and . .	J. Anstice	Philippi	M. Costa	36
269	Father, hear the prayer we .		Thornton		148
286	Father, I know that all my .	A. L. Waring	Slingsby	J. B. Dykes	158
225	Father, in Thy mysterious .	S. Johnson	White	T. B. White	127
134	Father of all, to Thee . . .	J. Julian	Samuel	A. S. Sullivan	79
215	Father of all, with song . .	J. G. Forman	Woodworth	W. B. Bradbury	123
145	Father of light, we sing . .	P. Doddridge	Park Street	F. M. A. Venua	86
255	Father of light, whose . . .	F. T. Bastel	Everett	A. Beirly	142
263	Father of love, our Guide .	W. J. Irons	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes	146
70	Father, send a blessing . .	T. Kelly	Regent Square	H. Smart	45
340	Father, teach me, day by .	J. D. Leeson	Chatham	v Weber	189
174	Father, teach us how to be .	S. C. Hayes	Emerson	A. Beirly	104
169	Father, Thy name be praised	C. Winkworth	Cloisters	J. Barnby	100
223	Father, Thou Source of . .	C. Wesley	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	126
440	Father, to Thee we look in .	F. L. Hosmer	Berlin	Mendelssohn	264
184	Father, whate'er of earthly .	A. Steele	O Father, Hear		109
139	For the beauty of the . . .	F. S. Pierpoint	Hosmer	Gounod	82
532	For the worlds, whose . . .	N. K. Griggs	Thanksgiving	N. K. Griggs	332
149	For what shall I praise . .	C. Fry	Frederick	G. Kingsley	88
510	Forth in Thy name, O Lord .	C. Wesley	Canonbury	R. Schumann	314
326	From ev'ry fear and doubt .		Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau	182
414	From ev'ry stormy wind . .	H. Stowell	Retreat	T. Hastings	246
451	From lips divine, like . . .	W. H. Burleigh	Serenity	W. V. Wallace	274

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
545	Gently, Lord, O gently . . .	T. Hastings	Gently Lead Us	Krause	341
198	Gently the shades of night .	J. Bowring	Linwood	G. A. Rossini	115
158	Give me the wings of faith .	I. Watts	Newbold	G. Kingsley	94
13	Give thanks to God most . .	I. Watts	Lischer	F. Schneider	10
483	Give, thou, thy youth . . .	H. Bonar	Schumann	R. Schumann	294
210	Glorious things of thee . .	J. Newton	Austria	F. J. Haydn	121
41	Glory to Thee, my God . .	T. Ken	Evening Hymn	T. Tallis	28
79	Go not, my soul, in search .	F. L. Hosmer	Evangelist	Mendelssohn	49
71	God Almighty and All-seeing	F. S. Pierpont	Regent Square	H. Smart	45
457	God giveth quietness at . .	J. G. Whittier	Rest	W. B. Bradbury	277
9	God is in His holy temple . .	J. Montgomery	Raphael	E. J. Hopkins	8
328	God is love; His mercy . .	J. Bowring	Stockwell	D. E. Jones	183
331	God, my King, Thy might .	R. Mant	Mansfield	Mendelssohn	184
146	God moves in a mysterious .	W. Cowper	Arlington	T. A. Arne	87
236	God of eternal order, Thou .	T. L. Harris	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn	133
81	God of the earth, the sky . .	S. Longfellow	Missionary Chant	H. C. Zeuner	50
243	God of the sunlight hours .		Bemerton	H. W. Greatorex	137
50	Gracious Savior, thus before .	H. Bateman	Love	J. C. W. A. Mozart	33
87	Gracious Spirit, Love divine .	J. Stocker	Paraclete	B. Tours	52
89	Gracious Spirit, Love divine .	J. Stocker	Elyria	M. L. Cherubini	54
371	Great God, we sing that mighty	P. Doddridge	Duke Street	J. Hatton	209
356	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	W. Williams	Guidance		200
357	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	W. Williams	Segur	J. P. Holbrook	201
358	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	W. Williams	Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah	F. Herold	201
474	Hail to the brightness of . .	T. Hastings	Wesley	L. Mason	288
420	Hail to the Lord's Anointed .	J. Montgomery	Greenland	Lausanne Psalter	251
33	Hail, tranquil hour of closing	L. Bacon	Southport	G. Kingsley	23
14	Hallelujah! fairest morning .	J. Borthwick	Cheer	W. F. Sherwin	10
449	Hark! hark, my soul! angelic	F. W. Faber	Angels' Song	J. B. Dykes	272
450	Hark! hark, my soul! angelic	F. W. Faber	Vox Angelica	H. Smart	273
471	Hark! the song of jubilee . .	J. Montgomery	Perry	J. P. Holbrook	286
304	Hast thou, midst life's . . .	J. G. Whittier	Turpin	E. H. Turpin	169
438	He leadeth me! O blessed . .	J. H. Gilmore	He Leadeth Me	W. B. Bradbury	263
293	He liveth long who liveth .	H. Bonar	Life	L. M. Dow	163
501	He that goeth forth with . .	T. Hastings	Stockwell	D. E. Jones	308
183	Hear our prayer, O heav'nly .	H. Parr	Via Crucis		108
385	Heav'nly Father, to whose .	J. Conder	Kücken	Kücken	220
315	Help us to help each other .	C. Wesley	Evan	W. H. Havergal	176
130	Holy and infinite! viewless .	F. R. Havergal	Leila	M. Costa	76
44	Holy Father, cheer our way .	R. H. Robinson	Vesperi Lux	J. B. Dykes	30
444	Holy Father, hear my cry . .	H. Bonar	Deux Anges	Blumenthal	268
463	Holy Father, heavenly King .	Anon.	Pleyel	I. Pleyel	280
200	Holy Father, Thou hast . .	Anon.	Pilgrim	Mozart	116
108	Holy Ghost, with light . .	A. Reed	Theodora	G. F. Handel	62
114	Holy, holy, holy! Lord God .	R. Heber	Nicæa	J. B. Dykes	67
238	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of	J. Montgomery	Deux Anges	Blumenthal	135
239	Holy Power, Life eternal . .	C. L. Hayes	Luella	A. Beirly	136
86	Holy Source of consolation .		Melrose		52
94	Holy Spirit, come and shine .	S. W. Duffield	Light	A. S. Sullivan	56
97	Holy Spirit! gently come . .	W. Hammond	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	58
102	Holy Spirit, in my breast . .	R. Mant	Horton	X. S. von Wartensee	60
99	Holy Spirit, Light divine . .	A. Reed	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	58
98	Holy Spirit, Lord of light . .	E. Caswall	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	58
201	Holy Spirit, source of . . .	P. Gerhardt	Pilgrim	Mozart	116
282	Holy Spirit, Truth divine . .	S. Longfellow	Spanish Hymn		156
472	How beauteous are their . .	I. Watts	Furth	F. J. Haydn	287
505	How blessed, from the bonds .	C. J. P. Spitta	Selwyn	J. Tilleard	310
359	How gentle God's commands	P. Doddridge	Dennis	H. J. Naegeli	202
521	How glorious is the hour . .	S. G. Bulfinch	St. Thomas	W. Tansur	323
287	How happy is he born or . .	H. Wotton	All Saints	W. Knapp	159
415	How rich the blessings, O .	J. Roscoe	St. Drostane	J. B. Dykes	246

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
283	How shall we show our love .	I. Williams	Serenity	W. V. Wallace	156
462	Human soul, to whom are .	C. Wesley	Pleyel	I. Pleyel	280
533	I am waiting, only waiting .	A. B. Whitney	Waiting, Only Waiting	A. B. Whitney	333
278	I ask not now for gold to . .	J. G. Whittier	Flemming	F. F. Flemming	153
305	I ask not wealth, but power .	P. Cary	Ernan	L. Mason	170
495	I ask Thee for the daily . .	A. L. Waring	Spohr	L. Spohr	304
509	I do not ask that life may be	A. A. Procter	Serenity	W. V. Wallace	314
417	I know no life divided . . .	C. J. P. Spitta	Macdonald	C. H. Richards	248
189	I love to steal awhile . . .	P. H. Brown	Woodstock	D. Dutton, Jr.	111
442	I place my trust in Thee . .	R. Macdonald	Thou Only	R. Macdonald	266
441	I sometimes think God lets .		Rest	Ch. Beecher	265
408	I would not live alway; I . .	W. A. Muhlenburg	Frederick	G. Kingsley	240
480	If life in sorrow must be . .	Madame Guion	Bartholdy	Mendelssohn	292
544	If on our daily course our .	J. Keble	Duke Street	J. Hatton	341
476	If thro' unruffled seas . . .	A. M. Toplady	Selvin	L. Mason	290
490	If we knew the cares and . .		Charity	W. S. Ripley	301
508	If you cannot on the ocean .	E. H. Gates	Your Mission	S. M. Grannis	313
348	Immortal Love, forever . .	J. G. Whittier	Christmas	G. F. Handel	193
233	In duty's pathway, stained .	T. L. Harris	Selwyn	J. Tilleard	131
337	In ev'ry human mind we see .	T. L. Harris	Bowen	F. J. Haydn	188
62	In ev'ry human soul we find .		Ariel	L. Mason	40
349	In heav'nly love abiding . .	A. L. Waring	Princeton	A. Beirly	194
204	In lowliness of heart we . .	C. L. Hayes	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes	118
2	In quiet hours the	A. Larned	Bera	J. E. Gould	5
435	In the cross of Christ I . . .	J. Bowring	Rathbun	I. Conkey	261
512	In the dark hour of peril . .		Forsake Not the Right		316
193	In the midst do Thou . . .	C. Wesley	Hendon	C. H. A. Malan	113
519	In the still air the music . .	H. Bonar	Ellerton	E. J. Hopkins	322
350	In the time of grief and . .	C. L. Hayes	Angelo Juvante	F. E. Phelps	195
157	In Thy name, O Lord . . .	T. Kelly	Nelson		93
401	Into the Silent Land . . .	H. W. Longfellow, arr.	The Silent Land	Y. A. Leib	234
528	It came upon the midnight .	E. H. Sears	Carol	R. S. Willis	328
465	It is not death to die . . .	A. H. C. Malan	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser	281
402	It lies around us like a . . .	H. B. Stowe	The Other World		235
374	Jesus, Lover of my soul . .	C. Wesley	Refuge	J. P. Holbrook	212
375	Jesus, Lover of my soul . .	C. Wesley	Jesus, Lover of My Soul	F. Abt	212
137	Joy to the world! the Lord .	I. Watts	Antioch	G. F. Handel	81
469	Joyfully the chorus	C. L. Hayes	Buck	A. Beirly	284
216	Just as I am,—without one .	C. Elliott and S. Longfellow	Woodworth	W. B. Bradbury	123
352	Lead, kindly Light, amid . .	J. H. Newman	Lead, Kindly Light	J. B. Dykes	197
388	Lead us, heav'nly Father . .	J. Edmeston	Feniton Court	E. J. Hopkins	222
289	Let charity, in ev'ry . . .	T. L. Harris	Perfect Love	J. Barnby	160
496	Let me to-day do something .	E. W. Wilcox	Weil	O. Weil	305
448	Let patience work its . . .	R. Macdonald	Rest	R. Macdonald	271
324	Let us sing the praise of . .		Onido	I. Pleyel	181
307	Life is the hour that lies . .	T. L. Harris	Chesterfield	T. Haweis	170
92	Life of all being! throned .	O. W. Holmes	Otterbourne	F. J. Haydn	55
155	Life of life, encircle me . .	C. L. Hayes	Lutkin	A. Beirly	92
226	Life of our life, and Light .	E. Scudder	White	T. B. White	127
11	Light of light, enlighten . .	Schmolke	Hinchman	U. C. Burnap	9
211	Light of those whose . . .	C. Wesley	Austria	F. J. Haydn	121
502	Live for something, be . . .	Anon.	Sharon	W. Boyce	308
504	Live in earnest,—be not . .	C. L. Hayes	Live in Earnest	J. W. Crawford	309
412	Lo! a cloud of guiding . . .	J. O. Barrett	Transfiguration		244
55	Lo, the day of rest	C. Robbins	Lo, the Day of Rest	H. P. Main	37
10	Lord, at this closing hour . .	E. T. Fitch	Haydn	F. J. Haydn	8
212	Lord, before Thy presence . .	J. Taylor	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	122

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
166	Lord, bid Thy light arise . .	W. H. Bathurst	Laban	L. Mason	98
177	Lord, dismiss us with Thy .	W. Shirley	Seleucia		105
27	Lord! feed our hearts with .	T. L. Harris	Crawford	F. J. Haydn	19
295	Lord God of morning and .	F. T. Palgrave	Germany	Beethoven	164
105	Lord God, the Holy Ghost .	J. Montgomery	Amantus	W. A. Muhlenberg	61
251	Lord, how mysterious are. .	A. Steele	Louvan	V. C. Taylor	140
217	Lord, I believe; Thy power .	J. R. Wreford	Heber	G. Kingsley	124
272	Lord, I delight in Thee . .	J. Ryland	Laban	L. Mason	150
268	Lord, I hear of showers . .	E. Codner	Autumn	Marechio	148
325	Lord, in Thee I place my . .	Heermann	Onido	I. Pleyel	181
21	Lord, in this sacred hour . .	S. G. Bulfinch	Thatcher	G. F. Handel	15
5	Lord! may Thy truth upon .	C. Gilman	Beethoven	L. Mason	6
249	Lord, my weak thought in .	R. Palmer	Louvan	V. C. Taylor	140
279	Lord of all being, throned .	O. W. Holmes	Rothwell		154
445	Lord of earth, Thy forming .	R. Grant	Deux Anges	Blumenthal	268
527	Lord of our life, and God . .	P. Pusey	Ecclesia	G. M. Garrett	327
497	Lord, speak to me, that I . .	F. R. Havergal	Holley	G. Hews	306
381	Lord, Thou art my Rock . .	C. Winkworth	Woodbury	Donizetti	217
118	Lord, Thy glory fills the . .	R. Mant	Faben	J. H. Wilcox	69
266	Lord, we come before Thee .	W. Hammond	Hendon	C. H. A. Malan	147
498	Lord, what off'ring shall . .	J. Taylor	Spanish Hymn		306
242	Lord, when we bend before .	J. D. Carlyle	Bemerton	H. W. Greatorex	137
119	Lord, with glowing heart . .	F. S. Key	Faben	J. H. Wilcox	69
322	Love divine, all love . . .	C. Wesley	Love Divine	J. Zundel	179
487	Meek and lowly, pure and . .		Meek and Lowly	S. Glover	298
126	Mighty God, while angels . .	R. Robinson	Jubilee	C. H. Richards	74
529	My country! 'tis of thee . .	S. F. Smith	America	H. Carey	329
531	My country! to thee . . .	A. Beirly	My Country	A. Beirly	331
427	My faith looks up to Thee .	R. Palmer	My Faith Looks Up to Thee	J. H. Cornell	256
477	My Father, as Thou wilt . .	B. Schmolke	St. Frances	C. M. von Weber	290
317	My God, accept my heart . .	M. Bridges	Evangelist	Mendelssohn	176
455	My God, I thank Thee! may .	A. Norton	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver	276
180	My God, is any hour so . .	C. Elliott	Elliott	J. B. Dykes	107
479	My God, my Father, while .	C. Elliott	Nauford	A. S. Sullivan	292
271	My God, my Life, my Love .	I. Watts	Mornington	G. W. Mornington	150
281	My God, my strength, my .	C. Wesley	Leominster	A. S. Sullivan	155
482	My God, permit me not to . .	I. Watts	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver	293
7	My God, permit my tongue .	I. Watts	Thatcher	G. F. Handel	7
209	My Lord, my Master, help .	Mrs. R. H. Taylor	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley	120
360	My Master calls to-day . . .	A. Beirly	Hayes	A. Beirly	202
515	My soul, be on thy guard . .	G. Heath	Laban	L. Mason	319
329	My spirit on Thy care . . .	H. F. Lyte	St. Andrew	J. Barnby	183
262	My times of sorrow and of .	B. Beddome	Siloam	I. B. Woodbury	145
160	Nearer, my God, to Thee . .	S. F. Adams	Bethany	L. Mason	95
416	Nearer, my God, to Thee . .	S. F. Adams	St. Edmund	A. S. Sullivan	247
26	New every morning is the .	J. Keble	Crawford	F. J. Haydn	19
523	New words to speak, new . .		Southport	G. Kingsley	324
332	Not a life so mean or . . .	E. T. Leonard	Geneva	E. W. Bullinger	185
43	Now God be with us, for the	C. Winkworth	Nightfall	J. Barnby	29
75	Now I know the great . . .	R. Burnham	Wilmot	L. Mason	47
493	Now I resolve with all my .	A. Steele	Maryton	H. P. Smith	303
153	Now let my soul, eternal . .	O. Heginbotham	Angelus	G. Josephi	91
38	Now, on land and sea . . .	S. Longfellow	Sardis	Beethoven	25
53	Now the day is over . . .	S. Baring-Gould	Twilight	J. Barnby	35
314	Now to heav'n our prayer .	W. E. Hickson	God Speed the Right	L. Mason	175
3	Now with creation's . . .	Roman Breviary	Hebron	L. Mason	6
24	Now, when the dusky shades	Anon.	Dawn	J. Stainer	18

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
199	O blest Creator of the . . .	Breviary	Linwood	G. A. Rossini	115
391	O come and dwell in me . .	Anon.	O Come and Dwell in Me	J. W. Crawford	224
342	O come, Creator Spirit . . .	Breviary	Rockingham	E. Miller	190
124	O constant Joy of loving . .	R. Palmer	Canonbury	R. Schumann	72
296	O could we learn true . . .	J. Keble	Germany	Beethoven	164
159	O draw me, Father, after . .	Moravian	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	94
241	O everlasting Light	H. Bonar	Owen	J. E. Sweetser	136
28	O Father, hear my morning .	Mrs. F. A. Percy	Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau	20
218	O for a faith that will . . .	W. H. Bathurst	Heber	G. Kingsley	124
257	O God, I thank Thee . . .	C. A. Mason	Hamburg	L. Mason	143
228	O God, in whom we live and	S. Longfellow	Louvan	V. C. Taylor	128
182	O God, my Father, look on .	J. R. Macduff	Elliott	J. B. Dykes	107
111	O God, O Spirit		God is Spirit		64
214	O God of Bethel, by whose .	P. Doddridge	Azmon	L. Mason	122
229	O God of mercy, God of . .	G. Thring	O God of Mercy	J. Barnby	128
248	O God, our strength! to . .	H. Auber	Manoah	G. A. Rossini	139
67	O God, the Rock of Ages . .	E. H. Bickersteth	Webb	G. J. Webb	43
377	O God, unseen, but ever . .	S. Longfellow	Greenport	Thalberg	214
246	O God, unseen, yet ever . .	E. Osler	Sawley	J. Walch	138
252	O God, we come to Thee . .	M. B. Hayes	Isabelle	A. Beirly	141
327	O God, whose presence . .	N. L. Frothingham	Hebron	L. Mason	182
91	O grant us light, that we . .	L. Tuttiett	Otterbourne	F. J. Haydn	55
399	O have you not heard of . .		Stream of Life		232
373	O Holy Father, Friend . . .	C. Elliott	Flemming	F. F. Flemming	211
35	O holy Father, 'mid the . .	W. H. Burleigh	Germany	Beethoven	24
277	O Holy Savior, Friend . . .	C. Elliott	Flemming	F. F. Flemming	153
101	O Holy Spirit! now descend .	C. Forsyth	Toulon	C. Goudimel	59
405	O hours most sacred to. . .	E. Tuttle	Vision		238
302	O how happy life may be . .	C. L. Hayes	Crosby	A. Beirly	168
394	O land of peace and. . . .	C. L. Hayes	Palmer	A. Beirly	226
467	O let not your hearts be . .		There is Joy for You		282
396	O Life, beautiful Life . . .	E. N. Gladding	O Life, Beautiful Life	S. W. Foster	228
288	O Life that maketh all. . .	S. Longfellow	Truro	C. Burney	160
109	O Light divine, all light . .	A. P. Stanley	Ariel	L. Mason	63
303	O Light, whose beams . . .	E. H. Plumptre	Jesus Our Light	Mendelssohn	168
259	O Lord, how full of sweet .	W. Cowper	Duke Street	J. Hatton	144
181	O Lord of heaven, and earth .	C. Wordsworth	Elliott	J. B. Dykes	107
203	O Lord of heaven, earth and.	C. Wordsworth	Spirit of Prayer	O. Weil	117
227	O Lord, Thy heav'nly grace .	J. F. Oberlin	Louvan	V. C. Taylor	128
58	O Lord, who by Thy presence	R. Massie	Eventide	W. H. Monk	38
220	O Love divine, of all that. .	J. W. Chadwick	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes	125
335	O Love divine, that stooped .	O. W. Holmes	Dwight	Bellini	187
207	O Love divine, Thy power .	C. L. Hayes	Lambeth	S. Webbe	119
334	O Love divine, whose . . .	J. G. Whittier	Canonbury	R. Schumann	186
341	O love of God, how strong .	H. Bonar	Rockingham	E. Miller	190
333	O Love that will not let . .	G. Matheson	Matheson	A. Beirly	186
61	O make my soul Thy Spirit's	T. L. Harris	Seasons	I. Pleyel	40
503	O Master, let me walk . . .	W. Gladden	Maryton	H. P. Smith	309
206	O Name, all other names . .	F. L. Hosmer	Lambeth	S. Webbe	119
121	O praise ye the Lord . . .	Tate & Brady	Lyons	F. J. Haydn	71
294	O radiant Sun of Truth . .		Life	L. M. Dow	163
524	O sacred Peace, O perfect . .	C. L. Hayes	Bernard	A. Beirly	325
518	O sometimes gleams upon .	J. G. Whittier	Hamburg	L. Mason	322
74	O soul, begin thy mighty . .	J. C. L.	New Year	E. H. B.	46
517	O star of Truth, down . . .	M. J. Savage	O Star of Truth	C. Kreutzer	321
383	O tell me, Thou life and . .	T. Hastings	Lemont	A. Beirly	218
179	O Thou almighty Will . . .	King Robert of France	Italian Hymn	F. Giardini	106
165	O Thou from whom all . .	T. Haweis	Bartlett	A. Beirly	98
188	O Thou, in all Thy might . .	F. L. Hosmer	Woodstock	D. Dutton, Jr.	111
113	O Thou, in whose presence .	J. Swain	Shepherd	J. Barnby	66

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
274	O Thou, in whose presence .	J. Swain	Meditation	F. Lewis	151
205	O Thou that hearest prayer .	J. Burton	Warsaw	T. Clark	118
254	O Thou, to whose all . . .	J. Wesley	Oberlin	Mendelssohn	142
270	O Thou, who canst not . . .	E. H. Bickersteth	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott	149
258	O Thou who hast at Thy . .	Mrs. J. Cotterill	Duke Street	J. Hatton	144
321	O Thou, who hast Thy . . .	H. Alford	Belmont	S. Webbe	178
365	O Thou who madest land . .	G. Thring	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	206
429	O weary feet, the way . . .	C. L. Hayes	Everett	A. Beirly	258
232	O while Thou dost smile . .	H. F. Lyte	Pilgrim	Mozart	130
122	O worship the King all . .	R. Grant	Lyons	F. J. Haydn	71
344	O ye dwellers on the . . .		Divine Goodness		191
368	O'er the gloomy hills of . .	W. Williams	Zion	T. Hastings	207
458	Oh, when the hours of life .	W. B. O. Peabody	Rest	W. B. Bradbury	277
475	On our way rejoicing . . .	J. S. B. Monsell	David	T. Morley	289
513	One by one the sands are . .	A. A. Procter	Muriel	C. Gounod	317
219	One prayer I have,—all . .	J. Montgomery	Heber	G. Kingsley	124
426	One tho't I have, my . . .	F. L. Hosmer	Balerma	R. Simpson	256
436	Onward, Christian, though .	S. Johnson	Rathbun	I. Conkey	261
140	Open now Thy gates of . .	B. Schmolke	Prescott	R. P. Stewart	83
51	Our day of praise is done . .	J. Ellerton	Garden City	H. W. Parker	34
222	Our Father, hear our . . .	G. MacDonald	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes	125
424	Our Father, thro' the . . .	W. Gaskell	We Leave It All to Thee		254
466	Our heaven is everywhere .	Miss Fletcher	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser	281
507	Out on the highways . . .	D. W. Crist	Gathering Seed	E. H. King	312
320	Pour out thy inmost love . .	T. L. Harris	Hursley	P. Ritter	178
191	Praise the Lord our God . .	C. L. Hayes	Alleluia	A. Beirly	112
152	Praise to God, immortal . .	A. L. Barbauld	Pleyel	I. Pleyel	90
125	Praise to Thee, Thou great .	J. Fawcett	Harwell	L. Mason	73
138	Praise ye the Father for . .	E. Charles	Praise Ye the Father	F. F. Flemming	82
132	Praise ye the Lord	I. Watts	Oaksville		78
231	Prayer is the breath of . . .	B. Beddome	Manoah	G. A. Rossini	129
265	Prayer is the soul's	J. Montgomery	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes	146
234	Present with the two or . .	F. Freer	Lachrymæ	A. S. Sullivan	132
175	Purer yet and purer	J. W. v. Goethe	Lyndhurst	J. Barnby	104
409	Rise, crowned with light . .	A. Pope	Moscow	A. Lwoff	241
235	Rise, my soul, and stretch .	R. Seagrave	Amsterdam	J. Nares	132
362	Rock of Ages, cleft for me .	A. M. Toplady	Toplady	T. Hastings	204
363	Rock of Ages, cleft for me .	A. M. Toplady	Dykes	J. B. Dykes	204
17	Savior, again to Thydear . .	J. Ellerton	Ellerton	E. J. Hopkins	12
47	Savior! breathe an evening .	J. Edmeston	Bailey	English	31
386	Savior, like a shepherd . . .	D. A. Thrupp	Savior like a Shepherd Lead Us	G. F. Handel	220
369	Savior, thro' the desert . . .	T. Kelly	Regent Square	H. Smart	208
492	Savior, who Thy love didst .	A. D. F. Lockwood	Cyprus	Mendelssohn	303
64	Say not the law divine . . .		Higher Law		42
318	Scorn not the slightest . . .		Bridgman	Beethoven	177
276	Searcher of hearts, from . .	G. P. Morris	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes	152
488	See the rivers flowing . . .	A. Procter	Edina	H. S. Oakeley	299
23	See the twilight on the . .	W. Denton	The Coming Day	E. H. B.	16
370	Shepherd, with Thy		Spanish Hymn		208
84	Shine on our souls, eternal .	P. Doddridge	Ortonville	T. Hastings	51
410	Should sombre clouds of . .	F. Johnson	Rest in Heaven		242
46	Silently the shades of . . .	C. C. Cox	Bailey	English	31
150	Sing forth His high, eternal .	S. Longfellow	Coronation	O. Holden	89
473	Sing out, my soul, a	R. Macdonald	Heart, Soul, Mind	R. Macdonald	288
151	Sing to the Lord a joyful . .	J. S. B. Monsell	Disciple	Mendelssohn	90
461	Sleep thy last sleep	E. A. Dayman	Requiem	J. Barnby	279
185	Slowly, by God's hand . . .	W. H. Furness	Dallas	M. L. Cherubini	110
32	Slowly, by Thy hand . . .	W. H. Furness	Even	F. J. Haydn	22

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
297	So let our lips and lives . .	I. Watts	Uxbridge	L. Mason	164
311	So oft man sings of	E. C. Lyon	Lasea	J. W. Crawford	173
309	So sometimes comes to . . .	J. G. Whittier	Hamburg	L. Mason	172
60	Softly fades the twilight .	G. W. Doane	Holley	G. Hews	39
45	Softly now the light of . .	G. W. Doane	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	30
240	Softly, sweetly, in the . . .	S. E. Miller	Luella	A. Beirly	136
437	Sometime, when all life's . .	M. R. Smith	Sometime	Mendelssohn	262
380	Sometimes a light	W. Cowper	Bentley	J. Hullah	216
213	Sovereign and transforming .	F. H. Hedge	Last Hope	L. M. Gottschalk	122
141	Speak to me, Lord, Thyself .	C. Wesley	Heath	L. Mason	84
261	Spirit divine, attend our . .	A. Reed	Siloam	I. B. Woodbury	145
103	Spirit of God, descend upon .	G. Croly	Longwood	J. Barnby	60
537	Spirit of Light, my	C. L. Hayes	Oswald	J. W. Crawford	337
106	Spirit of mercy, truth, and .		Howland		62
202	Spirit of Prayer, enfold . .	C. L. Hayes	Spirit of Prayer	O. Weil	117
343	Spirit of Truth, who makest .	T. H. Gill	Rockingham	E. Miller	190
423	Still, still with Thee . . .	H. B. Stowe	Berlin	Mendelssohn	253
468	Summer suns are glowing .	W. W. How	Ruth	S. Smith	283
49	Sun of my soul! Thou Savior	J. Keble	Hursley	W. H. Monk	32
59	Suppliant, lo! Thy children .	T. Gray	Holley	G. Hews	39
95	Sure the blest Comforter . .	A. Steele	Zephyr	W. B. Bradbury	57
57	Sweet is the light of . . .	J. Edmeston	Overberg	J. C. H. Rink	38
197	Sweet is the light of . . .	J. Edmeston	Linwood	G. A. Rossini	115
230	Sweet is the prayer whose .		Manoah	G. A. Rossini	129
148	Sweet is the task, O Lord . .	H. Auber	Adrian	J. E. Gould	88
280	Sweet peace of conscience .	O. Heginbotham	Rothwell		154
168	Take my heart, O Father . .		Wilson	Mendelssohn	99
481	Take my life, and let it be .	F. R. Havergal	Zelotes	Mozart	293
432	Take Thou the heart I . . .	M. A. L.	Cherith	Spohr	259
31	Tarry with me, O my Father	C. L. Smith	St. Sylvester	J. B. Dykes	22
382	Teach me, my God and King	G. Herbert	Dennis	H. G. Naegeli	218
100	Teach me to do the thing . .	J. S. B. Monsell	Toulon	C. Goudimel	59
290	Tell me not, in mournful . .	H. W. Longfellow	Rathbun	I. Conkey	161
452	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast	C. Winkworth	Long Home	A. S. Sullivan	274
330	The bud will soon become .	J. Very	Gould	J. E. Gould	184
93	The Comforter has come . .		Boylston	L. Mason	56
19	The dawn of God's new . .	A. C. Cross	Gladness	J. Barnby	14
37	The day is past and over . .	Anatolius	St. Anatolius	A. H. Brown	24
144	The day of praise is done . .	J. Ellerton	Vigil	G. Paisiello	86
72	The dove, let loose in . . .	T. Moore	Mozart		46
77	The God of mountain, hill .	E. C. Lyon	Worship	A. Beirly	48
351	The God that to the	M. J. Savage	Webb	G. J. Webb	196
316	The harp at Nature's . . .	J. G. Whittier	Evan	W. H. Havergal	176
29	The heav'nly light is . . .	C. L. Hayes	Whitfield	A. S. Sullivan	20
66	The heav'ns Thy praise are .	Anon.	Webb	G. J. Webb	43
403	The Homeland! O the . . .	H. R. Haweis	The Homeland	A. S. Sullivan	236
345	The King of love my . . .	H. W. Baker	Mitchell	A. Beirly	192
439	The Lord is just; this is . .		Woodworth	W. B. Bradbury	264
353	The Lord is my Shepherd . .	J. Montgomery	Portuguese hymn	J. Reading	198
354	The Lord is my Shepherd . .	J. Montgomery	The Lord is My Shepherd	T. Koschat	199
428	The Lord my pasture shall .	J. Addison	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	257
364	The Lord my Shepherd is . .	I. Watts	Selvin	L. Mason	205
48	The mellow eve is gliding .		Nina		32
300	The pure, the bright, the . .		Things That Never Die	E. H. Bailey	166
404	The sands of time are . . .	A. R. Cousin	Rutherford	C. D'Urhan	237
39	The shadows of the evening .	A. A. Procter	St. Leonard	H. Hiles	26
40	The shadows of the evening .	A. A. Procter	Carol	R. S. Willis	27
131	The spacious firmament on .	J. Addison	Creation	F. J. Haydn	77
543	The starry firmament on . .	R. Grant	Uxbridge	L. Mason	340
306	The uplifted eye and . . .	T. Scott	Ernan	L. Mason	170

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
224	Thee will I love, my . . .	J. Wesley	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	126
491	There are lonely hearts . .	G. Cooper	While the Days Are Going By		302
516	There are moments when . .	F. D. Gage	Courage	T. E. Perkins	320
546	There is a holy sacrifice . .	C. Elliott	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes	342
34	There is an eye that never .	J. A. Wallace	Southport	G. Kingsley	23
407	There is no death! The . .	F. D. Hemans	There is no Death		240
397	There's a land far above . .	Mrs. Wood-White	Nothing Shall Ever Grow Old	N. K. Griggs	230
400	There's a land that is . . .	S. F. Bennett	Sweet By-and-By	J. P. Webster	233
192	They who seek the throne .	O. Holden	Hendon	C. H. A. Malan	113
267	Thine forever! God of love .	M. F. Maude	Hendon	C. H. A. Malan	147
387	Thine forever! God of love .	M. F. Maude	Blumenthal	J. Blumenthal	221
489	Think gently of the erring .	Miss Fletcher	Think Gently of the Erring	E. H. Bailey	300
308	This gladsome life, when . .	A. J. Davis	Gladsome Life	A. J. Davis	171
395	This is not my place of . .	H. Bonar	Beautiful Home		227
167	This is the day of light . .	J. Ellerton	Schumann	R. Schumann	99
361	Tho' faint, yet pursuing . .	J. N. Darby	Judea	J. B. Dykes	203
136	Thou art, O God, the life . .	T. Moore	Spring	F. J. Haydn	80
245	Thou art the Way		Easton	Mozart	138
247	Thou Grace Divine, encircling	E. Scudder	Manoah	G. A. Rossini	139
366	Thou hidden love of God . .	J. Wesley	Brownell	F. J. Haydn	206
384	Thou hidden Source of calm .	C. Wesley	Pater Omnium	H. J. E. Holmes	219
256	Thou, in whose name the two		Hamburg	L. Mason	143
419	Thou knowest, Lord, the . .	J. Borthwick	Thou Knowest, Lord	J. Barnby	250
73	Thou long-disowned	E. Scudder	Mozart		46
142	Thou true God alone . . .	C. Winkworth	Thou True God Alone	J. B. Dykes	84
376	Thou very-present Aid . . .	C. Wesley	Thatcher	G. F. Handel	213
63	Thou'rt with me, O my . .	J. E. Saxby	Webb	G. J. Webb	41
301	Thro' earnest prayer and . .	C. L. Hayes	Fairbanks	A. Beirly	167
147	Thy goodness, Lord, our . .	T. Gibbons	Arlington	T. A. Arne	87
156	Thy presence, gracious God .	J. Fawcett	Miller	C. P. E. Bach	92
346	Thy way is in the sea . . .	J. Fawcett	Haydn	F. J. Haydn	192
478	Thy way, not mine, O Lord .	H. Bonar	St. Frances	C. M. v. Weber	291
430	Thy will be done! I will . .	J. Roscoe	Bristol	E. L. White	258
390	"Till He come:" oh, let . .	E. H. Bickersteth	Toplady	T. Hastings	223
310	To God, the source of . . .	E. C. Lyon	Elgin	A. Beirly	172
208	To Thee, my God and Savior	T. Haweis	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley	120
123	To Thee, O God, we offer . .	W. H. Baldwin	Blairgowrie	J. B. Dykes	72
162	To Thee, O Life divine . .	E. C. Lyon	Aspiration		96
187	To Thee, Thou Joy of . . .	Bernard of Clairvaux	Quebec	H. Baker	110
433	To Thy pastures fair and . .	J. Merrick	Solitude	L. T. Downes	260
186	To Thy temple we repair . .	J. Montgomery	Dallas	M. L. Cherubini	110
514	To victory! to victory . . .	A. Beirly	Victory	A. Beirly	318
459	To weary hearts, to	J. G. Whittier	Jesus Our Light	Mendelssohn	278
163	Unto our heav'nly Father . .		Lancashire	H. Smart	97
379	Unto Thee, abiding ever . .	F. L. Hosmer	Heavenly Guest		215
542	Upon the Gospel's sacred . .	J. Bowring	Capello	R. Kreutzer	340
170	Upward, where the stars are .	H. Bonar	Heavenly Praise	J. B. Calkin	100
540	Walk in the light	B. Barton	Marlow	L. Mason	339
406	Watchman, tell us of . . .	J. Bowring	Watchman	L. Mason	239
470	Watchman! what of the . .		Joy Cometh	E. H. Bailey	285
413	We are waiting by the . . .	Asa Hull	Waiting By the River	Asa Hull	245
1	We bless Thee for this . . .	C. Gilman	Bera	J. E. Gould	5
298	We bless Thee for Thy . .		Boston	U. C. Burnap	165
244	We follow, Lord, where Thou		Easton	Mozart	138
190	We give Thee but Thine own	W. W. How	Energy	W. H. Monk	112
550	We have not known Thee .	T. B. Pollock	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby	344

NO.	FIRST LINE	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER	P.
319	We pray no more, made lowly	F. L. Hosmer	Bridgman	Beethoven	177
447	We will not weep; for God .	W. H. Hurlbut	Deus Nobiscum	O. Weil	270
511	We would fill the hours . .	M. L. Dickinson	Were the Days But One	J. P. Vance	315
8	Welcome, days of solemn . .	S. F. Smith	Raphael	E. J. Hopkins	8
12	Welcome, delightful morn .	Hayward	Lischer	F. Schneider	10
154	What glory gilds the . . .	W. Cowper	Manoah	G. A. Rossini	91
117	When all Thy mercies, O my	J. Addison	Brattle Street	I. Pleyel	68
196	When, at the dawn, from . .	T. L. Harper	Invocation	T. L. Harper	114
446	When for me the silent . .	L. Larcom	Silent River	Y. A. Leib	269
411	When morning's purple . .	C. D. Stuart	Heavenly Day	L. Dow	243
398	When our wearied eyes . .	O. S. Ingham	Immortality	M. M. Bailey	231
171	When, streaming from the .	W. Shrubsole	Chapel	R. Kreutzer	101
425	When the day of life . . .		Joy Shall Come at Last	E. H. Bailey	255
172	When the weary, seeking . .	H. Bonar	Elijah	J. Stainer	102
173	When the weary, seeking . .	H. Bonar	Intercession	W. H. Callcott	103
393	When Thy dear feet . . .	C. L. Hayes	God in the Flesh	J. W. Crawford	225
312	When thy heart, with joy .	T. C. Williams	Geneva	E. W. Bullinger	174
539	Wherever thro' the ages . .	J. G. Whittier	Kent	J. F. Lampe	338
116	While Thee I seek	H. M. Williams	Brattle Street	I. Pleyel	68
549	Why fear to-morrow . . .	L. A. Ward	To-day	R. Macdonald	343
323	Why go ye despairing . . .	E. C. Lyon	Bliss	A. Beirly	180
6	With joy we hail the . . .	C. Wesley	Warwick	S. Stanley	7
22	With joy we lift our. . . .	T. Jervis	Thatcher	G. F. Handel	15
485	With radiance bright, the. .	C. L. Hayes	Demming	A. Beirly	295
392	With silver feet the	T. L. Harris	Capello	R. Kreutzer	224
506	Work, for the night is . . .	A. L. Coghill	Work Song	L. Mason	311
18	Worship the Lord in the . .	J. S. B. Monsell	Monsell	W. F. Sherwin	13
135	Yes, I will bless Thee . . .	O. Heginbotham	Roscoe	E. L. White	80
418	Yet, in the madd'ning maze .	J. G. Whittier	Varina	J. C. H. Rink	249
367	Zion stands with hills . . .	T. Kelly	Zion	T. Hastings	207